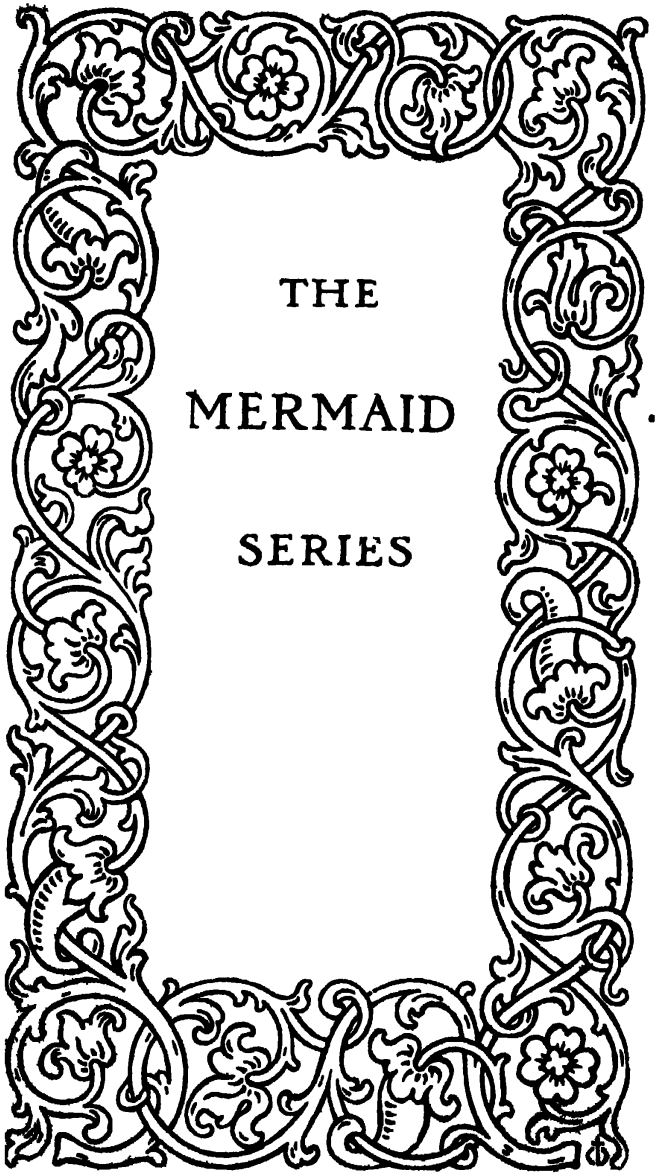

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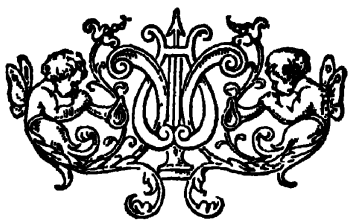


"I lie and dream of your full Mermaid wine." *Beaumont.*

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

LONDON
T. FISHER UNWIN
NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

Master Francis Beaumont to Ben Jonson.

"Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?"

Keats.



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ALL FOR LOVE

OR

THE WORLD WELL LOST

A TRAGEDY

VOL. II

ALL FOR LOVE

SO much has been said of this play in the General Introduction that not much is needed here. It is a triumph of transposition from a higher to a lower, but still poetic key, and of adjustment from the larger freedom of the chronicle-play to the artificial tragedy of situation. It has many greatnesses, the greatest being perhaps Antony's speech, "I know the meaning," to Ventidius, the comparison of which with that to Eros, "Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish," is a specimen in little of the difference between Dryden and Shakespeare. And the "scolding scene" of Octavia and Cleopatra, on which Scott has been so hard, has perhaps more touch of nature than he would confess. As for the original performance (1678), we can imagine how Mohun and Hart would "pit, box, and gallery it" in the great scene between Antony and Ventidius; while by all accounts Mrs Boutell must have been no wholly inadequate representative of the "Serpent of old Nile." Even Booth and Mrs Oldfield forty years later, with the "dignified deportment" of Georgian days, must have been effective enough. It is less easy to imagine modern actors in the piece.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS, EARL OF DANBY,

Viscount Latimer, and Baron Osborne of Kiveton, in Yorkshire; Lord High Treasurer of England, one of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

MY LORD,

THE gratitude of poets is so troublesome a virtue to great men, that you are often in danger of your own benefits: for you are threatened with some epistle, and not suffered to do good in quiet, or to compound for their silence whom you have obliged. Yet, I confess, I neither am or ought to be surprised at this indulgence; for your lordship has the same right to favour poetry, which the great and noble have ever had—

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

There is somewhat of a tie in nature betwixt those who are born for worthy actions, and those who can transmit them to posterity; and though ours be much the inferior part, it comes at least within the verge of alliance; nor are we unprofitable members of the commonwealth, when we animate others to those virtues, which we copy and describe from you.

It is indeed their interest, who endeavour the subversion of governments, to discourage poets and historians; for the best which can happen to them, is to be forgotten. But such who, under kings, are the fathers of their country, and by a just and prudent ordering of affairs preserve it, have the same reason to cherish the chroniclers of their actions, as they have to lay up in safety the deeds and evidences of their estates; for such records are their undoubted titles to the love and reverence of after ages. Your lordship's

administration has already taken up a considerable part of the English annals; and many of its most happy years are owing to it. His Majesty, the most knowing judge of men, and the best master, has acknowledged the ease and benefit he receives in the incomes of his treasury, which you found not only disordered, but exhausted. All things were in the confusion of a chaos, without form or method, if not reduced beyond it, even to annihilation; so that you had not only to separate the jarring elements, but (if that boldness of expression might be allowed me) to create them. Your enemies had so embroiled the management of your office, that they looked on your advancement as the instrument of your ruin. And as if the clogging of the revenue, and the confusion of accounts, which you found in your entrance, were not sufficient, they added their own weight of malice to the public calamity, by forestalling the credit which should cure it. Your friends on the other side were only capable of pitying, but not of aiding you; no further help or counsel was remaining to you, but what was founded on yourself; and that indeed was your security; for your diligence, your constancy, and your prudence, wrought most surely within, when they were not disturbed by any outward motion. The highest virtue is best to be trusted with itself; for assistance only can be given by a genius superior to that which it assists; and it is the noblest kind of debt, when we are only obliged to God and nature. This then, my lord, is your just commendation, that you have wrought out yourself a way to glory, by those very means that were designed for your destruction: You have not only restored but advanced the revenues of your master, without grievance to the subject; and, as if that were little yet, the debts of the exchequer, which lay heaviest both on the crown, and on private persons, have by your conduct been established in a certainty of satisfaction. An action so much the more great and honourable, because the case was without the ordinary relief of laws; above the hopes of the afflicted and beyond the narrowness of the treasury to redress, had it been managed by a less able hand. It is certainly the happiest, and most unenvied part of all your fortune, to do good to many, while you do injury to none; to receive at once the prayers of the subject, and the praises of the

prince; and, by the care of your conduct, to give him means of exerting the chiefest (if any be the chiefest) of his royal virtues, his distributive justice to the deserving, and his bounty and compassion to the wanting. The disposition of princes towards their people cannot be better discovered than in the choice of their ministers; who, like the animal spirits betwixt the soul and body, participate somewhat of both natures, and make the communication which is betwixt them. A king, who is just and moderate in his nature, who rules according to the laws, whom God has made happy by forming the temper of his soul to the constitution of his government, and who makes us happy, by assuming over us no other sovereignty than that wherein our welfare and liberty consists: a prince, I say, of so excellent a character, and so suitable to the wishes of all good men, could not better have conveyed himself into his people's apprehensions, than in your lordship's person; who so lively express the same virtues, that you seem not so much a copy, as an emanation of him. Moderation is doubtless an establishment of greatness; but there is a steadiness of temper which is likewise requisite in a minister of state; so equal a mixture of both virtues, that he may stand like an isthmus betwixt the two encroaching seas of arbitrary power, and lawless anarchy. The undertaking would be difficult to any but an extraordinary genius, to stand at the line, and to divide the limits; to pay what is due to the great representative of the nation, and neither to enhance, nor to yield up, the undoubted prerogatives of the crown. These, my lord, are the proper virtues of a noble Englishman, as indeed they are properly English virtues; no people in the world being capable of using them, but we who have the happiness to be born under so equal, and so well-poised a government;—a government which has all the advantages of liberty beyond a commonwealth, and all the marks of kingly sovereignty, without the danger of a tyranny. Both my nature, as I am an Englishman, and my reason, as I am a man, have bred in me a loathing to that specious name of a republic; that mock appearance of a liberty, where all who have not part in the government, are slaves; and slaves they are of a viler note, than such as are subjects to an absolute dominion.

For no Christian monarchy is so absolute, but it is circumscribed with laws; but when the executive power is in the law-makers, there is no further check upon them; and the people must suffer without a remedy, because they are oppressed by their representatives. If I must serve, the number of my masters, who were born my equals, would but add to the ignominy of my bondage. The nature of our government, above all others, is exactly suited both to the situation of our country, and the temper of the natives; an island being more proper for commerce and for defence, than for extending its dominions on the Continent; for what the valour of its inhabitants might gain, by reason of its remoteness, and the casualties of the seas, it could not so easily preserve: And, therefore, neither the arbitrary power of One, in a monarchy, nor of Many, in a commonwealth, could make us greater than we are. It is true, that vaster and more frequent taxes might be gathered, when the consent of the people was not asked or needed; but this were only by conquering abroad, to be poor at home; and the examples of our neighbours teach us, that they are not always the happiest subjects, whose kings extend their dominions farthest. Since therefore we cannot win by an offensive war, at least a land war, the model of our government seems naturally contrived for the defensive part; and the consent of a people is easily obtained to contribute to that power which must protect it. *Felices nimium, bona si sua nôrint, Angligenæ!* And yet there are not wanting malcontents among us, who, surfeiting themselves on too much happiness, would persuade the people that they might be happier by a change. It was indeed the policy of their old forefather, when himself was fallen from the station of glory, to seduce mankind into the same rebellion with him, by telling him he might yet be freer than he was; that is more free than his nature would allow, or, if I may so say, than God could make him. We have already all the liberty which freeborn subjects can enjoy, and all beyond it is but licence. But if it be liberty of conscience which they pretend, the moderation of our church is such, that its practice extends not to the severity of persecution; and its discipline is withal so easy, that it allows more freedom to dissenters than any of the sects would allow to it. In the

meantime, what right can be pretended by these men to attempt innovation in church or state? Who made them the trustees, or to speak a little nearer their own language, the keepers of the liberty of England? If their call be extraordinary, let them convince us by working miracles; for ordinary vocation they can have none, to disturb the government under which they were born, and which protects them. He who has often changed his party, and always has made his interest the rule of it, gives little evidence of his sincerity for the public good; it is manifest he changes but for himself, and takes the people for tools to work his fortune. Yet the experience of all ages might let him know, that they who trouble the waters first, have seldom the benefit of the fishing; as they who began the late rebellion enjoyed not the fruit of their undertaking, but were crushed themselves by the usurpation of their own instrument. Neither is it enough for them to answer, that they only intend a reformation of the government, but not the subversion of it: on such pretence all insurrections have been founded; it is striking at the root of power, which is obedience. Every remonstrance of private men has the seed of treason in it; and discourses, which are couched in ambiguous terms, are therefore the more dangerous, because they do all the mischief of open sedition, yet are safe from the punishment of the laws. These, my lord, are considerations, which I should not pass so lightly over, had I room to manage them as they deserve; for no man can be so inconsiderable in a nation, as not to have a share in the welfare of it; and if he be a true Englishman, he must at the same time be fired with indignation, and revenge himself as he can on the disturbers of his country. And to whom could I more fitly apply myself than to your lordship, who have not only an inborn, but an hereditary loyalty? The memorable constancy and sufferings of your father, almost to the ruin of his estate, for the royal cause, were an earnest of that which such a parent and such an institution would produce in the person of a son. But so unhappy an occasion of manifesting your own zeal, in suffering for his present majesty, the providence of God, and the prudence of your administration, will, I hope, prevent; that, as your father's fortune waited on the unhappiness of his sovereign, so

your own may participate of the better fate which attends his son. The relation which you have by alliance to the noble family of your lady, serves to confirm to you both this happy augury. For what can deserve a greater place in the English chronicle, than the loyalty and courage, the actions and death, of the general of an army, fighting for his prince and country? The honour and gallantry of the Earl of Lindsey is so illustrious a subject, that it is fit to adorn an heroic poem; for he was the proto-martyr of the cause, and the type of his unfortunate royal master.

Yet after all, my lord, if I may speak my thoughts, you are happy rather to us than to yourself; for the multiplicity, the cares, and the vexations of your employment, have betrayed you from yourself, and given you up into the possession of the public. You are robbed of your privacy and friends, and scarce any hour of your life you can call your own. Those, who envy your fortune, if they wanted not good-nature, might more justly pity it; and when they see you watched by a crowd of suitors, whose importunity it is impossible to avoid, would conclude, with reason, that you have lost much more in true content, than you have gained by dignity; and that a private gentleman is better attended by a single servant, than your lordship with so clamorous a train. Pardon me, my lord, if I speak like a philosopher on this subject; the fortune which makes a man uneasy, cannot make him happy; and a wise man must think himself uneasy, when few of his actions are in his choice.

This last consideration has brought me to another, and a very seasonable one for your relief; which is, that while I pity your want of leisure, I have impertinently detained you so long a time. I have put off my own business, which was my dedication, till it is so late, that I am now ashamed to begin it; and therefore I will say nothing of the poem, which I present to you, because I know not if you are like to have an hour, which, with a good conscience, you may throw away in perusing it; and for the author, I have only to beg the continuance of your protection to him, who is,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

Most humble, and

Most obedient, servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE

THE death of Antony and Cleopatra is a subject which has been treated by the greatest wits of our nation, after Shakespeare; and by all so variously, that their example has given me the confidence to try myself in this bow of Ulysses amongst the crowd of suitors;[1] and, withal, to take my own measures, in aiming at the mark. I doubt not but the same motive has prevailed with all of us in this attempt; I mean the excellency of the moral: For the chief persons represented were famous patterns of unlawful love; and their end accordingly was unfortunate. All reasonable men have long since concluded, that the hero of the poem ought not to be a character of perfect virtue, for then he could not, without injustice, be made unhappy; nor yet altogether wicked, because he could not then be pitied. I have therefore steered the middle course; and have drawn the character of Antony as favourably as Plutarch, Appian, and Dion Cassius would give me leave; the like I have observed in Cleopatra. That which is wanting to work up the pity to a greater height, was not afforded me by the story; for the crimes of love, which they both committed, were not occasioned by any necessity, or fatal ignorance, but were wholly voluntary; since our passions are, or ought to be, within our power. The fabric of the play is regular enough, as to the inferior parts of it; and the unities of time, place, and action, more exactly observed, than perhaps the English theatre requires. Particularly, the action is so much one, that it is the only of the kind without episode, or underplot; every scene in the tragedy conducing to the main design, and every act concluding with a turn of it. The greatest error in the contrivance seems to be in the person of Octavia; for, though I might use the privilege of a poet, to introduce her into

[1] Scott, "shooters."

Alexandria, yet I had not enough considered, that the compassion she moved to herself and children was destructive to that which I reserved for Antony and Cleopatra; whose mutual love being founded upon vice, must lessen the favour of the audience to them, when virtue and innocence were oppressed by it. And, though I justified Antony in some measure, by making Octavia's departure to proceed wholly from herself; yet the force of the first machine still remained; and the dividing of pity, like the cutting of a river into many channels, abated the strength of the natural stream. But this is an objection which none of my critics have urged against me; and therefore I might have let it pass, if I could have resolved to have been partial to myself. The faults my enemies have found are rather cavils concerning little and not essential decencies; which a master of the ceremonies may decide betwixt us. The French poets, I confess, are strict observers of these punctilios: They would not, for example, have suffered Cleopatra and Octavia to have met; or, if they had met, there must have only passed betwixt them some cold civilities, but no eagerness of repartee, for fear of offending against the greatness of their characters, and the modesty of their sex. This objection I foresaw, and at the same time contemned; for I judged it both natural and probable, that Octavia, proud of her new-gained conquest, would search out Cleopatra to triumph over her; and that Cleopatra, thus attacked, was not of a spirit to shun the encounter: And it is not unlikely, that two exasperated rivals should use such satire as I have put into their mouths; for, after all, though the one were a Roman, and the other a queen, they were both women. It is true, some actions, though natural, are not fit to be represented; and broad obscenities in words ought in good manners to be avoided: expressions therefore are a modest clothing of our thoughts, as breeches and petticoats are of our bodies. If I have kept myself within the bounds of modesty, all beyond it is but nicety and affectation; which is no more but modesty depraved into a vice. They betray themselves who are too quick of apprehension in such cases, and leave all reasonable men to imagine worse of them, than of the poet.

Honest Montaigne goes yet further: *Nous ne sommes que*

cérémonie; la cérémonie nous emporte, et laissons la substance des choses. Nous nous tenons aux branches, et abandonnons le tronc et le corps. Nous avons appris aux dames de rougir, oyans seulement nommer ce qu'elles ne craignent aucunement à faire: Nous n'osons appeller à droit nos membres, et ne craignons pas de les employer à toute sorte de débauche. La cérémonie nous defend d'exprimer par paroles les choses licites et naturelles, et nous l'en croyons; la raison nous défend de n'en faire point d'illicites et mauvaises, et personne ne l'en croit. My comfort is, that by this opinion my enemies are but sucking critics, who would fain be nibbling ere their teeth are come.

Yet, in this nicety of manners does the excellency of French poetry consist. Their heroes are the most civil people breathing; but their good breeding seldom extends to a word of sense; all their wit is in their ceremony; they want the genius which animates our stage; and therefore it is but necessary, when they cannot please, that they should take care not to offend. But as the civilest man in the company is commonly the dullest, so these authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good manners make you sleep. They are so careful not to exasperate a critic, that they never leave him any work; so busy with the broom, and make so clean a riddance that there is little left either for censure or for praise: For no part of a poem is worth our discommending, where the whole is insipid; as when we have once tasted of palled wine, we stay not to examine it glass by glass. But while they affect to shine in trifles, they are often careless in essentials. Thus, their Hippolytus is so scrupulous in point of decency, that he will rather expose himself to death, than accuse his stepmother to his father; and my critics I am sure will commend him for it. But we of grosser apprehensions are apt to think that this excess of generosity is not practicable, but with fools and madmen. This was good manners with a vengeance; and the audience is like to be much concerned at the misfortunes of this admirable hero. But take Hippolytus out of his poetic fit, and I suppose he would think it a wiser part to set the saddle on the right horse, and choose rather to live with the reputation of a plain-spoken, honest man, than to die with the infamy

of an incestuous villain. In the meantime we may take notice, that where the poet ought to have preserved the character as it was delivered to us by antiquity, when he should have given us the picture of a rough young man, of the Amazonian strain, a jolly huntsman, and both by his profession and his early rising a mortal enemy to love, he has chosen to give him the turn of gallantry, sent him to travel from Athens to Paris, taught him to make love, and transformed the Hippolytus of Euripides into Monsieur Hippolyte I should not have troubled myself thus far with French poets, but that I find our *Chedreux*[1] critics wholly form their judgments by them. But for my part, I desire to be tried by the laws of my own country; for it seems unjust to me, that the French should prescribe here, till they have conquered. Our little sonneteers, who follow them, have too narrow souls to judge of poetry. Poets themselves are the most proper, though I conclude not the only critics. But till some genius, as universal as Aristotle, shall arise, one who can penetrate into all arts and sciences, without the practice of them, I shall think it reasonable, that the judgment of an artificer in his own art should be preferable to the opinion of another man; at least where he is not bribed by interest, or prejudiced by malice. And this, I suppose, is manifest by plain inductions: For, first, the crowd cannot be presumed to have more than a gross instinct, of what pleases or displeases them: Every man will grant me this; but then, by a particular kindness to himself, he draws his own stake first, and will be distinguished from the multitude, of which other men may think him one. But, if I come closer to those who are allowed for witty men, either by the advantage of their quality, or by common fame, and affirm that neither are they qualified to decide sovereignly concerning poetry, I shall yet have a strong party of my opinion; for most of them severally will exclude the rest, either from the number of witty men, or at least of able judges. But here again they are all indulgent to themselves; and every one who believes himself a wit, that is, every man, will pretend at the same time to a right of judging. But to press it yet further, there are many witty men, but few poets; neither

[1] Chedreux was the French wig-maker in fashion.

have all poets a taste of tragedy. And this is the rock on which they are daily splitting. Poetry, which is a picture of nature, must generally please; but it is not to be understood that all parts of it must please every man; therefore is not tragedy to be judged by a witty man, whose taste is only confined to comedy. Nor is every man, who loves tragedy, a sufficient judge of it; he must understand the excellences of it too, or he will only prove a blind admirer, not a critic. From hence it comes that so many satires on poets, and censures of their writings, fly abroad. Men of pleasant conversation (at least esteemed so), and endued with a trifling kind of fancy, perhaps helped out with some smattering of Latin, are ambitious to distinguish themselves from the herd of gentlemen, by their poetry—

> *Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illâ*
> *Fortunâ.*

And is not this a wretched affectation, not to be contented with what fortune has done for them, and sit down quietly with their estates, but they must call their wits in question, and needlessly expose their nakedness to public view? Not considering that they are not to expect the same approbation from sober men, which they have found from their flatterers after the third bottle. If a little glittering in discourse has passed them on us for witty men, where was the necessity of undeceiving the world? Would a man who has an ill title to an estate, but yet is in possession of it; would he bring it of his own accord, to be tried at Westminster? We who write, if we want the talent, yet have the excuse that we do it for a poor subsistence; but what can be urged in their defence, who, not having the vocation of poverty to scribble, out of mere wantonness take pains to make themselves ridiculous? Horace was certainly in the right, where he said, "That no man is satisfied with his own condition." A poet is not pleased, because he is not rich; and the rich are discontented, because the poets will not admit them of their number. Thus the case is hard with writers: If they succeed not, they must starve; and if they do, some malicious satire is prepared to level them, for daring to please without their leave. But while they are so eager to destroy the fame of others, their ambition is manifest in their

concernment; some poem of their own is to be produced, and the slaves are to be laid flat with their faces on the ground, that the monarch may appear in the greater majesty.

Dionysius and Nero had the same longings, but with all their power they could never bring their business well about. 'Tis true, they proclaimed themselves poets by sound of trumpet; and poets they were, upon pain of death to any man who durst call them otherwise. The audience had a fine time on't, you may imagine; they sat in a bodily fear, and looked as demurely as they could: for it was a hanging matter to laugh unseasonably; and the tyrants were suspicious, as they had reason, that their subjects had them in the wind; so, every man, in his own defence, set as good a face upon the business as he could. It was known beforehand that the monarchs were to be crowned laureates; but when the show was over, and an honest man was suffered to depart quietly, he took out his laughter which he had stifled, with a firm resolution never more to see an emperor's play, though he had been ten years a-making it. In the meantime the true poets were they who made the best markets: for they had wit enough to yield the prize with a good grace, and not contend with him who had thirty legions. They were sure to be rewarded, if they confessed themselves bad writers, and that was somewhat better than to be martyrs for their reputation. Lucan's example was enough to teach them manners; and after he was put to death, for overcoming Nero, the emperor carried it without dispute for the best poet in his dominions. No man was ambitious of that grinning honour; for if he heard the malicious trumpeter proclaiming his name before his betters, he knew there was but one way with him. Mæcenas took another course, and we know he was more than a great man, for he was witty too: But finding himself far gone in poetry, which Seneca assures us was not his talent, he thought it his best way to be well with Virgil and with Horace: that at least he might be a poet at the second hand; and we see how happily it has succeeded with him; for his own bad poetry is forgotten, and their panegyrics of him still remain. But they who should be our patrons are for no such expensive ways to fame; they have much of the poetry of Mæcenas, but little

of his liberality. They are for persecuting Horace and Virgil, in the persons of their successors; for such is every man who has any part of their soul and fire, though in a less degree. Some of their little zanies yet go further; for they are persecutors even of Horace himself, as far as they are able, by their ignorant and vile imitations of him; by making an unjust use of his authority, and turning his artillery against his friends. But how would he disdain to be copied by such hands! I dare answer for him, he would be more uneasy in their company, than he was with Crispinus, their forefather, in the Holy Way; and would no more have allowed them a place amongst the critics, than he would Demetrius the mimic, and Tigellius the buffoon;

Demetri,
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

With what scorn would he look down on such miserable translators, who make doggerel of his Latin, mistake his meaning, misapply his censures, and often contradict their own? He is fixed as a landmark to set out the bounds of poetry—

——— *Saxum antiquum, ingens,—*
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis.

But other arms than theirs, and other sinews are required, to raise the weight of such an author; and when they would toss him against enemies—

Genua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis.
Tum lapis ipse viri, vacuum per inane volatus,
Nec spatium evasit totum, nec pertulit ictum.

For my part, I would wish no other revenge, either for myself, or the rest of the poets, from this rhyming judge of the twelvepenny gallery, this legitimate son of Sternhold, than that he would subscribe his name to his censure, or (not to tax him beyond his learning) set his mark: For, should he own himself publicly, and come from behind the lion's skin, they whom he condemns would be thankful to him, they whom he praises would choose to be condemned; and the magistrates, whom he has elected, would modestly withdraw from their employment, to avoid the scandal of his nomination. The sharpness of his satire, next to him-

self, falls most heavily on his friends, and they ought never to forgive him for commending them perpetually the wrong way, and sometimes by contraries. If he have a friend, whose hastiness in writing is his greatest fault, Horace would have taught him to have minced the matter, and to have called it readiness of thought, and a flowing fancy; for friendship will allow a man to christen an imperfection by the name of some neighbour virtue—

> *Vellem in amicitiâ sic erraremus; et isti*
> *Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum*

But he would never have allowed him to have called a slow man hasty, or a hasty writer a slow drudge, as Juvenal explains it—

> ——— *—Canibus pigris, scabieque vetustâ*
> *Lævibus, et siccæ lambentibus ora lucernæ,*
> *Nomen erit, Pardus, Tigris, Leo; si quid adhuc est*
> *Quod fremit in terris violentius.*

Yet Lucretius laughs at a foolish lover, even for excusing the imperfections of his mistress—

> *Nigra μελίχροος est, immunda et fœtida ἄκοσμος.*
> *Balba loqui non quit, τραυλίζει; muta pudens est*, etc.

But to drive it *ad Æthiopem cygnum* is not to be endured. I leave him[1] to interpret this by the benefit of his French version on the other side, and without further considering him, than I have the rest of my illiterate censors, whom I have disdained to answer, because they are not qualified for judges. It remains that I acquaint the reader, that I have endeavoured in this play to follow the practice of the ancients, who, as Mr Rymer has judiciously observed, are and ought to be our masters. Horace likewise gives it for a rule in his art of poetry—

> *Vos exemplaria Græca*
> *Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.*

Yet, though their models are regular, they are too little for English tragedy; which requires to be built in a larger

[1] All this is a retort on Rochester's *Allusion to the 10th Satire of Horace*, in which Dryden is slighted, Shadwell and Wycherley praised.

compass. I could give an instance in the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, which was the masterpiece of Sophocles; but I reserve it for a more fit occasion, which I hope to have hereafter. In my style, I have professed to imitate the divine Shakespeare; which that I might perform more freely, I have disencumbered myself from rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose. I hope I need not to explain myself, that I have not copied my author servilely: Words and phrases must of necessity receive a change in succeeding ages; but it is almost a miracle that much of his language remains so pure; and that he who began dramatic poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and as Ben Jonson tells us, without learning, should by the force of his own genius perform so much, that in a manner he has left no praise for any who come after him. The occasion is fair, and the subject would be pleasant to handle the difference of styles betwixt him and Fletcher, and wherein, and how far they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be overconfident of my own performance after him, it will be prudence in me to be silent. Yet, I hope, I may affirm, and without vanity, that, by imitating him, I have excelled myself throughout the play; and particularly, that I prefer the scene betwixt Antony and Ventidius in the first act, to anything which I have written in this kind.

PROLOGUE

WHAT flocks of critics hover here to-day,
As vultures wait on armies for their prey,
All gaping for the carcase of a play!
With croaking notes they bode some dire event,
And follow dying poets by the scent.
Ours gives himself for gone; y' have watched your time:
He fights this day unarmed,—without his rhyme;—
And brings a tale which often has been told;
As sad as Dido's; and almost as old.
His hero, whom you wits his bully call,
Bates of his mettle, and scarce rants at all:
He's somewhat lewd; but a well-meaning mind;
Weeps much; fights little; but is wond'rous kind.
In short, a pattern, and companion fit,
For all the keeping Tonies of the pit.
I could name more: a wife, and mistress too;
Both (to be plain) too good for most of you:
The wife well-natured, and the mistress true.
Now, poets, if your fame has been his care,
Allow him all the candour you can spare.
A brave man scorns to quarrel once a-day
Like Hectors in at every petty fray.
Let those find fault whose wit's so very small,
They've need to show that they can think at all;
Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls, must dive below.
Fops may have leave to level all they can;
As pigmies would be glad to lop a man.
Half-wits are fleas; so little and so light,
We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.
But, as the rich, when tired with daily feasts,
For change, become their next poor tenant's guests;

Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,
And snatch the homely rasher from the coals:
So you, retiring from much better cheer,
For once, may venture to do penance here.
And since that plenteous autumn now is past,
Whose grapes and peaches have indulged your taste,
Take in good part, from our poor poet's board,
Such rivelled fruits as winter can afford.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARK ANTONY.
VENTIDIUS, his General.
DOLABELLA, his Friend.
ALEXAS, the Queen's Eunuch.
SERAPION, Priest of Isis.
MYRIS, another Priest.
Servants to Antony.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.
OCTAVIA, Antony's Wife
CHARMION, }
IRAS, }
Antony's two little Daughters

SCENE.—ALEXANDRIA.



ACT I

SCENE I.—*The Temple of Isis*

Enter SERAPION, MYRIS, Priests of Isis.

SERAP. Portents and prodigies have grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name. Our fruitful Nile
Flowed ere the wonted season, with a torrent
So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild deluge overtook the haste
Even of the hinds that watched it: Men and beasts
Were borne above the tops of trees, that grew
On the utmost margin of the water-mark.
Then, with so swift an ebb the flood drove backward,
It slipt from underneath the scaly herd:
Here monstrous phocæ panted on the shore;
Forsaken dolphins there with their broad tails,
Lay lashing the departing waves: hard by them,
Sea horses floundering in the slimy mud,
Tossed up their heads, and dashed the ooze about them.

Enter ALEXAS *behind them.*

Myr. Avert these omens, Heaven!

Serap. Last night, between the hours of twelve and one,
In a lone aisle of the temple while I walked,
A whirlwind rose, that, with a violent blast,
Shook all the dome: the doors around me clapt;

The iron wicket, that defends the vault,
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burst open, and disclosed the mighty dead.
From out each monument, in order placed,
An armed ghost starts up: the boy-king last
Reared his inglorious head. A peal of groans
Then followed, and a lamentable voice
Cried, Egypt is no more! My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knocked;
On the cold pavement down I fell entranced,
And so unfinished left the horrid scene.

Alex. And dreamed you this? or did invent the story,
[*Showing himself.*
To frighten our Egyptian boys withal,
And train them up, betimes, in fear of priesthood?

Serap. My lord, I saw you not,
Nor meant my words should reach your ears; but what
I uttered was most true.

Alex. A foolish dream,
Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts,
And holy luxury.

Serap. I know my duty:
This goes no further.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it should;
Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.
All southern, from yon hills, the Roman camp
Hangs o'er us black and threatening, like a storm
Just breaking on our heads.

Serap. Our faint Egyptians pray for Antony;
But in their servile hearts they own Octavius.

Myr. Why then does Antony dream out his hours,
And tempts not fortune for a noble day,
Which might redeem what Actium lost?

Alex. He thinks 'tis past recovery.

Serap. Yet the foe
Seems not to press the siege.

Alex. Oh, there's the wonder.

Mæcenas and Agrippa, who can most
With Cæsar, are his foes. His wife Octavia,
Driven from his house, solicits her revenge;
And Dolabella, who was once his friend,
Upon some private grudge, now seeks his ruin:
Yet still war seems on either side to sleep.

Serap. 'Tis strange that Antony, for some days past,
Has not beheld the face of Cleopatra;
But here, in Isis' temple, lives retired,
And makes his heart a prey to black despair.

Alex. 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by absence
To cure his mind of love.

Serap. If he be vanquished,
Or make his peace, Egypt is doomed to be
A Roman province; and our plenteous harvests
Must then redeem the scarceness of their soil.
While Antony stood firm, our Alexandria
Rivalled proud Rome (dominion's other seat),
And Fortune striding, like a vast Colossus,
Could fix an equal foot of empire here.

Alex. Had I my wish, these tyrants of all nature,
Who lord it o'er mankind, should perish,—perish,
Each by the other's sword; But, since our will
Is lamely followed by our power, we must
Depend on one; with him to rise or fall.

Serap. How stands the queen affected?

Alex Oh, she dotes,
She dotes, Serapion, on this vanquished man,
And winds herself about his mighty ruins;
Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
This hunted prey, to his pursuer's hands,
She might preserve us all: but 'tis in vain—
This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,
And makes me use all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wish divided from her arms,
Far as the earth's deep centre. Well, you know

The state of things; no more of your ill omens
And black prognostics; labour to confirm
The people's hearts.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *talking aside with a* Gentleman *of* ANTONY'S.

Serap. These Romans will o'erhear us.
But, who's that stranger? By his warlike port,
His fierce demeanour, and erected look,
He's of no vulgar note.

Alex. Oh 'tis Ventidius,
Our emperor's great lieutenant in the East,
Who first showed Rome that Parthia could be conquered.
When Antony returned from Syria last,
He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.

Serap. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him at Cilicia first,
When Cleopatra there met Antony:
A mortal foe he was to us, and Egypt.
But,—let me witness to the worth I hate,—
A braver Roman never drew a sword;
Firm to his prince, but as a friend, not slave.
He ne'er was of his pleasures; but presides
O'er all his cooler hours, and morning counsels:
In short the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue,
Of an old true-stampt Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes I know not what of ill
To our affairs. Withdraw to mark him better;
And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,
And what's our present work.

[*They withdraw to a corner of the stage; and* VENTIDIUS, *with the other, comes forward to the front.*

Vent. Not see him, say you?
I say, I must, and will.

Gent. He has commanded,
On pain of death, none should approach his presence.

Vent. I bring him news will raise his drooping spirits,
Give him new life.

Gent. He sees not Cleopatra.

Vent. Would he had never seen her!

Gent. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
Of anything, but thought; or if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving:
Then he defies the world, and bids it pass;
Sometimes he gnaws his lip, and curses loud
The boy Octavius; then he draws his mouth
Into a scornful smile, and cries, "Take all,
The world's not worth my care."

Vent. Just, just his nature.
Virtue's his path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast soul; and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a vice, that bears him far
From his first course, and plunges him in ills:
But, when his danger makes him find his fault,
Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,
He censures eagerly his own misdeeds,
Judging himself with malice to himself,
And not forgiving what as man he did,
Because his other parts are more than man.—
He must not thus be lost.

[ALEXAS *and the* Priests *come forward.*

Alex. You have your full instructions, now advance;
Proclaim your orders loudly.

Serap. Romans, Egyptians, hear the queen's command.
Thus Cleopatra bids: Let labour cease;
To pomp and triumphs give this happy day,
That gave the world a lord: 'tis Antony's.
Live, Antony; and Cleopatra live!
Be this the general voice sent up to heaven,
And every public place repeat this echo.

Vent. Fine pageantry! [*Aside.*

Serap. Set out before your doors
The images of all your sleeping fathers,
With laurels crowned; with laurels wreathe your posts,
And strew with flowers the pavement; let the priests
Do present sacrifice; pour out the wine,
And call the gods to join with you in gladness.

Vent. Curse on the tongue that bids this general joy!
Can they be friends of Antony, who revel
When Antony's in danger? Hide, for shame,
You Romans, your great grandsires' images,
For fear their souls should animate their marbles,
To blush at their degenerate progeny.

Alex. A love, which knows no bounds, to Antony,
Would mark the day with honours, when all heaven
Laboured for him, when each propitious star
Stood wakeful in his orb, to watch that hour,
And shed his better influence. Her own birthday
Our queen neglected like a vulgar fate,
That passed obscurely by.

Vent. Would it had slept,
Divided far from his; till some remote
And future age had called it out, to ruin
Some other prince, not him!

Alex. Your emperor,
Though grown unkind, would be more gentle, than
To upbraid my queen for loving him too well.

Vent. Does the mute sacrifice upbraid the priest?
He knows him not his executioner.
Oh, she has decked his ruin with her love,
Led him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter,
And made perdition pleasing: She has left him
The blank of what he was.
I tell thee, eunuch, she has quite unmanned him.
Can any Roman see, and know him now,
Thus altered from the lord of half mankind,
Unbent, unsinewed, made a woman's toy,
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honours,

And crampt within a corner of the world?
O Antony!
Thou bravest soldier, and thou best of friends!
Bounteous as nature; next to nature's God!
Couldst thou but make new worlds, so wouldst thou give them,
As bounty were thy being! rough in battle,
As the first Romans when they went to war;
Yet after victory more pitiful
Than all their praying virgins left at home!

Alex. Would you could add, to those more shining virtues,
His truth to her who loves him.

Vent. Would I could not!
But wherefore waste I precious hours with thee!
Thou art her darling mischief, her chief engine,
Antony's other fate. Go, tell thy queen,
Ventidius is arrived, to end her charms.
Let your Egyptian timbrels play alone,
Nor mix effeminate sounds with Roman trumpets.
You dare not fight for Antony; go pray
And keep your cowards' holiday in temples.

[*Exeunt* ALEXAS, SERAPION.

Re-enter the Gentleman *of* M. ANTONY.

2 *Gent.* The emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of death, that none presume to stay.

1 *Gent.* I dare not disobey him.

[*Going out with the other.*

Vent. Well, I dare.
But I'll observe him first unseen, and find
Which way his humour drives: The rest I'll venture.

[*Withdraws.*

Enter ANTONY, *walking with a disturbed motion before he speaks.*

Ant. They tell me, 'tis my birthday, and I'll keep it

With double pomp of sadness.
'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me breath.
Why was I raised the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travelled,
Till all my fires were spent; and then cast downward,
To be trod out by Cæsar?

Vent. [*aside*]. On my soul,
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

Ant. Count thy gains.
Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starved thy wanting age.

Vent. How sorrow shakes him! [*Aside.*
So, now the tempest tears him up by the roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

[ANTONY *having thrown himself down.*
Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;
The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it),
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widowed hand to Cæsar:
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.

Ant. Give me some music: look that it be sad:
I'll soothe my melancholy, till I swell,
And burst myself with sighing.— [*Soft music.*
'Tis somewhat to my humour: stay, I fancy
I'm now turned wild, a commoner of nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,
Stretched at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,

And look just of a piece as I grew from it;
My uncombed locks, matted like mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
Runs at my foot.

Vent. Methinks I fancy
Myself there too.

Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And, fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on,
And take me for their fellow-citizen.
More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.
[*Soft music again.*

Vent. I must disturb him; I can hold no longer.
[*Stands before him.*

Ant. [*starting up*]. Art thou Ventidius?

Vent. Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Vent. So am I.

Ant. I would be private: leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me!
Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

Vent. My emperor; the man I love next Heaven:
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good, and god-like.[1]

Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not; but I dare not leave you:
And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;
And, if a foe, too much.

[1] Edd. "good-like."

Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew.
[*Weeping.*
I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.
Ant. By heaven, he weeps! poor good old man, he weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks.—Stop them, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death: they set my shame,
That caused them, full before me.
Vent. I'll do my best.
Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends:
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine.—Nay, father!
Vent. Emperor.
Ant. Emperor! Why, that's the style of victory;
The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh!——
Vent. It sits too near you.
Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day,
And, in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.——
Vent. Out with it; give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my shame.
I lost a battle,——
Vent. So has Julius done.
Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:
But Antony——
Vent. Nay, stop not.
Ant. Antony,—
Well, thou wilt have it,—like a coward, fled,

Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepared to rail.
Vent. I did.
Ant. I'll help thee.—I have been a man, Ventidius.
Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but——
Ant. I know thy meaning.
But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.
In the full vintage of my flowing honours,
Sat still, and saw it prest by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it,
And purple greatness met my ripened years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;
The wish of nations, and the willing world
Received me as its pledge of future peace;
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
And worked against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turned her loose; yet still she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorced for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who laboured to be wretched: Pr'ythee, curse me.
Vent. No.
Ant. Why?
Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you've done, too conscious of your failings;
And, like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes.
Ant. I know thou would'st.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Vent. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.

Vent. You would be lost, then?

Ant. I am.

Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.

Ant. I have, to the utmost. Dost thou think me desperate,
Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Vent. Cæsar thinks not so;
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be killed like Tully, would you? do,
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall serve;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.

Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.
Up, up, for honour's sake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief: By painful journeys
I led them, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,
Their scarred cheeks, and chopt hands: there's virtue in them.
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I said in Lower Syria.

Ant. Bring them hither;
There may be life in these.

Vent. They will not come.

Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised aids,
To double my despair? They're mutinous.

Vent. Most firm and loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march
To succour me. O trifler!

Vent. They petition
You would make haste to head them.

Ant. I'm besieged.

Vent. There's but one way shut up: How came I hither?

Ant. I will not stir.

Vent. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.

Ant. I have never used
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Ant. What was't they said?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her? Then she new-names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra: she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you Powers,
To whom you have intrusted humankind!
See Europe, Afric, Asia, put in balance,
And all weighed down by one light, worthless woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.
Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.
Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor,
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank, o'erflowing gall.
O that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without a stain to honour!
Vent. You may kill me;
You have done more already,—called me traitor.
Ant. Art thou not one?
Vent. For showing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done? but had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hindered me to have led my conquering eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,
And not have been so called.
Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.
Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betrayed you: Kill me, sir,
Pray, kill me; yet you need not, your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.
Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: Pr'ythee, forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?
Vent. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I used,
Nor durst another man have ventured it;
But you, ere love misled your wandering eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Framed in the very pride and boast of nature;

So perfect, that the gods, who formed you, wondered
At their own skill, and cried—A lucky hit
Has mended our design. Their envy hindered,
Else you had been immortal, and a pattern,
When Heaven would work for ostentation's sake
To copy out again.

Ant. But Cleopatra—
Go on; for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but thou may'st;
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flattered me.

Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind word!
May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.
[*Hugging him.*
Thy praises were unjust; but, I'll deserve them,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory! thou know'st the way.

Vent. And, will you leave this——

Ant. Pr'ythee, do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, Heaven knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all, but honour;
But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my royal master;
And, shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier.
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron;
And at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud—Come, follow me!

Vent. Oh, now I hear my emperor! in that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all:
I'll thank you for the exchange.

Ant. O Cleopatra!

Vent. Again?

Ant. I've done: In that last sigh she went.
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.
Vent. Methinks, you breathe
Another soul: Your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.
Ant. Oh, thou hast fired me; my soul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me: Once again,
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me;
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp: In vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted on my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagged on the plain below.
Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!
Ant. Come on, my soldier!
Our hearts and arms are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to them; mow them out a passage,
And, entering where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I

Enter CLEOPATRA, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.



LEO. What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.
Alex. He goes to fight for you.
Cleo. Then he would see me, ere he went to fight:
Flatter me not: If once he goes, he's lost,
And all my hopes destroyed.
Alex. Does this weak passion
Become a mighty queen?
Cleo. I am no queen:
Is this to be a queen, to be besieged
By yon insulting Roman, and to wait
Each hour the victor's chain? These ills are small:
For Antony is lost, and I can mourn
For nothing else but him. Now come, Octavius,
I have no more to lose! prepare thy bands;
I'm fit to be a captive: Antony
Has taught my mind the fortune of a slave.
Iras. Call reason to assist you.
Cleo. I have none,
And none would have: My love's a noble madness,
Which shows the cause deserved it. Moderate sorrow
Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man:
But I have loved with such transcendent passion,
I soared, at first, quite out of reason's view,
And now am lost above it. No, I'm proud
'Tis thus: Would Antony could see me now

Think you he would not sigh, though he must leave me?
Sure he would sigh; for he is noble-natured,
And bears a tender heart: I know him well.
Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,
But now 'tis past.

Iras. Let it be past with you:
Forget him, madam.

Cleo. Never, never, Iras.
He once was mine; and once, though now 'tis gone,
Leaves a faint image of possession still.

Alex. Think him inconstant, cruel, and ungrateful.

Cleo. I cannot: If I could, those thoughts were vain.
Faithless, ungrateful, cruel, though he be,
I still must love him.

Enter CHARMION.

Now, what news, my Charmion?
Will he be kind? and will he not forsake me?
Am I to live, or die?—nay, do I live?
Or am I dead? for when he gave his answer,
Fate took the word, and then I lived or died.

Char. I found him, madam——

Cleo. A long speech preparing?
If thou bring'st comfort, haste, and give it me,
For never was more need.

Iras. I know he loves you.

Cleo. Had he been kind, her eyes had told me so,
Before her tongue could speak it: Now she studies,
To soften what he said; but give me death,
Just as he sent it, Charmion, undisguised,
And in the words he spoke.

Char. I found him, then,
Encompassed round, I think, with iron statues;
So mute, so motionless his soldiers stood,
While awfully he cast his eyes about,
And every leader's hopes or fears surveyed:
Methought he looked resolved, and yet not pleased.

When he beheld me struggling in the crowd,
He blushed, and bade make way.

Alex. There's comfort yet.

Char. Ventidius fixed his eyes upon my passage
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And sullenly gave place: I told my message,
Just as you gave it, broken and disordered;
I numbered in it all your sighs and tears,
And while I moved your pitiful request,
That you but only begged a last farewell,
He fetched an inward groan; and every time
I named you, sighed, as if his heart were breaking,
But, shunned my eyes, and guiltily looked down:
He seemed not now that awful Antony,
Who shook an armed assembly with his nod;
But, making show as he would rub his eyes,
Disguised and blotted out a falling tear.

Cleo. Did he then weep? And was I worth a tear?
If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing,
Tell me no more, but let me die contented.

Char. He bid me say,—He knew himself so well,
He could deny you nothing, if he saw you;
And therefore——

Cleo. Thou wouldst say, he would not see me?

Char. And therefore begged you not to use a power,
Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever
Respect you, as he ought.

Cleo. Is that a word
For Antony to use to Cleopatra?
O that faint word, *respect!* how I disdain it!
Disdain myself, for loving after it!
He should have kept that word for cold Octavia.
Respect is for a wife: Am I that thing,
That dull, insipid lump, without desires,
And without power to give them?

Alex. You misjudge;
You see through love, and that deludes your sight;

As, what is straight, seems crooked through the water:
But I, who bear my reason undisturbed,
Can see this Antony, this dreaded man,
A fearful slave, who fain would run away,
And shuns his master's eyes: If you pursue him,
My life on't, he still drags a chain along.
That needs must clog his flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee!—

Alex. By every circumstance I know he loves.
True, he's hard prest, by interest and by honour;
Yet he but doubts, and parleys, and casts out
Many a long look for succour.

Cleo. He sends word,
He fears to see my face.

Alex. And would you more?
He shows his weakness who declines the combat,
And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak
More plainly? To my ears, the message sounds—
Come to my rescue, Cleopatra, come;
Come, free me from Ventidius; from my tyrant:
See me, and give me a pretence to leave him!—
I hear his trumpets. This way he must pass.
Please you, retire a while; I'll work him first,
That he may bend more easy.

Cleo. You shall rule me;
But all, I fear, in vain.

[*Exit with* CHARMION *and* IRAS.

Alex. I fear so too;
Though I concealed my thoughts, to make her bold;
But 'tis our utmost means, and fate befriend it!

[*Withdraws.*

Enter Lictors *with Fasces; one bearing the Eagle; then enter* ANTONY *with* VENTIDIUS, *followed by other* Commanders.

Ant. Octavius is the minion of blind chance,
But holds from virtue nothing.

Vent. Has he courage?

Ant. But just enough to season him from coward.
Oh, 'tis the coldest youth upon a charge,
The most deliberate fighter! if he ventures
(As in Illyria once, they say, he did,
To storm a town), 'tis when he cannot choose;
When all the world have fixt their eyes upon him;
And then he lives on that for seven years after;
But, at a close revenge he never fails.

Vent. I heard you challenged him.

Ant. I did, Ventidius.
What think'st thou was his answer? 'Twas so tame!—
He said, he had more ways than one to die;
I had not.

Vent. Poor!

Ant. He has more ways than one;
But he would choose them all before that one.

Vent. He first would choose an ague, or a fever.

Ant. No; it must be an ague, not a fever;
He has not warmth enough to die by that.

Vent. Or old age and a bed.

Ant. Ay, there's his choice,
He would live, like a lamp, to the last wink,
And crawl upon the utmost verge of life.
O Hercules! Why should a man like this,
Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,
Be all the care of Heaven? Why should he lord it
O'er fourscore thousand men, of whom each one
Is braver than himself?

Vent. You conquered for him:
Philippi knows it; there you shared with him
That empire, which your sword made all your own.

Ant. Fool that I was, upon my eagle's wings
I bore this wren, till I was tired with soaring,
And now he mounts above me.
Good heavens, is this,—is this the man who braves me?

Who bids my age make way? Drives me before him,
To the world's ridge, and sweeps me off like rubbish?

Vent. Sir, we lose time; the troops are mounted all.

Ant. Then give the word to march:
I long to leave this prison of a town,
To join thy legions; and, in open field,
Once more to show my face. Lead, my deliverer.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Great emperor,
In mighty arms renowned above mankind,
But, in soft pity to the opprest, a god;
This message sends the mournful Cleopatra
To her departing lord.

Vent. Smooth sycophant!

Alex. A thousand wishes, and ten thousand prayers,
Millions of blessings wait you to the wars;
Millions of sighs and tears she sends you too,
And would have sent
As many dear embraces to your arms,
As many parting kisses to your lips;
But those, she fears, have wearied you already.

Vent. [*aside*]. False crocodile!

Alex. And yet she begs not now, you would not leave her;
That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,
Too presuming
For her low fortune, and your ebbing love;
That were a wish for her more prosperous days,
Her blooming beauty, and your growing kindness.

Ant. [*aside*]. Well, I must man it out:—What would the queen?

Alex. First, to these noble warriors, who attend
Your daring courage in the chase of fame,—
Too daring, and too dangerous for her quiet,—
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own cares and fears,—the care of you.

Vent. Yes, witness Actium.

Ant. Let him speak, Ventidius.

Alex. You, when his matchless valour bears him forward,
With ardour too heroic, on his foes,
Fall down, as she would do, before his feet;
Lie in his way, and stop the paths of death:
Tell him, this god is not invulnerable;
That absent Cleopatra bleeds in him;
And, that you may remember her petition,
She begs you wear these trifles, as a pawn,
Which, at your wished return, she will redeem
[*Gives jewels to the* Commanders.
With all the wealth of Egypt:
This to the great Ventidius she presents,
Whom she can never count her enemy,
Because he loves her lord.

Vent. Tell her, I'll none on't;
I'm not ashamed of honest poverty;
Not all the diamonds of the east can bribe
Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see
These and the rest of all her sparkling store,
Where they shall more deservingly be placed.

Ant. And who must wear them then?

Vent. The wronged Octavia.

Ant. You might have spared that word.

Vent. And he that bribe.

Ant. But have I no remembrance?

Alex. Yes, a dear one;
Your slave the queen——

Ant. My mistress.

Alex. Then your mistress;
Your mistress would, she says, have sent her soul,
But that you had long since; she humbly begs
This ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts,
The emblems of her own, may bind your arm.
[*Presenting a bracelet.*

Vent. Now, my best lord,—in honour's name, I ask you,
For manhood's sake, and for your own dear safety,—
Touch not these poisoned gifts,
Infected by the sender; touch them not;
Myriads of bluest plagues lie underneath them,
And more than aconite has dipt the silk.

Ant. Nay, now you grow too cynical, Ventidius:
A lady's favours may be worn with honour.
What, to refuse her bracelet! On my soul,
When I lie pensive in my tent alone,
'Twill pass the wakeful hours of winter nights,
To tell these pretty beads upon my arm,
To count for every one a soft embrace,
A melting kiss at such and such a time:
And now and then the fury of her love,
When——And what harm's in this?

Alex. None, none, my lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.

Ant. [*going to tie it*]. We soldiers are so awkward—help me tie it.

Alex. In faith, my lord, we courtiers too are awkward
In these affairs: so are all men indeed:
Even I, who am not one. But shall I speak?

Ant. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my lord, fair hands alone
Are fit to tie it; she, who sent it can.

Vent. Hell, death! this eunuch pander ruins you.
You will not see her?

[ALEXAS *whispers an* Attendant, *who goes out.*

Ant. But to take my leave.

Vent. Then I have washed an Æthiop. You're undone;
Y' are in the toils; y' are taken; y' are destroyed:
Her eyes do Cæsar's work.

Ant. You fear too soon.
I'm constant to myself: I know my strength;

And yet she shall not think me barbarous neither,
Born in the depths of Afric: I am a Roman,
Bred in the rules of soft humanity.
A guest, and kindly used, should bid farewell.
Vent. You do not know
How weak you are to her, how much an infant:
You are not proof against a smile, or glance;
A sigh will quite disarm you.
Ant. See, she comes!
Now you shall find your error.—Gods, I thank you:
I formed the danger greater than it was,
And now 'tis near, 'tis lessened.
Vent. Mark the end yet.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, *and* IRAS.

Ant. Well, madam, we are met.
Cleo. Is this a meeting?
Then, we must part?
Ant. We must.
Cleo. Who says we must?
Ant. Our own hard fates.
Cleo. We make those fates ourselves.
Ant. Yes, we have made them; we have loved each other,
Into our mutual ruin.
Cleo. The gods have seen my joys with envious eyes;
I have no friends in heaven; and all the world,
As 'twere the business of mankind to part us,
Is armed against my love: even you yourself
Join with the rest; you, you are armed against me.
Ant. I will be justified in all I do
To late posterity, and therefore hear me.
If I mix a lie
With any truth, reproach me freely with it;
Else, favour me with silence.
Cleo. You command me,
And I am dumb.

Vent. I like this well; he shows authority.
Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone——
Cleo. O heavens! I ruin you!
Ant. You promised me your silence, and you break it
Ere I have scarce begun.
Cleo. Well, I obey you.
Ant. When I beheld you first, it was in Egypt.
Ere Cæsar saw your eyes, you gave me love,
And were too young to know it; that I settled
Your father in his throne, was for your sake;
I left the acknowledgment for time to ripen.
Cæsar stept in, and, with a greedy hand,
Plucked the green fruit, ere the first blush of red,
Yet cleaving to the bough, He was my lord,
And was, beside, too great for me to rival;
But, I deserved you first, though he enjoyed you.
When, after, I beheld you in Cilicia,
An enemy to Rome, I pardoned you.
Cleo. I cleared myself——
Ant. Again you break your promise.
I loved you still, and took your weak excuses,
Took you into my bosom, stained by Cæsar,
And not half mine: I went to Egypt with you,
And hid me from the business of the world,
Shut out inquiring nations from my sight,
To give whole years to you.
Vent. Yes, to your shame be't spoken. [*Aside.*
Ant. How I loved.
Witness, ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
That danced away with down upon your feet,
As all your business were to count my passion!
One day passed by, and nothing saw but love;
Another came, and still 'twas only love:
The suns were wearied out with looking on,
And I untired with loving.
I saw you every day, and all the day;

And every day was still but as the first,
So eager was I still to see you more.
Vent. 'Tis all too true.
Ant. Fulvia, my wife, grew jealous,
(As she indeed had reason) raised a war
In Italy, to call me back.
Vent. But yet
You went not.
Ant. While within your arms I lay,
The world fell mouldering from my hands each hour,
And left me scarce a grasp—I thank your love for't.
Vent. Well pushed: that last was home.
Cleo. Yet may I speak?
Ant. If I have urged a falsehood, yes; else, not.
Your silence says, I have not. Fulvia died,
(Pardon, you gods, with my unkindness died);
To set the world at peace, I took Octavia,
This Cæsar's sister; in her pride of youth,
And flower of beauty, did I wed that lady,
Whom blushing I must praise, because I left her.
You called; my love obeyed the fatal summons:
This raised the Roman arms; the cause was yours.
I would have fought by land, where I was stronger;
You hindered it: yet, when I fought at sea,
Forsook me fighting; and (O stain to honour!
O lasting shame!) I knew not that I fled;
But fled to follow you.
Vent. What haste she made to hoist her purple sails!
And, to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our strength away.
Ant. All this you caused.
And, would you multiply more ruins on me?
This honest man, my best, my only friend,
Has gathered up the shipwreck of my fortunes;
Twelve legions I have left, my last recruits.
And you have watched the news, and bring your eyes

To seize them too. If you have aught to answer,
Now speak, you have free leave.
Alex. [*aside*]. She stands confounded:
Despair is in her eyes.
Vent. Now lay a sigh in the way to stop his passage:
Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions;
'Tis like they shall be sold.
Cleo. How shall I plead my cause, when you, my judge,
Already have condemned me? Shall I bring
The love you bore me for my advocate?
That now is turned against me, that destroys me;
For love, once past, is, at the best, forgotten;
But oftener sours to hate: 'twill please my lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
But, could I once have thought it would have pleased you,
That you would pry, with narrow searching eyes,
Into my faults, severe to my destruction,
And watching all advantages with care,
That serve to make me wretched? Speak, my lord,
For I end here. Though I deserved this usage,
Was it like you to give it?
Ant. Oh, you wrong me,
To think I sought this parting, or desired
To accuse you more than what will clear myself,
And justify this breach.
Cleo. Thus low I thank you;
And, since my innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.
Vent. After this,
I think she'll blush at nothing.
Cleo. You seemed grieved
(And therein you are kind), that Cæsar first
Enjoyed my love, though you deserved it better:
I grieve for that, my lord, much more than you;
For, had I first been yours, it would have saved

My second choice: I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But Cæsar first,
You say, possessed my love. Not so, my lord:
He first possessed my person; you, my love:
Cæsar loved me; but I loved Antony.
If I endured him after, 'twas because
I judged it due to the first name of men;
And, half constrained, I gave, as to a tyrant,
What he would take by force.

Vent. O Syren! Syren!
Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,
Has she not ruined you? I still urge that,
The fatal consequence.

Cleo. The consequence indeed
For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,
To say it was designed: 'tis true, I loved you,
And kept you far from an uneasy wife,—
Such Fulvia was.
Yes, but he'll say, you left Octavia for me;—
And, can you blame me to receive that love,
Which quitted such desert, for worthless me?
How often have I wished some other Cæsar,
Great as the first, and as the second young,
Would court my love, to be refused for you!

Vent. Words, words; but Actium, sir; remember Actium.

Cleo. Even there, I dare his malice. True, I counselled
To fight at sea; but I betrayed you not.
I fled, but not to the enemy. 'Twas fear;
Would I had been a man, not to have feared!
For none would then have envied me your friendship,
Who envy me your love.

Ant. We are both unhappy:
If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us.
Speak; would you have me perish by my stay?

Cleo. If, as a friend, you ask my judgment, go;

If, as a lover, stay. If you must perish——
'Tis a hard word—but stay.

Vent. See now the effects of her so boasted love!
She strives to drag you down to ruin with her;
But, could she 'scape without you, oh, how soon
Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,
And never look behind!

Cleo. Then judge my love by this.
[*Giving* ANTONY *a writing.*
Could I have borne
A life or death, a happiness or woe,
From yours divided, this had given me means.

Ant. By Hercules, the writing of Octavius!
I know it well: 'tis that proscribing hand,
Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
And left me but the second place in murder.—
See, see, Ventidius! here he offers Egypt,
And joins all Syria to it, as a present;
So, in requital, she forsake my fortunes,
And join her arms with his.

Cleo. And yet you leave me!
You leave me, Antony; and yet I love you,
Indeed I do: I have refused a kingdom;
That is a trifle;
For I could part with life, with anything,
But only you. Oh, let me die but with you!
Is that a hard request?

Ant. Next living with you,
'Tis all that Heaven can give.

Alex. He melts; we conquer. [*Aside.*

Cleo. No; you shall go: your interest calls you hence;
Yes; your dear interest pulls too strong, for these
Weak arms to hold you here. [*Takes his hand.*
Go; leave me, soldier
(For you're no more a lover): leave me dying:
Push me, all pale and panting, from your bosom,

And, when your march begins, let one run after,
Breathless almost for joy, and cry—She's dead.
The soldiers shout; you then, perhaps, may sigh,
And muster all your Roman gravity:
Ventidius chides; and straight your brow clears up,
As I had never been.

Ant. Gods, 'tis too much; too much for man to bear.

Cleo. What is't for me then,
A weak, forsaken woman, and a lover?—
Here let me breathe my last: envy me not
This minute in your arms: I'll die apace,
As fast as e'er I can, and end your trouble.

Ant. Die! rather let me perish; loosened nature
Leap from its hinges, sink the props of heaven,
And fall the skies, to crush the nether world!
My eyes, my soul, my all! [*Embraces her.*

Vent. And what's this toy,
In balance with your fortune, honour, fame?

Ant. What is't, Ventidius?—it outweighs them all;
Why, we have more than conquered Cæsar now:
My queen's not only innocent, but loves me.
This, this is she, who drags me down to ruin!
"But, could she 'scape without me, with what haste
Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,
And never look behind!"
Down on thy knees, blasphemer as thou art,
And ask forgiveness of wronged innocence

Vent. I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?

Ant. Go! whither? Go from all that's excellent?
Faith, honour, virtue, all good things forbid,
That I should go from her, who sets my love
Above the price of kingdoms! Give, you gods,
Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
This rattle of a globe to play withal,
This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off:
I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra.

Cleo. She's wholly yours. My heart's so full of joy,
That I shall do some wild extravagance
Of love, in public; and the foolish world,
Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.
Vent. O women! women! women! all the gods
Have not such power of doing good to man,
As you of doing harm. [*Exit.*
Ant. Our men are armed:—
Unbar the gate that looks to Cæsar's camp:
I would revenge the treachery he meant me;
And long security makes conquest easy.
I'm eager to return before I go;
For, all the pleasures I have known beat thick
On my remembrance.—How I long for night!
That both the sweets of mutual love may try,
And triumph once o'er Cæsar ere we die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

At one door enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS, *a Train of* Egyptians: *at the other* ANTONY *and* Romans. *The entrance on both sides is prepared by music; the trumpets first sounding on* ANTONY'S *part: then answered by timbrels, etc., on* CLEOPATRA'S. CHARMION *and* IRAS *hold a laurel wreath betwixt them. A Dance of* Egyptians. *After the ceremony,* CLEOPATRA *crowns* ANTONY.

ANT. I thought how those white arms would fold me in,
And strain me close, and melt me into love;
So pleased with that sweet image, I sprung forwards,
And added all my strength to every blow.

Cleo. Come to me, come, my soldier, to my arms!
You've been too long away from my embraces;
But, when I have you fast, and all my own,
With broken murmurs, and with amorous sighs,
I'll say, you were unkind, and punish you,
And mark you red with many an eager kiss.

Ant. My brighter Venus!

Cleo. O my greater Mars!

Ant. Thou join'st us well, my love!
Suppose me come from the Phlegræan plains,
Where gasping giants lay, cleft by my sword,
And mountain-tops paired off each other blow,
To bury those I slew. Receive me, goddess!

Let Cæsar spread his subtle nets; like Vulcan,
In thy embraces I would be beheld
By heaven and earth at once;
And make their envy what they meant their sport.
Let those, who took us, blush; I would love on,
With awful state, regardless of their frowns,
As their superior gods.
There's no satiety of love in thee:
Enjoyed, thou still art new; perpetual spring
Is in thy arms; the ripened fruit but falls,
And blossoms rise to fill its empty place;
And I grow rich by giving.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *and stands apart.*

Alex. Oh, now the danger's past, your general comes!
He joins not in your joys, nor minds your triumphs;
But, with contracted brows, looks frowning on,
As envying your success.

Ant. Now, on my soul, he loves me; truly loves me:
He never flattered me in any vice,
But awes me with his virtue: even this minute,
Methinks, he has a right of chiding me.
Lead to the temple: I'll avoid his presence.
It checks too strong upon me. [*Exeunt the rest.*

[*As* ANTONY *is going,* VENTIDIUS *pulls him by the robe.*

Vent. Emperor!

Ant. 'Tis the old argument; I pr'ythee, spare me.
[*Looking back.*

Vent. But this one hearing, emperor.

Ant. Let go
My robe; or, by my father Hercules—

Vent. By Hercules' father, that's yet greater,
I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Ant. Thou see'st we are observed; attend me here,
And I'll return. [*Exit.*

Vent. I am waning in his favour, yet I love him;
I love this man, who runs to meet his ruin;
And sure the gods, like me, are fond of him:
His virtues lie so mingled with his crimes,
As would confound their choice to punish one,
And not reward the other.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. We can conquer,
You see, without your aid.
We have dislodged their troops;
They look on us at distance, and, like curs
Scaped from the lion's paws, they bay far off.
And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten war.
Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,
Lie breathless on the plain.
Vent. 'Tis well; and he,
Who lost them, could have spared ten thousand more.
Yet if, by this advantage, you could gain
An easier peace, while Cæsar doubts the chance
Of arms——
Ant. Oh, think not on't, Ventidius!
The boy pursues my ruin, he'll no peace;
His malice is considerate in advantage.
Oh, he's the coolest murderer! so staunch,
He kills, and keeps his temper.
Vent. Have you no friend
In all his army, who has power to move him?
Mæcenas, or Agrippa, might do much.
Ant. They're both too deep in Cæsar's interests.
We'll work it out by dint of sword, or perish.
Vent. Fain I would find some other.
Ant. Thank thy love.
Some four or five such victories as this
Will save thy further pains.
Vent. Expect no more; Cæsar is on his guard:

I know, sir, you have conquered against odds;
But still you draw supplies from one poor town,
And of Egyptians: he has all the world,
And, at his beck, nations come pouring in,
To fill the gaps you make. Pray, think again.

Ant. Why dost thou drive me from myself, to search
For foreign aids?—to hunt my memory,
And range all o'er a waste and barren place,
To find a friend? The wretched have no friends.
Yet I had one, the bravest youth of Rome,
Whom Cæsar loves beyond the love of women:
He could resolve his mind, as fire does wax,
From that hard rugged image melt him down,
And mould him in what softer form he pleased.

Vent. Him would I see; that man, of all the world;
Just such a one we want.

Ant. He loved me too;
I was his soul; he lived not but in me:
We were so closed within each other's breasts,
The rivets were not found, that joined us first.
That does not reach us yet: we were so mixt,
As meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost:
We were one mass; we could not give or take,
But from the same; for he was I, I he.

Vent. He moves as I would wish him. [*Aside.*

Ant. After this,
I need not tell his name;—'twas Dolabella.

Vent. He's now in Cæsar's camp.

Ant. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly,
That I forbade him Cleopatra's sight,
Because I feared he loved her: he confessed,
He had a warmth, which, for my sake, he stifled;
For 'twere impossible that two, so one,
Should not have loved the same. When he departed,
He took no leave; and that confirmed my thoughts.

Vent. It argues, that he loved you more than her,

Else he had stayed; but he perceived you jealous,
And would not grieve his friend: I know he loves you.
Ant. I should have seen him, then, ere now.
Vent. Perhaps
He has thus long been labouring for your peace.
Ant. Would he were here!
Vent. Would you believe he loved you?
I read your answer in your eyes, you would.
Not to conceal it longer, he has sent
A messenger from Cæsar's camp, with letters.
Ant. Let him appear.
Vent. I'll bring him instantly.
[*Exit* VENTIDIUS, *and re-enters immediately with* DOLABELLA.
Ant. 'Tis he himself! himself, by holy friendship!
[*Runs to embrace him.*
Art thou returned at last, my better half?
Come, give me all myself!
Let me not live,
If the young bridegroom, longing for his night,
Was ever half so fond.
Dola. I must be silent, for my soul is busy
About a nobler work: she's new come home,
Like a long-absent man, and wanders o'er
Each room, a stranger to her own, to look
If all be safe.
Ant. Thou hast what's left of me;
For I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou find'st me at my lowest water-mark.
The rivers that ran in, and raised my fortunes,
Are all dried up, or take another course:
What I have left is from my native spring;
I've still a heart that swells, in scorn of fate,
And lifts me to my banks.
Dola. Still you are lord of all the world to me.
Ant. Why, then I yet am so; for thou art all.
If I had any joy when thou wert absent,

I grudged it to myself; methought I robbed
Thee of thy part. But, O my Dolabella!
Thou hast beheld me other than I am
Hast thou not seen my morning chambers filled
With sceptred slaves, who waited to salute me?
With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun,
To worship my uprising?—menial kings
Ran coursing up and down my palace-yard,
Stood silent in my presence, watched my eyes,
And, at my least command, all started out,
Like racers to the goal.

Dola. Slaves to your fortune.

Ant. Fortune is Cæsar's now; and what am I?

Vent. What you have made yourself; I will not flatter.

Ant. Is this friendly done?

Dola. Yes; when his end is so, I must join with him;
Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide;
Why am I else your friend?

Ant. Take heed, young man,
How thou upbraid'st my love: The queen has eyes,
And thou too hast a soul. Canst thou remember,
When, swelled with hatred, thou beheld'st her first,
As accessary to thy brother's death?

Dola. Spare my remembrance; 'twas a guilty day,
And still the blush hangs here.

Ant. To clear herself,
For sending him no aid, she came from Egypt.
Her galley down the silver Cydnus rowed,
The tackling silk, the streamers waved with gold;
The gentle winds were lodged in purple sails:
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were placed;
Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.

Dola. No more; I would not hear it.

Ant. Oh, you must!
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,

And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting, she could take them: boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds.
That played about her face. But if she smiled,
A darting glory seemed to blaze abroad,
That men's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object: To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and while they played,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight;
And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more:
For she so charmed all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice
Then, Dolabella, where was then thy soul?
Was not thy fury quite disarmed with wonder?
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes
And whisper in my ear—Oh, tell her not
That I accused her with my brother's death?

Dola. And should my weakness be a plea for yours?
Mine was an age when love might be excused,
When kindly warmth, and when my springing youth
Made it a debt to nature. Yours——

Vent. Speak boldly.

Yours, he would say, in your declining age,
When no more heat was left but what you forced,
When all the sap was needful for the trunk,
When it went down, then you constrained the course,
And robbed from nature, to supply desire;
In you (I would not use so harsh a word)
'Tis but plain dotage.

Ant. Ha!

Dola. 'Twas urged too home.—
But yet the loss was private, that I made;
'Twas but myself I lost: I lost no legions;
I had no world to lose, no people's love.

Ant. This from a friend?
Dola. Yes, Antony, a true one;
A friend so tender, that each word I speak
Stabs my own heart, before it reach your ear.
Oh, judge me not less kind, because I chide!
To Cæsar I excuse you.
Ant. O ye gods!
Have I then lived to be excused to Cæsar?
Dola. As to your equal.
Ant. Well, he's but my equal:
While I wear this he never shall be more.
Dola. I bring conditions from him.
Ant. Are they noble?
Methinks thou shouldst not bring them else; yet he
Is full of deep dissembling; knows no honour
Divided from his interest. Fate mistook him;
For nature meant him for an usurer:
He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer kingdoms.
Vent. Then, granting this,
What power was theirs, who wrought so hard a temper
To honourable terms?
Ant. It was my Dolabella, or some god.
Dola. Nor I, nor yet Mæcenas, nor Agrippa
They were your enemies; and I, a friend,
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a Roman's deed.
Ant. 'Twas like a Roman done: show me that man,
Who has preserved my life, my love, my honour;
Let me but see his face.
Vent. That task is mine,
And, Heaven, thou know'st how pleasing.
[*Exit* VENTIDIUS.
Dola. You'll remember
To whom you stand obliged?
Ant. When I forget it.
Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest curse.
My queen shall thank him too.
Dola. I fear she will not.

Ant. But she shall do it: The queen, my Dolabella!
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever?
Dola. I would not see her lost.
Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me my better stars! for she has truth
Beyond her beauty. Cæsar tempted her,
At no less price than kingdoms, to betray me;
But she resisted all: and yet thou chidest me
For loving her too well. Could I do so?
Dola. Yes; there's my reason.

[*Re-enter* VENTIDIUS, *with* OCTAVIA, *leading* ANTONY'S *two little* Daughters.

Ant. Where?—Octavia there! [*Starting back*
Vent. What, is she poison to you?—a disease?
Look on her, view her well, and those she brings:
Are they all strangers to your eyes? has nature
No secret call, no whisper they are yours?
Dola. For shame, my lord, if not for love, receive them
With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,
Meet them, embrace them, bid them welcome to you.
Your arms should open, even without your knowledge,
To clasp them in; your feet should turn to wings,
To bear you to them; and your eyes dart out
And aim a kiss, ere you could reach the lips.
Ant. I stood amazed, to think how they came hither.
Vent. I sent for them; I brought them in unknown
To Cleopatra's guards.
Dola. Yet, are you cold?
Octav. Thus long I have attended for my welcome;
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I?
Ant. Cæsar's sister.
Octav. That's unkind.
Had I been nothing more than Cæsar's sister,

Know, I had still remained in Cæsar's camp:
But your Octavia, your much injured wife, . . .
Though banished from your bed, driven from your house,
In spite of Cæsar's sister, still is yours.
'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;
But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride.
I come to claim you as my own; to show
My duty first; to ask, nay beg, your kindness:
Your hand, my lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
[*Taking his hand.*

Vent. Do, take it; thou deserv'st it.

Dola. On my soul,
And so she does: she's neither too submissive,
Nor yet too haughty; but so just a mean
Shows, as it ought, a wife and Roman too.

Ant. I fear, Octavia, you have begged my life.

Octav. Begged it, my lord?

Ant. Yes, begged it, my ambassadress;
Poorly and basely begged it of your brother.

Octav. Poorly and basely I could never beg:
Nor could my brother grant.

Ant. Shall I, who, to my kneeling slave, could say,
Rise up, and be a king; shall I fall down
And cry,—Forgive me, Cæsar! Shall I set
A man, my equal, in the place of Jove,
As he could give me being? No; that word,
Forgive, would choke me up,
And die upon my tongue.

Dola. You shall not need it.

Ant. I will not need it. Come, you've all betrayed me,—
My friend too!—to receive some vile conditions.
My wife has bought me, with her prayers and tears;
And now I must become her branded slave.
In every peevish mood, she will upbraid

The life she gave: if I but look awry,
She cries—I'll tell my brother.
Octav. My hard fortune
Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes.
But the conditions I have brought are such,
You need not blush to take: I love your honour,
Because 'tis mine; it never shall be said,
Octavia's husband was her brother's slave.
Sir, you are free; free, even from her you loathe;
For, though my brother bargains for your love,
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
I have a soul like yours; I cannot take
Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.
I'll tell my brother we are reconciled;
He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march
To rule the East: I may be dropt at Athens;
No matter where. I never will complain,
But only keep the barren name of wife,
And rid you of the trouble.
Vent. Was ever such a strife of sullen honour!
Both scorn to be obliged.
Dola. Oh, she has touched him in the tenderest part;
See how he reddens with despite and shame, *Apart.*
To be outdone in generosity!
Vent. See how he winks! how he dries up a tear,
That fain would fall!
Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise
The greatness of your soul;
But cannot yield to what you have proposed.
For I can ne'er be conquered but by love;
And you do all for duty. You would free me,
And would be dropt at Athens; was't not so?
Octav. It was, my lord.

Ant. Then I must be obliged
To one who loves me not; who, to herself,
May call me thankless and ungrateful man:—
I'll not endure it; no.
Vent. I am glad it pinches there. [*Aside*
Octav. Would you triumph o'er poor Octavia's virtue?
That pride was all I had to bear me up;
That you might think you owed me for your life,
And owed it to my duty, not my love.
I have been injured, and my haughty soul
Could brook but ill the man who slights my bed.
Ant. Therefore you love me not.
Octav. Therefore, my lord,
I should not love you.
Ant. Therefore you would leave me?
Octav. And therefore I should leave you—if I could.
Dola. Her soul's too great, after such injuries,
To say she loves; and yet she lets you see it.
Her modesty and silence plead her cause.
Ant. O Dolabella, which way shall I turn?
I find a secret yielding in my soul;
But Cleopatra, who would die with me,
Must she be left? Pity pleads for Octavia;
But does it not plead more for Cleopatra?
Vent. Justice and pity both plead for Octavia;
For Cleopatra, neither.
One would be ruined with you; but she first
Had ruined you: The other, you have ruined,
And yet she would preserve you.
In everything their merits are unequal.
Ant. O my distracted soul!
Octav. Sweet Heaven compose it!—
Come, come, my lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;
Are they not yours? or stand they thus neglected,
As they are mine? Go to him, children, go;
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him;

For you may speak, and he may own you too,
Without a blush; and so he cannot all
His children: go, I say, and pull him to me,
And pull him to yourselves, from that bad woman.
You, Agrippina, hang upon his arms;
And you, Antonia, clasp about his waist:
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the pavement, you must bear it, children;
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.
[*Here the* Children *go to him, etc.*

Vent. Was ever sight so moving?—Emperor!

Dola. Friend!

Octav. Husband!

Both Child. Father!

Ant. I am vanquished: take me,
Octavia; take me, children; share me all.
[*Embracing them.*

I've been a thriftless debtor to your loves,
And run out much, in riot, from your stock;
But all shall be amended.

Octav. O blest hour!

Dola. O happy change!

Vent. My joy stops at my tongue;
But it has found two channels here for one,
And bubbles out above.

Ant. [*to* OCTAV.]. This is thy triumph; lead me where thou wilt;
Even to thy brother's camp.

Octav. All there are yours.

Enter ALEXAS *hastily.*

Alex. The queen, my mistress, sir, and yours——

Ant. 'Tis past.—
Octavia, you shall stay this night: To-morrow,
Cæsar and we are one.
[*Exit leading* OCTAVIA, DOLABELLA *and the* Children *follow.*

Vent. There's news for you; run, my officious eunuch,
Be sure to be the first; haste forward:
Haste, my dear eunuch, haste. [*Exit.*

Alex. This downright fighting fool, this thick-skulled hero,
This blunt, unthinking instrument of death,
With plain dull virtue has outgone my wit.
Pleasure forsook my earliest infancy;
The luxury of others robbed my cradle,
And ravished thence the promise of a man.
Cast out from nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest children claim by kind,
Yet greatness kept me from contempt: that's gone.
Had Cleopatra followed my advice,
Then he had been betrayed who now forsakes.
She dies for love; but she has known its joys:
Gods, is this just, that I, who know no joys,
Must die, because she loves?

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, *and Train.*

O madam, I have seen what blasts my eyes!
Octavia's here.

Cleo. Peace with that raven's note.
I know it too; and now am in
The pangs of death.

Alex. You are no more a queen;
Egypt is lost.

Cleo. What tell'st thou me of Egypt?
My life, my soul is lost! Octavia has him!—
O fatal name to Cleopatra's love!
My kisses, my embraces now are hers;
While I——But thou hast seen my rival; speak,
Does she deserve this blessing? Is she fair?
Bright as a goddess? and is all perfection
Confined to her? It is. Poor I was made
Of that coarse matter, which, when she was finished,
The gods threw by for rubbish.

Alex. She is indeed a very miracle.
Cleq. Death to my hopes, a miracle!
Alex. A miracle; [*Bowing.*
I mean of goodness; for in beauty, madam,
You make all wonders cease.
Cleo. I was too rash:
Take this in part of recompense. But, oh!
[*Giving a ring.*
I fear thou flatterest me.
Char. She comes! she's here!
Iras. Fly, madam, Cæsar's sister!
Cleo. Were she the sister of the thunderer Jove,
And bore her brother's lightning in her eyes,
Thus would I face my rival.
[*Meets* OCTAVIA *with* VENTIDIUS. OCTAVIA *bears up to her. Their Trains come up on either side.*
Octav. I need not ask if you are Cleopatra;
Your haughty carriage——
Cleo. Shows I am a queen:
Nor need I ask you, who you are.
Octav. A Roman:
A name, that makes and can unmake a queen.
Cleo. Your lord, the man who serves me, is a Roman.
Octav. He was a Roman, till he lost that name,
To be a slave in Egypt; but I come
To free him thence.
Cleo. Peace, peace, my lover's Juno.
When he grew weary of that household clog,
He chose my easier bonds.
Octav. I wonder not
Your bonds are easy: you have long been practised
In that lascivious art: He's not the first
For whom you spread your snares: Let Cæsar witness.
Cleo. I loved not Cæsar; 'twas but gratitude
I paid his love: The worst your malice can,
Is but to say the greatest of mankind

Has been my slave. The next, but far above him
In my esteem, is he whom law calls yours,
But whom his love made mine.

Octav. I would view nearer [*Coming up close to her.*
That face, which has so long usurped my right,
To find the inevitable charms, that catch
Mankind so sure, that ruined my dear lord.

Cleo. Oh, you do well to search; for had you known
But half these charms, you had not lost his heart.

Octav. Far be their knowledge from a Roman lady,
Far from a modest wife! Shame of our sex,
Dost thou not blush to own those black endearments,
That make sin pleasing?

Cleo. You may blush, who want them.
If bounteous nature, if indulgent Heaven
Have given me charms to please the bravest man,
Should I not thank them? Should I be ashamed,
And not be proud? I am, that he has loved me;
And, when I love not him, Heaven change this face
For one like that.

Octav. Thou lov'st him not so well.

Cleo. I love him better, and deserve him more.

Octav. You do not; cannot: You have been his ruin.
Who made him cheap at Rome, but Cleopatra?
Who made him scorned abroad, but Cleopatra?
At Actium, who betrayed him? Cleopatra.
Who made his children orphans, and poor me
A wretched widow? only Cleopatra.

Cleo. Yet she, who loves him best, is Cleopatra.
If you have suffered, I have suffered more.
You bear the specious title of a wife,
To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world
To favour it. the world condemns poor me.
For I have lost my honour, lost my fame,
And stained the glory of my royal house,
And all to bear the branded name of mistress.

There wants but life, and that too I would lose
For him I love.

Octav. Be't so, then; take thy wish.

[*Exit with her Train.*

Cleo. And 'tis my wish,
Now he is lost for whom alone I lived.
My sight grows dim, and every object dances,
And swims before me, in the maze of death.
My spirits, while they were opposed, kept up;
They could not sink beneath a rival's scorn!
But now she's gone, they faint.

Alex. Mine have had leisure
To recollect their strength, and furnish counsel,
To ruin her, who else must ruin you.

Cleo. Vain promiser!
Lead me, my Charmion; nay, your hand too, Iras.
My grief has weight enough to sink you both.
Conduct me to some solitary chamber,
And draw the curtains round;
Then leave me to myself, to take alone
My fill of grief:
There I till death will his unkindness weep;
As harmless infants moan themselves asleep.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I

Enter ANTONY *and* DOLABELLA.

DOLA Why would you shift it from yourself on me?
Can you not tell her, you must part?
Ant. I cannot.
I could pull out an eye, and bid it go,
And t'other should not weep. O Dolabella,
How many deaths are in this word, *Depart!*
I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:
One look of hers would thaw me into tears,
And I should melt, till I were lost again.
Dola. Then let Ventidius;
He's rough by nature.
Ant. Oh, he'll speak too harshly;
He'll kill her with the news: Thou, only thou.
Dola. Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
That but to hear a story, feigned for pleasure,
Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
And robs me of my manhood. I should speak
So faintly, with such fear to grieve her heart,
She'd not believe it earnest.
Ant. Therefore,—therefore
Thou only, thou art fit: Think thyself me;
And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long),
Take off the edge from every sharper sound,
And let our parting be as gently made,
As other loves begin: Wilt thou do this?

Dola. What you have said so sinks into my soul,
That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.
Ant. I leave you then to your sad task: Farewell.
I sent her word to meet you.
[*Goes to the door, and comes back.*
I forgot;
Let her be told, I'll make her peace with mine:
Her crown and dignity shall be preserved,
If I have power with Cæsar.——Oh, be sure
To think on that.
Dola. Fear not, I will remember.
[ANTONY *goes again to the door, and comes back.*
Ant. And tell her, too, how much I was constrained;
I did not this, but with extremest force:
Desire her not to hate my memory,
For I still cherish hers;——insist on that.
Dola. Trust me, I'll not forget it.
Ant. Then that's all.
[*Goes out, and returns again.*
Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more?
Tell her, though we shall never meet again,
If I should hear she took another love,
The news would break my heart.—Now I must go;
For every time I have returned, I feel
My soul more tender; and my next command
Would be, to bid her stay, and ruin both. [*Exit.*
Dola. Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view: Thus I discovered,
And blamed the love of ruined Antony;
Yet wish that I were he, to be so ruined.

Enter VENTIDIUS *above.*

Vent. Alone, and talking to himself? concerned too?
Perhaps my guess is right; he loved her once,
And may pursue it still.

Dola. O friendship! friendship!
Ill canst thou answer this; and reason, worse:
Unfaithful in the attempt; hopeless to win;
And if I win, undone: mere madness all.
And yet the occasion's fair. What injury
To him, to wear the robe which he throws by!

Vent. None, none at all This happens as I wish,
To ruin her yet more with Antony.

Enter CLEOPATRA, *talking with* ALEXAS; CHARMION, IRAS *on the other side.*

Dola She comes! What charms have sorrow on that face!
Sorrow seems pleased to dwell with so much sweetness;
Yet, now and then, a melancholy smile
Breaks loose, like lightning in a winter's night,
And shows a moment's day

Vent. If she should love him too! her eunuch there?
That porc'pisce[1] bodes ill weather. Draw, draw nearer,
Sweet devil, that I may hear.

Alex. Believe me; try

[DOLABELLA *goes over to* CHARMION *and* IRAS; *seems to talk with them.*

To make him jealous; jealousy is like
A polished glass held to the lips when life's in doubt;
If there be breath, 'twill catch the damp, and show it.

Cleo. I grant you, jealousy's a proof of love,
But 'tis a weak and unavailing medicine;
It puts out the disease, and makes it show,
But has no power to cure.

Alex. 'Tis your last remedy, and strongest too:

[1] *I.e.* "porcupine."

And then this Dolabella, who so fit
To practise on? He's handsome, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for nature's bait,
To catch weak women's eyes.
He stands already more than half suspected
Of loving you: the least kind word or glance,
You give this youth, will kindle him with love:
Then, like a burning vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down amain before the wind,
To fire the heart of jealous Antony

Cleo. Can I do this? Ah, no; my love's so true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant me
A wife; a silly, harmless, household dove,
Fond without art, and kind without deceit;
But Fortune, that has made a mistress of me,
Has thrust me out to the wide world, unfurnished
Of falsehood to be happy.

Alex. Force yourself.
The event will be, your lover will return,
Doubly desirous to possess the good
Which once he feared to lose.

Cleo. I must attempt it;
But oh, with what regret!

[*Exit* ALEXAS. *She comes up to* DOLABELLA.

Vent. So, now the scene draws near; they're in my reach.

Cleo. [*to* DOL.]. Discoursing with my women! might not I
Share in your entertainment?

Char. You have been
The subject of it, madam.

Cleo. How! and how?

Iras. Such praises of your beauty!

Cleo. Mere poetry.
Your Roman wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,
Have taught you this from Cytheris and Delia.

Dola. Those Roman wits have never been in Egypt;
Cytheris and Delia else had been unsung:
I, who have seen——had I been born a poet,
Should choose a nobler name.

Cleo. You flatter me.
But, 'tis your nation's vice: All of your country
Are flatterers, and all false. Your friend's like you.
I'm sure, he sent you not to speak these words.

Dola. No, madam; yet he sent me——

Cleo. Well, he sent you——

Dola. Of a less pleasing errand.

Cleo. How less pleasing?
Less to yourself, or me?

Dola. Madam, to both;
For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

Cleo. You, Charmion, and your fellow, stand at distance.—
Hold up, my spirits. [*Aside*]——Well, now your mournful matter;
For I'm prepared, perhaps can guess it too.

Dola. I wish you would; for 'tis a thankless office,
To tell ill news: And I, of all your sex,
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleo. Of all your sex,
I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

Vent. Most delicate advances! Women! women!
Dear, damned, inconstant sex!

Cleo. In the first place,
I am to be forsaken; is't not so?

Dola. I wish I could not answer to that question.

Cleo. Then pass it o'er, because it troubles you:
I should have been more grieved another time.
Next, I'm to lose my kingdom——Farewell, Egypt!
Yet, is there any more?

Dola. Madam, I fear
Your too deep sense of grief has turned your reason.

Cleo. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear fortune:

And love may be expelled by other love,
As poisons are by poisons.
Dola. You o'erjoy me, madam,
To find your griefs so moderately borne.
You've heard the worst; all are not false like him.
Cleo. No; Heaven forbid they should.
Dola. Some men are constant.
Cleo. And constancy deserves reward, that's certain.
Dola. Deserves it not; but give it leave to hope.
Vent. I'll swear, thou hast my leave. I have enough:
But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider. [*Exit.*
Dola. I came prepared
To tell you heavy news; news, which I thought
Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks to hear:
But you have met it with a cheerfulness,
That makes my task more easy; and my tongue,
Which on another's message was employed,
Would gladly speak its own.
Cleo. Hold, Dolabella.
First tell me, were you chosen by my lord?
Or sought you this employment?
Dola. He picked me out; and, as his bosom friend,
He charged me with his words.
Cleo. The message then
I know was tender, and each accent smooth,
To mollify that rugged word, *Depart.*
Dola. Oh, you mistake: He chose the harshest words;
With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,
He coined his face in the severest stamp;
And fury shook his fabric, like an earthquake;
He heaved for vent, and burst like bellowing Ætna,
In sounds scarce human—"Hence away for ever,
Let her begone, the blot of my renown,
And bane of all my hopes!"

[*All the time of this speech,* CLEOPATRA *seems more and more concerned, till she sinks quite down.*

"Let her be driven, as far as men can think,
From man's commerce! she'll poison to the centre."
Cleo. Oh, I can bear no more!
Dola. Help, help!—O wretch! O cursed, cursed wretch!
What have I done!
Char. Help, chafe her temples, Iras
Iras. Bend, bend her forward quickly.
Char. Heaven be praised,
She comes again.
Cleo. Oh, let him not approach me.
Why have you brought me back to this loathed being,
The abode of falsehood, violated vows,
And injured love? For pity, let me go;
For, if there be a place of long repose,
I'm sure I want it. My disdainful lord
Can never break that quiet; nor awake
The sleeping soul, with hollowing in my tomb
Such words as fright her hence.—Unkind, unkind!
Dola. Believe me, 'tis against myself I speak; [*Kneeling.*
That sure desires belief; I injured him:
My friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh, had you seen
How often he came back, and every time
With something more obliging and more kind,
To add to what he said; what dear farewells;
How almost vanquished by his love he parted,
And leaned to what unwillingly he left!
I, traitor as I was, for love of you
(But what can you not do, who made me false?)
I forged that lie; for whose forgiveness kneels
This self-accused, self-punished criminal.
Cleo. With how much ease believe we what we wish!
Rise, Dolabella; if you have been guilty,
I have contributed, and too much love
Has made me guilty too.
The advance of kindness, which I made, was feigned,

To call back fleeting love by jealousy;
But 'twould not last. Oh, rather let me lose,
Than so ignobly trifle with his heart.
Dola. I find your breast fenced round from human reach,
Transparent as a rock of solid crystal;
Seen through, but never pierced. My friend, my friend
What endless treasure hast thou thrown away;
And scattered, like an infant, in the ocean,
Vain sums of wealth, which none can gather thence!
Cleo. Could you not beg
An hour's admittance to his private ear?
Like one, who wanders through long barren wilds
And yet foreknows no hospitable inn
Is near to succour hunger, eats his fill,
Before his painful march;
So would I feed a while my famished eyes
Before we part; for I have far to go,
If death be far, and never must return.

VENTIDIUS *with* OCTAVIA, *behind.*

Vent. From hence you may discover—oh, sweet, sweet!
Would you indeed? The pretty hand in earnest?
Dola. I will, for this reward. [*Takes her hand.*
Draw it not back.
'Tis all I e'er will beg.
Vent. They turn upon us.
Octav. What quick eyes has guilt!
Vent. Seem not to have observed them, and go on.

They enter.

Dola. Saw you the emperor, Ventidius?
Vent. No.
I sought him; but I heard that he was private,
None with him but Hipparchus, his freedman.
Dola. Know you his business?

Vent. Giving him instructions,
And letters to his brother Cæsar.
Dola. Well,
He must be found.
[*Exeunt* DOLABELLA *and* CLEOPATRA.
Octav. Most glorious impudence!
Vent. She looked, methought,
As she would say—Take your old man, Octavia;
Thank you, I'm better here.—
Well, but what use
Make we of this discovery?
Octav. Let it die.
Vent. I pity Dolabella; but she's dangerous:
Her eyes have power beyond Thessalian charms,
To draw the moon from heaven; for eloquence,
The sea-green Syrens taught her voice their flattery;
And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,
Unmarked of those that hear: Then she's so charming,
Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:
The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;
And with heaved hands, forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes: Even I, who hate her,
With a malignant joy behold such beauty;
And, while I curse, desire it. Antony
Must needs have some remains of passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse relapse,
If now not fully cured. I know, this minute,
With Cæsar he's endeavouring her peace.
Octav. You have prevailed:——But for a further purpose [*Walks off.*
I'll prove how he will relish this discovery.
What, make a strumpet's peace! it swells my heart:
It must not, shall not be.
Vent. His guards appear.
Let me begin, and you shall second me.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. Octavia, I was looking you, my love:
What, are your letters ready? I have given
My last instructions.
Octav. Mine, my lord, are written.
Ant. Ventidius. [*Drawing him aside.*
Vent. My lord?
Ant. A word in private.—
When saw you Dolabella?
Vent. Now, my lord,
He parted hence: and Cleopatra with him.
Ant. Speak softly.—'Twas by my command he went,
To bear my last farewell.
Vent. It looked indeed [*Aloud.*
Like your farewell.
Ant. More softly.—My farewell?
What secret meaning have you in those words
Of—My farewell? He did it by my order.
Vent. Then he obeyed your order. I suppose [*Aloud.*
You bid him do it with all gentleness,
All kindness, and all——love
Ant. How she mourned,
The poor forsaken creature!
Vent. She took it as she ought; she bore your parting
As she did Cæsar's, as she would another's,
Were a new love to come.
Ant. Thou dost belie her; [*Aloud.*
Most basely, and maliciously belie her.
Vent. I thought not to displease you; I have done.
Octav. You seemed disturbed, my lord. [*Coming up.*
Ant. A very trifle.
Retire, my love.
Vent. It was indeed a trifle.
He sent——

Ant. No more. Look how thou disobey'st me; [*Angrily.*
Thy life shall answer it.
Octav. Then 'tis no trifle.
Vent. [*to* OCTAV.]. 'Tis less; a very nothing: You too saw it,
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no secret.
Ant. She saw it!
Vent. Yes: She saw young Dolabella——
Ant. Young Dolabella!
Vent. Young, I think him young,
And handsome too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your command,
Indeed 'tis probable, with some kind message;
For she received it graciously; she smiled;
And then he grew familiar with her hand,
Squeezed it, and worried it with ravenous kisses;
She blushed, and sighed, and smiled, and blushed again;
At last she took occasion to talk softly,
And brought her cheek up close, and leaned on his;
At which, he whispered kisses back on hers;
And then she cried aloud—That constancy
Should be rewarded.
Octav This I saw and heard.
Ant. What woman was it, whom you heard and saw
So playful with my friend?
Not Cleopatra?
Vent. Even she, my lord.
Ant. My Cleopatra?
Vent. Your Cleopatra;
Dolabella's Cleopatra; every man's Cleopatra.
Ant. Thou liest.
Vent. I do not lie, my lord.
Is this so strange? Should mistresses be left,
And not provide against a time of change?
You know she's not much used to lonely nights.
Ant. I'll think no more on't.

I know 'tis false, and see the plot betwixt you.—
You needed not have gone this way, Octavia.
What harms it you that Cleopatra's just?
She's mine no more. I see, and I forgive:
Urge it no further, love.

Octav. Are you concerned,
That she's found false?

Ant. I should be, were it so;
For, though 'tis past, I would not that the world
Should tax my former choice, that I loved one
Of so light note; but I forgive you both.

Vent. What has my age deserved, that you should think
I would abuse your ears with perjury?
If Heaven be true, she's false.

Ant. Though heaven and earth
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

Vent. I'll bring you, then, a witness
From hell, to prove her so.—Nay, go not back;
[*Seeing* ALEXAS *just entering, and starting back.*
For stay you must and shall.

Alex. What means my lord?

Vent. To make you do what most you hate,—speak truth.
You are of Cleopatra's private counsel,
Of her bed-counsel, her lascivious hours;
Are conscious of each nightly change she makes,
And watch her, as Chaldæans do the moon,
Can tell what signs she passes through, what day.

Alex. My noble lord!

Vent. My most illustrious pander,
No fine set speech, no cadence, no turned periods,
But a plain homespun truth, is what I ask:
I did, myself, o'erhear your queen make love
To Dolabella. Speak; for I will know,
By your confession, what more passed betwixt them;
How near the business draws to your employment;
And when the happy hour.

Ant. Speak truth, Alexas; whether it offend
Or please Ventidius, care not: Justify
Thy injured queen from malice: Dare his worst.
Octav. [*aside*]. See how he gives him courage! how he fears
To find her false! and shuts his eyes to truth,
Willing to be misled!
Alex As far as love may plead for woman's frailty,
Urged by desert and greatness of the lover,
So far, divine Octavia, may my queen
Stand even excused to you for loving him
Who is your lord: so far, from brave Ventidius,
May her past actions hope a fair report.
Ant. 'Tis well, and truly spoken: mark, Ventidius.
Alex. To you, most noble emperor, her strong passion
Stands not excused, but wholly justified.
Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,
From Ind and Meroe drew the distant vows
Of sighing kings; and at her feet were laid
The sceptres of the earth, exposed on heaps,
To choose where she would reign:
She thought a Roman only could deserve her,
And, of all Romans, only Antony;
And, to be less than wife to you, disdained
Their lawful passion.
Ant. 'Tis but truth.
Alex. And yet, though love, and your unmatched desert,
Have drawn her from the due regard of honour,
At last Heaven opened her unwilling eyes
To see the wrongs she offered fair Octavia,
Whose holy bed she lawlessly usurped
The sad effects of this improsperous war
Confirmed those pious thoughts
Vent. [*aside*]. Oh, wheel you there?
Observe him now; the man begins to mend,
And talk substantial reason.—Fear not, eunuch;
The emperor has given thee leave to speak.

Alex. Else had I never dared to offend his ears
With what the last necessity has urged
On my forsaken mistress; yet I must not
Presume to say, her heart is wholly altered.

Ant. No, dare not for thy life, I charge thee dare not
Pronounce that fatal word!

Octav. Must I bear this? Good Heaven, afford me patience. [*Aside.*

Vent. On, sweet eunuch; my dear half-man, proceed.

Alex. Yet Dolabella
Has loved her long; he, next my god-like lord,
Deserves her best; and should she meet his passion,
Rejected, as she is, by him she loved——

Ant. Hence from my sight! for I can bear no more:
Let furies drag thee quick to hell; let all
The longer damned have rest; each torturing hand
Do thou employ, till Cleopatra comes;
Then join thou too, and help to torture her!

[*Exit* ALEXAS, *thrust out by* ANTONY.

Octav. 'Tis not well,
Indeed, my lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To show this passion, this extreme concernment,
For an abandoned, faithless prostitute.

Ant. Octavia, leave me; I am much disordered:
Leave me, I say.

Octav. My lord!

Ant. I bid you leave me.

Vent. Obey him, madam: best withdraw a while,
And see how this will work.

Octav. Wherein have I offended you, my lord,
That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,
Or infamous? Am I a Cleopatra?
Were I she,
Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you;
But hang upon my neck, take slight excuses,
And fawn upon my falsehood.

Ant. 'Tis too much.

Too much, Octavia; I am pressed with sorrows
Too heavy to be borne; and you add more:
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of man within, to aid me.
Octav. You would mourn,
In private, for your love, who has betrayed you.
You did but half return to me: your kindness
Lingered behind with her. I hear, my lord,
You make conditions for her,
And would include her treaty. Wondrous proofs
Of love to me
Ant. Are you my friend, Ventidius?
Or are you turned a Dolabella too,
And let this fury loose?
Vent. Oh, be advised,
Sweet madam, and retire.
Octav. Yes, I will go; but never to return.
You shall no more be haunted with this Fury.
My lord, my lord, love will not always last,
When urged with long unkindness and disdain:
Take her again, whom you prefer to me;
She stays but to be called. Poor cozened man!
Let a feigned parting give her back your heart,
Which a feigned love first got; for injured me,
Though my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,
My duty shall be yours.
To the dear pledges of our former love
My tenderness and care shall be transferred,
And they shall cheer, by turns, my widowed nights:
So, take my last farewell; for I despair
To have you whole, and scorn to take you half. [*Exit.*
Vent. I combat Heaven, which blasts my best designs:
My last attempt must be to win her back;
But oh! I fear in vain. [*Exit.*
Ant. Why was I framed with this plain, honest heart,

Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weakness,
But bears its workings outward to the world?
I should have kept the mighty anguish in,
And forced a smile at Cleopatra's falsehood:
Octavia had believed it, and had stayed.
But I am made a shallow-forded stream,
Seen to the bottom: all my clearness scorned,
And all my faults exposed.—See where he comes,

Enter DOLABELLA.

Who has profaned the sacred name of friend,
And worn it into vileness!
With how secure a brow, and specious form,
He gilds the secret villain! Sure that face
Was meant for honesty; but Heaven mismatched it,
And furnished treason out with nature's pomp,
To make its work more easy.

Dola. O my friend!

Ant. Well, Dolabella, you performed my message?

Dola. I did, unwillingly.

Ant. Unwillingly?

Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?
You should have wished it.

Dola. Why?

Ant. Because you love me.

And she received my message with as true,
With as unfeigned a sorrow as you brought it?

Dola. She loves you, even to madness.

Ant. Oh, I know it.

You, Dolabella, do not better know
How much she loves me. And should I
Forsake this beauty? This all-perfect creature?

Dola. I could not, were she mine.

Ant. And yet you first
Persuaded me: How come you altered since?

Dola. I said at first I was not fit to go:
I could not hear her sighs, and see her tears,

But pity must prevail: And so, perhaps,
It may again with you; for I have promised,
That she should take her last farewell: And, see,
She comes to claim my word.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ant. False Dolabella!
Dola. What's false, my lord?
Ant. Why, Dolabella's false,
And Cleopatra's false; both false and faithless.
Draw near, you well-joined wickedness, you serpents,
Whom I have in my kindly bosom warmed,
Till I am stung to death.
Dola. My lord, have I
Deserved to be thus used?
Cleo. Can Heaven prepare
A newer torment? Can it find a curse
Beyond our separation?
Ant. Yes, if fate
Be just, much greater: Heaven should be ingenious
In punishing such crimes. The rolling stone,
And gnawing vulture, were slight pains, invented
When Jove was young, and no examples known
Of mighty ills; but you have ripened sin,
To such a monstrous growth, 'twill pose the gods
To find an equal torture. Two, two such!—
Oh, there's no further name,—two such! to me,
To me, who locked my soul within your breasts,
Had no desires, no joys, no life, but you;
When half the globe was mine, I gave it you
In dowry with my heart; I had no use,
No fruit of all, but you: A friend and mistress
Was what the world could give. O Cleopatra!
O Dolabella! how could you betray
This tender heart, which with an infant fondness
Lay lulled betwixt your bosoms, and there slept,
Secure of injured faith?

Dola. If she has wronged you,
Heaven, hell, and you revenge it.
Ant. If she has wronged me!
Thou wouldst evade thy part of guilt; but swear
Thou lov'st not her.
Dola. Not so as I love you.
Ant. Not so? Swear, swear, I say, thou dost not love her.
Dola. No more than friendship will allow.
Ant. No more?
Friendship allows thee nothing: Thou art perjured—
And yet thou didst not swear thou lov'st her not;
But not so much, no more. O trifling hypocrite,
Who dar'st not own to her, thou dost not love,
Nor own to me, thou dost! Ventidius heard it;
Octavia saw it.
Cleo. They are enemies.
Ant. Alexas is not so: He, he confessed it;
He, who, next hell, best knew it, he avowed it.
Why do I seek a proof beyond yourself?
[*To* DOLABELLA.
You, whom I sent to bear my last farewell,
Returned, to plead her stay.
Dola. What shall I answer?
If to have loved be guilt, then I have sinned;
But if to have repented of that love
Can wash away my crime, I have repented.
Yet, if I have offended past forgiveness,
Let not her suffer: She is innocent.
Cleo. Ah, what will not a woman do, who loves?
What means will she refuse, to keep that heart,
Where all her joys are placed? 'Twas I encouraged,
'Twas I blew up the fire that scorched his soul,
To make you jealous, and by that regain you.
But all in vain; I could not counterfeit:
In spite of all the dams my love broke o'er,
And drowned my heart again: fate took the occasion;

'And thus one minute's feigning has destroyed
My whole life's truth.
Ant. Thin cobweb arts of falsehood;
Seen, and broke through at first.
Dola. Forgive your mistress.
Cleo. Forgive your friend.
Ant. You have convinced yourselves.
You plead each other's cause: What witness have you,
That you but meant to raise my jealousy?
Cleo. Ourselves, and Heaven.
Ant. Guilt witnesses for guilt. Hence, love and friendship!
You have no longer place in human breasts,
These two have driven you out: Avoid my sight!
I would not kill the man whom I have loved,
And cannot hurt the woman; but avoid me:
I do not know how long I can be tame;
For, if I stay one minute more, to think
How I am wronged, my justice and revenge
Will cry so loud within me, that my pity
Will not be heard for either.
Dola. Heaven has but
Our sorrow for our sins; and then delights
To pardon erring man: Sweet mercy seems
Its darling attribute, which limits justice;
As if there were degrees in infinite,
And infinite would rather want perfection.
Than punish to extent.
Ant. I can forgive
A foe; but not a mistress and a friend.
Treason is there in its most horrid shape,
Where trust is greatest; and the soul resigned,
Is stabbed by its own guards: I'll hear no more;
Hence from my sight for ever!
Cleo. How? for ever!
I cannot go one moment from your sight,
And must I go for ever?

My joys, my only joys, are centred here:
What place have I to go to? My own kingdom?
That I have lost for you: Or to the Romans?
They hate me for your sake: Or must I wander
The wide world o'er, a helpless, banished woman,
Banished for love of you; banished from you?
Ay, there's the banishment! Oh, hear me; hear me,
With strictest justice: For I beg no favour;
And if I have offended you, then kill me,
But do not banish me.

Ant. I must not hear you.
I have a fool within me takes your part;
But honour stops my ears.

Cleo. For pity hear me!
Would you cast off a slave who followed you?
Who crouched beneath your spurn?—He has no pity!
See, if he gives one tear to my departure;
One look, one kind farewell: O iron heart!
Let all the gods look down, and judge betwixt us,
If he did ever love!

Ant. No more: Alexas!

Dola. A perjured villain!

Ant. [*to* CLEO.]. Your Alexas; yours.

Cleo. Oh, 'twas his plot; his ruinous design,
To engage you in my love by jealousy.
Hear him; confront him with me: let him speak.

Ant. I have; I have.

Cleo. And if he clear me not——

Ant. Your creature! one, who hangs upon your smiles!
Watches your eye, to say or to unsay,
Whate'er you please! I am not to be moved.

Cleo. Then must we part? Farewell, my cruel lord!
The appearance is against me; and I go,
Unjustified, for ever from your sight.
How I have loved, you know; how yet I love,
My only comfort is, I know myself:

I love you more, even now you are unkind,
Than when you loved me most; so well, so truly
I'll never strive against it; but die pleased,
To think you once were mine.

Ant. Good heaven, they weep at parting!
Must I weep too? that calls them innocent.
I must not weep; and yet I must, to think
That I must not forgive.——
Live, but live wretched; 'tis but just you should,
Who made me so: Live from each other's sight
Let me not hear you meet. Set all the earth,
And all the seas betwixt your sundered loves
View nothing common but the sun and skies.
Now, all take several ways;
And each your own sad fate, with mine, deplore,
That you were false, and I could trust no more.

[*Exeunt severally.*



ACT V

SCENE I

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, *and* IRAS.

CHAR. Be juster, Heaven; such virtue punished thus,
Will make us think that chance rules all above,
And shuffles, with a random hand, the lots,
Which man is forced to draw.

Cleo. I could tear out these eyes, that gained his heart,
And had not power to keep it. O the curse
Of doting on, even when I find it dotage!
Bear witness, gods, you heard him bid me go;
You, whom he mocked with imprecating vows
Of promised faith!——I'll die; I will not bear it.
You may hold me——

[*She pulls out her dagger, and they hold her.*

But I can keep my breath; I can die inward,
And choke this love.

Enter ALEXAS.

Iras. Help, O Alexas, help!
The queen grows desperate; her soul struggles in her
With all the agonies of love and rage,
And strives to force its passage.

Cleo. Let me go.
Art thou there, traitor!—O,

O for a little breath, to vent my rage,
Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.
Alex. Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-timed truth.
Was it for me to prop
The ruins of a falling majesty?
To place myself beneath the mighty flaw,
Thus to be crushed, and pounded into atoms,
By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too presuming
For subjects to preserve that wilful power,
Which courts its own destruction.
Cleo. I would reason
More calmly with you. Did not you o'errule,
And force my plain, direct, and open love,
Into these crooked paths of jealousy?
Now, what's the event? Octavia is removed;
But Cleopatra's banished. Thou, thou villain,
Hast pushed my boat to open sea; to prove,
At my sad cost, if thou canst steer it back.
It cannot be; I'm lost too far; I'm ruined:
Hence, thou impostor, traitor, monster, devil!—
I can no more: Thou, and my griefs, have sunk
Me down so low, that I want voice to curse thee.
Alex. Suppose some shipwrecked seamen near the shore,
Dropping and faint, with climbing up the cliff,
If, from above, some charitable hand
Pull him to safety, hazarding himself,
To draw the other's weight; would he look back,
And curse him for his pains? The case is yours;
But one step more, and you have gained the height.
Cleo. Sunk, never more to rise.
Alex. Octavia's gone, and Dolabella banished.
Believe me, madam, Antony is yours.
His heart was never lost, but started off
To jealousy, love's last retreat and covert;
Where it lies hid in shades, watchful in silence,
And listening for the sound that calls it back.

Some other, any man ('tis so advanced),
May perfect this unfinished work, which I
(Unhappy only to myself) have left
So easy to his hand.

Cleo. Look well thou do't; else——

Alex. Else, what your silence threatens.—Antony
Is mounted up the Pharos; from whose turret,
He stands surveying our Egyptian galleys,
Engaged with Cæsar's fleet. Now death or conquest!
If the first happen, fate acquits my promise;
If we o'ercome, the conqueror is yours.

[*A distant shout within.*

Char. Have comfort, madam: Did you mark that shout?

[*Second shout nearer.*

Iras. Hark! they redouble it.

Alex. 'Tis from the port.
The loudness shows it near: Good news, kind heavens!

Cleo. Osiris make it so!

Enter SERAPION.

Serap. Where, where's the queen?

Alex. How frightfully the holy coward stares
As if not yet recovered of the assault,
When all his gods, and, what's more dear to him,
His offerings, were at stake.

Serap. O horror, horror!
Egypt has been; our latest hour has come:
The queen of nations, from her ancient seat,
Is sunk for ever in the dark abyss:
Time has unrolled her glories to the last,
And now closed up the volume.

Cleo. Be more plain:
Say, whence thou comest; though fate is in thy face,
Which from thy haggard eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens ere thou speakest

Serap. I came from Pharos;

From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)
Our land's last hope, your navy——
Cleo. Vanquished?
Serap. No:
They fought not.
Cleo. Then they fled.
Serap. Nor that. I saw,
With Antony, your well-appointed fleet
Row out; and thrice he waved his hand on high,
And thrice with cheerful cries they shouted back:
'Twas then false Fortune, like a fawning strumpet,
About to leave the bankrupt prodigal,
With a dissembled smile would kiss at parting,
And flatter to the last; the well-timed oars,
Now dipt from every bank, now smoothly run
To meet the foe; and soon indeed they met,
But not as foes. In few,[1] we saw their caps
On either side thrown up; the Egyptian galleys,
Received like friends, passed through, and fell behind
The Roman rear: And now, they all come forward,
And ride within the port.
Cleo. Enough, Serapion:
I've heard my doom.—This needed not, you gods:
When I lost Antony, your work was done;
'Tis but superfluous malice.—Where's my lord?
How bears he this last blow?
Serap. His fury cannot be expressed by words:
Thrice he attempted headlong to have fallen
Full on his foes, and aimed at Cæsar's galley:
Withheld, he raves on you; cries,—He's betrayed.
Should he now find you——
Alex. Shun him; seek your safety,
Till you can clear your innocence.
Cleo. I'll stay.
Alex. You must not; haste you to your monument,
While I make speed to Cæsar.

[1] In brief.

Cleo. Cæsar! No,
I have no business with him.
Alex. I can work him
To spare your life, and let this madman perish.
Cleo. Base fawning wretch! wouldst thou betray him too?
Hence from my sight! I will not hear a traitor;
'Twas thy design brought all this ruin on us.—
Serapion, thou art honest; counsel me:
But haste, each moment's precious.
Serap. Retire; you must not yet see Antony.
He who began this mischief,
'Tis just he tempt the danger; let him clear you:
And, since he offered you his servile tongue,
To gain a poor precarious life from Cæsar,
Let him expose that fawning eloquence,
And speak to Antony.
Alex. O heavens! I dare not;
I meet my certain death.
Cleo. Slave, thou deservest it.—
Not that I fear my lord, will I avoid him;
I know him noble: when he banished me,
And thought me false, he scorned to take my life;
But I'll be justified, and then die with him.
Alex. O pity me, and let me follow you.
Cleo. To death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou canst,
Now for thy life, which basely thou wouldst save;
While mine I prize at—this! Come, good Serapion.
[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, SERAPION, CHARMION, *and* IRAS.
Alex. O that I less could fear to lose this being,
Which, like a snowball in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasped, the faster melts away.
Poor reason! what a wretched aid art thou!
For still, in spite of thee,
These two long lovers, soul and body, dread

Their final separation. Let me think:
What can I say, to save myself from death?
No matter what becomes of Cleopatra.
Ant. Which way? where? [*Within.*
Vent. This leads to the monument. [*Within.*
Alex. Ah me! I hear him; yet I'm unprepared:
My gift of lying's gone;
And this court-devil, which I so oft have raised,
Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay;
Yet cannot far go hence. [*Exit.*

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Ant. O happy Cæsar! thou hast men to lead:
Think not 'tis thou hast conquered Antony;
But Rome has conquered Egypt. I'm betrayed.
Vent. Curse on this treacherous train!
Their soil and heaven infect them all with baseness:
And their young souls come tainted to the world
With the first breath they draw.
Ant. The original villain sure no god created;
He was a bastard of the sun, by Nile,
Aped into man; with all his mother's mud
Crusted about his soul.
Vent. The nation is
One universal traitor; and their queen
The very spirit and extract of them all.
Ant. Is there yet left
A possibility of aid from valour?
Is there one god unsworn to my destruction?
The least unmortgaged hope? for, if there be,
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the fate
Of such a boy as Cæsar.
The world's one half is yet in Antony;
And from each limb of it, that's hewed away,
The soul comes back to me.
Vent. There yet remain
Three legions in the town. The last assault

Lopt off the rest; if death be your design,—
As I must wish it now,—these are sufficient
To make a heap about us of dead foes,
An honest pile for burial.

Ant. They are enough.
We'll not divide our stars; but, side by side,
Fight emulous, and with malicious eyes
Survey each other's acts: So every death
Thou giv'st, I'll take on me, as a just debt,
And pay thee back a soul.

Vent. Now you shall see I love you. Not a word
Of chiding more. By my few hours of life,
I am so pleased with this brave Roman fate,
That I would not be Cæsar, to outlive you.
When we put off this flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shown to all the ethereal crowd,—
Lo, this is he who died with Antony!

Ant. Who knows, but we may pierce through all their troops,
And reach my veterans yet? 'tis worth the 'tempting,
To o'erleap this gulf of fate,
And leave our wandering destinies behind.

Enter ALEXAS, *trembling.*

Vent. See, see, that villain!
See Cleopatra stamped upon that face,
With all her cunning, all her arts of falsehood!
How she looks out through those dissembling eyes!
How he sets his countenance for deceit,
And promises a lie, before he speaks!
Let me despatch him first. [*Drawing.*

Alex. O spare me, spare me!

Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing.—On thy life,
Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it,
No syllable to justify thy queen;
Save thy base tongue its office.

Alex. Sir, she is gone,
Where she shall never be molested more
By love, or you.
Ant. Fled to her Dolabella!
Die, traitor! I revoke my promise! die!
[*Going to kill him.*
Alex. O hold! she is not fled.
Ant. She is: my eyes
Are open to her falsehood; my whole life
Has been a golden dream of love and friendship;
But, now I wake, I'm like a merchant, roused
From soft repose, to see his vessel sinking,
And all his wealth cast over. Ungrateful woman!
Who followed me, but as the swallow summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,
Singing her flatteries to my morning wake:
But, now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the spring of Cæsar.
Alex. Think not so:
Her fortunes have, in all things, mixed with yours.
Had she betrayed her naval force to Rome,
How easily might she have gone to Cæsar,
Secure by such a bribe!
Vent. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.
Ant. 'Tis too plain;
Else would she have appeared, to clear herself.
Alex. Too fatally she has: she could not bear
To be accused by you; but shut herself
Within her monument; looked down and sighed;
While, from her unchanged face, the silent tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their parting.
Some indistinguished words she inly murmured;
At last, she raised her eyes; and, with such looks
As dying Lucrece cast-
Ant. My heart forebodes——
Vent. All for the best:—Go on.

Alex. She snatched her poniard,
And, ere we could prevent the fatal blow,
Plunged it within her breast; then turned to me:
Go, bear my lord, said she, my last farewell;
And ask him, if he yet suspect my faith.
More she was saying, but death rushed betwixt.
She half pronounced your name with her last breath,
And buried half within her.

Vent. Heaven be praised!

Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear love,
And art thou dead?
O those two words! their sound should be divided:
Hadst thou been false, and died; or hadst thou lived,
And hadst been true—But innocence and death!
This shows not well above. Then what am I,
The murderer of this truth, this innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt!

Vent. Is't come to this? The gods have been too gracious;
And thus you thank them for it!

Ant. [*to* ALEX.]. Why stayest thou here?
Is it for thee to spy upon my soul,
And see its inward mourning? Get thee hence;
Thou art not worthy to behold, what now
Becomes a Roman emperor to perform.

Alex. He loves her still:
His grief betrays it. Good! the joy to find
She's yet alive, completes the reconcilement.
I've saved myself, and her. But, oh! the Romans!
Fate comes too fast upon my wit,
Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double.
[*Aside. Exit.*

Vent. Would she had died a little sooner, though!
Before Octavia went, you might have treated:
Now 'twill look tame, and would not be received.
Come, rouse yourself, and let's die warm together.

Ant. I will not fight: there's no more work for war.
The business of my angry hours is done.
Vent. Cæsar is at your gates.
Ant. Why, let him enter;
He's welcome now.
Vent. What lethargy has crept into your soul?
Ant. 'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire
To free myself from bondage.
Vent. Do it bravely.
Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O Ventidius!
What should I fight for now?—my queen is dead.
I was but great for her; my power, my empire,
Were but my merchandise to buy her love;
And conquered kings, my factors. Now she's dead,
Let Cæsar take the world,—
An empty circle, since the jewel's gone
Which made it worth my strife: my being's nauseous;
For all the bribes of life are gone away.
Vent. Would you be taken?
Ant. Yes, I would be taken;
But, as a Roman ought,—dead, my Ventidius:
For I'll convey my soul from Cæsar's reach,
And lay down life myself. 'Tis time the world
Should have a lord, and know whom to obey.
We two have kept its homage in suspense,
And bent the globe, on whose each side we trod,
Till it was dented inwards. Let him walk
Alone upon't: I'm weary of my part.
My torch is out; and the world stands before me,
Like a black desert at the approach of night:
I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.
Vent. I could be grieved,
But that I'll not outlive you: choose your death;
For, I have seen him in such various shapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled,
The life I bear is worn to such a rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish, indeed,

We threw it from us with a better grace;
That, like two lions taken in the toils,
We might at last thrust out our paws, and wound
The hunters that inclose us.
Ant. I have thought on it.
Ventidius, you must live.
Vent. I must not, sir.
Ant. Wilt thou not live, to speak some good of me?
To stand by my fair fame, and guard the approaches
From the ill tongues of men?
Vent. Who shall guard mine,
For living after you?
Ant. Say, I command it.
Vent. If we die well, our deaths will speak themselves
And need no living witness.
Ant. Thou hast loved me,
And fain I would reward thee. I must die;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death,
To make thee friends with Cæsar.
Vent. Thank your kindness.
You said I loved you; and in recompense,
You bid me turn a traitor: Did I think
You would have used me thus?—that I should die
With a hard thought of you?
Ant. Forgive me, Roman.
Since I have heard of Cleopatra's death,
My reason bears no rule upon my tongue,
But lets my thoughts break all at random out.
I've thought better; do not deny me twice.
Vent. By Heaven I will not.
Let it not be to outlive you.
Ant. Kill me first,
And then die thou; for 'tis but just thou serve
Thy friend, before thyself.
Vent. Give me your hand.
We soon shall meet again. Now, farewell, emperor!—
[*Embrace.*

Methinks that word's too cold to be my last:
Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell, friend!
That's all——
I will not make a business of a trifle;
And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you;
Pray turn your face.

Ant. I do: strike home, be sure.

Vent. Home as my sword will reach.

[*Kills himself.*

Ant. Oh, thou mistak'st;
That wound was not of thine; give it me back
Thou robb'st me of my death.

Vent. I do indeed;
But think 'tis the first time I e'er deceived you,
If that may plead my pardon—And you, gods,
Forgive me, if you will; for I die perjured,
Rather than kill my friend. [*Dies.*

Ant. Farewell! Ever my leader, even in death!
My queen and thou have got the start of me,
And I'm the lag of honour.—Gone so soon?
Is Death no more? he used him carelessly,
With a familiar kindness: ere he knocked,
Ran to the door, and took him in his arms,
As who should say—You're welcome at all hours,
A friend need give no warning. Books had spoiled him;
For all the learned are cowards by profession.
'Tis not worth
My further thought; for death, for aught I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfied.

[*Falls on his sword.*

I've missed my heart. O unperforming hand!
Thou never couldst have erred in a worse time.
My fortune jades me to the last; and death,
Like a great man, takes state, and makes me wait
For my admittance.—— [*Trampling within.*
Some, perhaps, from Cæsar:
If he should find me living, and suspect

That I played booty with my life! I'll mend
My work, ere they can reach me.
[*Rises upon his knees.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. Where is my lord? where is he?
Char. There he lies,
And dead Ventidius by him.
Cleo. My fears were prophets; I am come too late.
O that accursed Alexas! [*Runs to him.*
Ant. Art thou living?
Or am I dead before I knew, and thou
The first kind ghost that meets me?
Cleo. Help me seat him.
Send quickly, send for help!
[*They place him in a chair.*
Ant. I am answered.
We live both. Sit thee down, my Cleopatra:
I'll make the most I can of life, to stay
A moment more with thee.
Cleo. How is it with you?
Ant. 'Tis as with a man
Removing in a hurry; all packed up,
But one dear jewel that his haste forgot;
And he, for that, returns upon the spur:
So I come back for thee.
Cleo. Too long, ye heavens, you have been cruel to me:
Now show your mended faith, and give me back
His fleeting life!
Ant. It will not be, my love;
I keep my soul by force.
Say but, thou art not false.
Cleo. 'Tis now too late
To say I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you.
Unknown to me, Alexas feigned my death:

Which, when I knew, I hasted to prevent
This fatal consequence. My fleet betrayed
Both you and me.
Ant. And Dolabella——
Cleo. Scarce
Esteemed before he loved; but hated now.
Ant. Enough: my life's not long enough for more.
Thou say'st, thou wilt come after: I believe thee;
For I can now believe whate'er thou sayest,
That we may part more kindly.
Cleo. I will come:
Doubt not, my life, I'll come, and quickly too:
Cæsar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.
Ant. But grieve not, while thou stayest,
My last disastrous times:
Think we have had a clear and glorious day
And Heaven did kindly to delay the storm,
Just till our close of evening. Ten years' love,
And not a moment lost, but all improved
To the utmost joys,—what ages have we lived?
And now to die each other's; and, so dying,
While hand in hand we walk in groves below,
Whole troops of lovers' ghosts shall flock about us,
And all the train be ours.
Cleo. Your words are like the notes of dying swans,
Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours
For your unkindness, and not one for love?
Ant. No, not a minute.—This one kiss—more worth
Than all I leave to Cæsar. [*Dies.*
Cleo. O tell me so again,
And take ten thousand kisses for that word.
My lord, my lord! speak, if you yet have being;
Sign to me, if you cannot speak; or cast
One look! Do anything that shows you live.
Iras. He's gone too far to hear you;
And this you see, a lump of senseless clay,
The leavings of a soul.

Char. Remember, madam,
He charged you not to grieve.
Cleo. And I'll obey him.
I have not loved a Roman, not to know
What should become his wife; his wife, my Charmion!
For 'tis to that high title I aspire;
And now I'll not die less. Let dull Octavia
Survive, to mourn him dead: My nobler fate
Shall knit our spousals with a tie, too strong
For Roman laws to break.
Iras. Will you then die?
Cleo. Why shouldst thou make that question?
Iras. Cæsar is merciful.
Cleo. Let him be so
To those that want his mercy: My poor lord
Made no such covenant with him, to spare me
When he was dead. Yield me to Cæsar's pride?
What! to be led in triumph through the streets,
A spectacle to base plebeian eyes;
While some dejected friend of Antony's,
Close in a corner, shakes his head, and mutters
A secret curse on her who ruined him!
I'll none of that.
Char. Whatever you resolve,
I'll follow, even to death.
Iras. I only feared
For you; but more should fear to live without you.
Cleo. Why, now, 'tis as it should be Quick, my friends,
Despatch; ere this, the town's in Cæsar's hands:
My lord looks down concerned, and fears my stay,
Lest I should be surprised;
Keep him not waiting for his love too long.
You, Charmion, bring my crown and richest jewels;
With them, the wreath of victory I made
(Vain augury!) for him, who now lies dead:
You, Iras, bring the cure of all our ills.

Iras. The aspics, madam?

Cleo. Must I bid you twice?

[*Exit* CHARMION *and* IRAS.

'Tis sweet to die, when they would force life on me,
To rush into the dark abode of death,
And seize him first; if he be like my love,
He is not frightful, sure.
We're now alone, in secrecy and silence;
And is not this like lovers? I may kiss
These pale, cold lips; Octavia does not see me:
And, oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,
Than see him in her arms.—Oh, welcome, welcome!

Enter CHARMION *and* IRAS.

Char. What must be done?

Cleo. Short ceremony, friends;
But yet it must be decent. First, this laurel
Shall crown my hero's head: he fell not basely,
Nor left his shield behind him.—Only thou
Couldst triumph o'er thyself; and thou alone
Wert worthy so to triumph.

Char. To what end
These ensigns of your pomp and royalty?

Cleo. Dull, that thou art! why 'tis to meet my love;
As when I saw him first, on Cydnus' bank,
All sparkling, like a goddess · so adorned,
I'll find him once again; my second spousals
Shall match my first in glory. Haste, haste, both,
And dress the bride of Antony.

Char. 'Tis done.

Cleo. Now seat me by my lord. I claim this place;
For I must conquer Cæsar too, like him,
And win my share of the world.—Hail, you dear relics
Of my immortal love!
O let no impious hand remove you hence:
But rest for ever here! Let Egypt give

His death that peace, which it denied his life.—
Reach me the casket.
Iras. Underneath the fruit
The aspic lies.
Cleo. Welcome, thou kind deceiver!
[*Putting aside the leaves.*
Thou best of thieves; who, with an easy key,
Dost open life, and, unperceived by us,
Even steal us from ourselves; discharging so
Death's dreadful office, better than himself;
Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
That Death stands by, deceived by his own image,
And thinks himself but sleep.
Serap. The queen, where is she? [*Within.*
The town is yielded, Cæsar's at the gates.
Cleo. He comes too late to invade the rights of death
Haste, bare my arm, and rouse the serpent's fury.
[*Holds out her arm, and draws it back.*
Coward flesh,
Wouldst thou conspire with Cæsar to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to it,
And not be sent by him,
But bring, myself, my soul to Antony.
[*Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody.*
Take hence; the work is done.
Serap. Break ope the door, [*Within.*
And guard the traitor well.
Char. The next is ours.
Iras. Now, Charmion, to be worthy
Of our great queen and mistress.
[*They apply the aspics.*
Cleo. Already, death, I feel thee in my veins:
I go with such a will to find my lord,
That we shall quickly meet.
A heavy numbness creeps through every limb,
And now 'tis at my head: My eyelids fall,
And my dear love is vanquished in a mist.

Where shall I find him, where? O turn me to him,
And lay me on his breast!—Cæsar, thy worst;
Now part us, if thou canst. [*Dies.*

[IRAS *sinks down at her feet, and dies;* CHARMION *stands behind her chair, as dressing her head.*

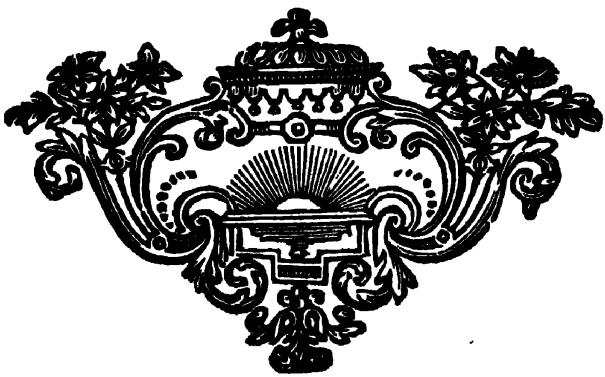
Enter SERAPION, *two* Priests, ALEXAS *bound*, Egyptians.

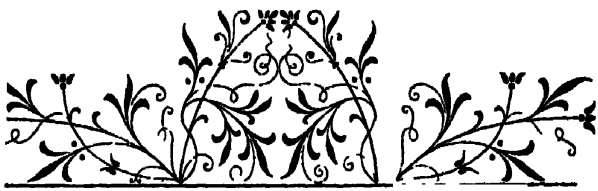
Priest. Behold, Serapion,
What havoc death has made!
Serap. 'Twas what I feared—
Charmion, is this well done?
Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a queen, the last
Of her great race: I follow her. [*Sinks down · dies.*
Alex. 'Tis true,
She has done well: Much better thus to die,
Than live to make a holiday in Rome.
Serap. See how the lovers sit in state together,
As they were giving laws to half mankind!
The impression of a smile, left in her face,
Shows she died pleased with him for whom she lived,
And went to charm him in another world.
Cæsar's just entering: grief has now no leisure.
Secure that villain, as our pledge of safety,
To grace the imperial triumph.—Sleep, blest pair,
Secure from human chance, long ages out,
While all the storms of fate fly o'er your tomb;
And fame to late posterity shall tell,
No lovers lived so great, or died so well. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUL

POETS, like disputants, when reasons fail,
Have one sure refuge left—and that's to rail
Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thundered through the pit,
And this is all their equipage of wit
We wonder how the devil this difference grows,
Betwixt our fools in verse, and yours in prose
For, 'faith, the quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis civil war with their own flesh and blood
The threadbare author hates the gaudy coat,
And swears at the gilt coach, but sweats afoot
For 'tis observed of every scribbling man,
He grows a fop as fast as e'er he can,
Prunes up, and asks his oracle, the glass,
If pink or purple best become his face.
For our poor wretch, he neither rails nor prays,
Nor likes your wit just as you like his plays,
He has not yet so much of Mr Bayes[1]
He does his best, and if he cannot please,
Would quietly sue out his *writ of ease*
Yet, if he might his own grand jury call,
By the fair sex he begs to stand or fall
Let Cæsar's power the men's ambition move,
But grace you him who lost the world for love!
Yet if some antiquated lady say,
The last age is not copied in his play,
Heaven help the man who for that face must drudge,
Which only has the wrinkles of a judge
Let not the young and beauteous join with those,
For should you raise such numerous hosts of foes,
Young wits and sparks he to his aid must call,
'Tis more than one man's work to please you all

[1] One of Dryden's few references to *The Rehearsal*





THE SPANISH FRIAR

OR

THE DOUBLE DISCOVERY

Ut melius possis fallere, sume togam. MART

—— *Alterna revisens*
Lusit, et in soluto rursus fortuna locavit VIRGIL.



THE SPANISH FRIAR

THE play which follows is given here out of deference to the opinions of great men in the past, and not because the present editor agrees with them. Johnson praised its art; Scott thinks its tragic scenes not more than matched by *All for Love* and *Don Sebastian*, and its comic "by far Dryden's happiest." Macaulay (a ferocious critic of Dryden wherever he can find the slightest excuse for ferocity, and sometimes where there is none), classes it as one of his very best works. I do not think so, but the reader has here, at least, the opportunity of judging. To do so in full knowledge he should remember Falstaff, and read Fletcher's *Spanish Curate*. The play has, from the point of view of theatrical history, the interest of having been presented (1681) by a new set of actors—the Bettertons, Mrs Barry, Smith and others—while immediately after the Revolution (it had been prohibited as disrespectful to the Roman Church by James) its revival, bespoken by Queen Mary as that of a Protestant play, gave rise to a curious *quiproquo*. For Dryden, now himself a Roman Catholic, the revival must have been awkward; but it was scarcely less so for Mary, considering the position of the usurping Queen Leonora. For the rest, Collier's epigram referred to above (Vol. I. p. 15) as to the attitude of the poet to the misdeeds of Lorenzo and Dominic respectively is too neat not to be quoted, "The author's discipline is seldom without a bias. He commonly gives the laity the pleasure of an ill action, and the clergy the punishment."

DEDICATION

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN, LORD HAUGHTON.

MY LORD,—

WHEN I first designed this play, I found, or thought I found, somewhat so moving in the serious part of it, and so pleasant in the comic, as might deserve a more than ordinary care in both; accordingly, I used the best of my endeavour, in the management of two plots, so very different from each other, that it was not perhaps the talent of every writer to have made them of a piece. Neither have I attempted other plays of the same nature, in my opinion, with the same judgment, though with like success. And though many poets may suspect themselves for the fondness and partiality of parents to their youngest children, yet I hope I may stand exempted from this rule, because I know myself too well to be ever satisfied with my own conceptions, which have seldom reached to those ideas that I had within me; and consequently, I presume I may have liberty to judge when I write more or less pardonably, as an ordinary marksman may know certainly when he shoots less wide at what he aims. Besides, the care and pains I have bestowed on this, beyond my other tragi-comedies, may reasonably make the world conclude, that either I can do nothing tolerably, or that this poem is not much amiss. Few good pictures have been finished at one sitting; neither can a true just play, which is to bear the test of ages, be produced at a heat, or by the force of fancy, without the maturity of judgment. For my own part, I have both so just a diffidence of myself, and so great a reverence for my audience, that I dare venture nothing without a strict examination; and am as much ashamed to put a loose

indigested play upon the public, as I should be to offer brass money in a payment; for though it should be taken (as it is too often on the stage), yet it will be found in the second telling; and a judicious reader will discover, in his closet, that trashy stuff, whose glittering deceived him in the action. I have often heard the stationer sighing in his shop, and wishing for those hands to take off his melancholy bargain which clapped its performance on the stage. In a play-house, everything contributes to impose upon the judgment; the lights, the scenes, the habits, and, above all, the grace of action, which is commonly the best where there is the most need of it, surprise the audience, and cast a mist upon their understandings; not unlike the cunning of a juggler, who is always staring us in the face, and overwhelming us with gibberish, only that he may gain the opportunity of making the cleaner conveyance of his trick. But these false beauties of the stage are no more lasting than a rainbow; when the actor ceases to shine upon them, when he gilds them no longer with his reflection, they vanish in a twinkling. I have sometimes wondered, in the reading, what was become of those glaring colours which amazed me in *Busy D'Amboys* upon the theatre; but when I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly; nothing but a cold, dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting; a dwarfish, thought, dressed up in gigantic words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression, and gross hyperboles; the sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten; and, to sum up all, uncorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or, at best, a scantling of wit, which lay gasping for life, and groaning beneath a heap of rubbish. A famous modern poet used to sacrifice every year a Statius to Virgil's *Manes;* and I have indignation enough to burn a *D'Amboys* annually, to the memory of Jonson. But now, My Lord, I am sensible, perhaps too late, that I have gone too far: for, I remember some verses of my own *Maximin* and *Almanzor*, which cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance, and which I wish heartily in the same fire with Statius and Chapman. All I can say for those passages, which are, I hope, not many, is, that I knew they were bad enough to please, even when I writ

them; but I repent of them amongst my sins; and if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my present writings, I draw a stroke over all those Delilahs of the theatre; and am resolved I will settle myself no reputation by the applause of fools. 'Tis not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I scorn as much to take it from half-witted judges, as I should to raise an estate by cheating of bubbles. Neither do I discommend the lofty style in Tragedy, which is naturally pompous and magnificent; but nothing is truly sublime that is not just and proper. If the Ancients had judged by the same measures which a common reader takes, they had concluded Statius to have written higher than Virgil, for,—

Quæ superimposito moles geminata Colosso

carries a more thundering kind of sound than

Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi:

yet Virgil had all the majesty of a lawful prince, and Statius only the blustering of a tyrant But when men affect a virtue which they cannot easily reach, they fall into a vice which bears the nearest resemblance to it. Thus an injudicious poet who aims at loftiness runs easily into the swelling puffy style, because it looks like greatness. I remember, when I was a boy, I thought inimitable Spenser a mean poet, in comparison of Sylvester's *Dubartas*, and was rapt into an ecstasy when I read these lines:—

> Now, when the Winter's keener breath began
> To crystallize the Baltick Ocean;
> To glaze the Lakes, to bridle up the Floods,
> And periwig with Snow the bald-pate Woods.

I am much deceived if this be not abominable fustian, that is, thoughts and words ill-sorted, and without the least relation to each other; yet I dare not answer for an audience, that they would not clap it on the stage: so little value there is to be given to the common cry, that nothing but madness can please madmen, and a poet must be of a piece with the spectators, to gain a reputation with them. But as in a room contrived for state, the height of the roof should bear a proportion to the area; so, in the heightenings

of Poetry, the strength and vehemence of figures should be suited to the occasion, the subject, and the persons. All beyond this is monstrous; 'tis out of Nature, 'tis an excrescence, and not a living part of Poetry. I had not said thus much, if some young gallants; who pretend to criticism, had not told me that this tragi-comedy wanted the dignity of style; but as a man who is charged with a crime of which he thinks himself innocent, is apt to be too eager in his own defence, so perhaps I have vindicated my play with more partiality that I ought, or than such a trifle can deserve. Yet, whatever beauties it may want, 'tis free at least from the grossness of those faults I mentioned: what credit it has gained upon the stage, I value no further than in reference to my profit, and the satisfaction I had in seeing it represented with all the justness and gracefulness of action. But, as 'tis my interest to please my audience, so 'tis my ambition to be read: that I am sure is the more lasting and the nobler design: for the propriety of thoughts and words, which are the hidden beauties of a play, are but confusedly judged in the vehemence of action: all things are there beheld as in a hasty motion, where the objects only glide before the eye and disappear. The most discerning critic can judge no more of these silent graces in the action than he who rides post through an unknown country can distinguish the situation of places, and the nature of the soil. The purity of phrase, the clearness of conception and expression, the boldness maintained to majesty, the significancy and sound of words, not strained into bombast, but justly elevated; in short, those very words and thoughts, which cannot be changed, but for the worse, must of necessity escape our transient view upon the theatre; and yet without all these a play may take. For if either the story move us, or the actor help the lameness of it with his performance, or now and then a glittering beam of wit or passion strike through the obscurity of the poem, any of these are sufficient to effect a present liking, but not to fix a lasting admiration; for nothing but truth can long endure; and time is the surest judge of truth. I am not vain enough to think I have left no faults in this, which that touchstone will not discover; neither indeed is it possible to avoid them in a play of this nature. There are evidently two actions in it; but it will be

clear to any judicious man, that with half the pains I could have raised a play from either of them; for this time I satisfied my own humour, which was to tack two plays together; and to break a rule for the pleasure of variety. The truth is, the audience are grown weary of continued melancholy scenes; and I dare venture to prophesy, that few tragedies except those in verse shall succeed in this age, if they are not lightened with a course of mirth. For the feast is too dull and solemn without the fiddles. But how difficult a task this is, will soon be tried; for a several genius is required to either way; and, without both of 'em, a man, in my opinion, is but half a poet for the stage. Neither is it so trivial an undertaking, to make a tragedy end happily; for 'tis more difficult to save than 'tis to kill. The dagger and the cup of poison are always in readiness; but to bring the action to the last extremity, and then by probable means to recover all, will require the art and judgment of a writer, and cost him many a pang in the performance.

And now, My Lord, I must confess, that what I have written looks more like a Preface, than a Dedication; and truly it was thus far my design, that I might entertain you with somewhat in my own art which might be more worthy of a noble mind, than the stale exploded trick of fulsome panegyrics. 'Tis difficult to write justly on anything, but almost impossible in praise. I shall therefore waive so nice a subject; and only tell you, that, in recommending a Protestant play to a Protestant patron, as I do myself an honour, so I do your noble family a right, who have been always eminent in the support and favour of our religion and liberties. And if the promises of your youth, your education at home, and your experience abroad, deceive me not, the principles you have embraced are such, as will no way degenerate from your ancestors, but refresh their memory in the minds of all true Englishmen, and renew their lustre in your person; which, My Lord, is not more the wish, than it is the constant expectation, of your Lordship's

Most obedient

Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE

NOW, luck for us, and a kind hearty pit ;
For he, who pleases, never fails of wit :
Honour is yours ;
And you, like kings at city-treats, bestow it ;
The writer kneels, and is bid rise a poet.
But you are fickle sovereigns, to our sorrow ;
You dub to-day, and hang a man to-morrow ;
You cry the same sense up, and down again,
Just like brass-money once a year in Spain :
Take you in the mood, whate'er base metal come,
You coin as fast as groats at Birmingham :[1]
Though 'tis no more like sense, in ancient plays,
Than Rome's religion like St Peter's days.
In short, so swift your judgments turn and wind,
You cast our fleetest wits a mile behind.
'Twere well your judgments but in plays did range,
But e'en your follies and debauches change
With such a whirl, the poets of your age
Are tired, and cannot score them on the stage ;
Unless each vice in shorthand they indict,
Even as notch'd[2] prentices whole sermons write.
The heavy Hollanders no vices know,
But what they used a hundred years ago ;
Like honest plants, where they were stuck, they grow.
They cheat, but still from cheating sires they come ;
They drink, but they were christened first in mum.
Their patrimonial sloth the Spaniards keep,
And Philip first taught Philip how to sleep.
The French and we still change ; but here's the curse,
They change for better, and we change for worse ;
They take up our old trade of conquering,
And we are taking theirs, to dance and sing :

[1] 1st ed. and folio "Bromingam." [2] *I.e.* "indentured."

Our fathers did, for change, to France repair,
And they, for change, will try our English air;
As children, when they throw one toy away,
Straight a more foolish gewgaw comes in play:
So we, grow penitent, on serious thinking,
Leave whoring, and devoutly fall to drinking.
Scowering the watch grows out-of-fashion wit:
Now we set up for tilting in the pit,
Where 'tis agreed by bullies chicken-hearted,
To fright the ladies first, and then be parted.
A fair attempt has twice or thrice been made,
To hire night murderers, and make death a trade.[1]
When murder's out, what vice can we advance?
Unless the new-found poisoning trick of France:[2]
And, when their art of ratsbane we have got,
By way of thanks, we'll send them o'er our Plot.[3]

[1] Probably the attack on Dryden himself, in Rose Alley.
[2] The Brinvilliers and Voisin poisonings, 1680.
[3] The Popish Plot, of course.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TORRISMOND, Son of Sancho, the deposed King, believing himself Son of Raymond.
BERTRAN, a Prince of the blood.
ALPHONSO, a general Officer, Brother to Raymond.
LORENZO, his Son.
RAYMOND, a Nobleman, supposed Father of Torrismond.
PEDRO, an Officer.
GOMEZ, an old Usurer
DOMINIC, the Spanish Friar.

LEONORA, Queen of Arragon.
TERESA, Woman to Leonora.
ELVIRA, Wife to Gomez.

ACT I

SCENE I

ALPHONSO *and* PEDRO *meet, with* Soldiers *on each side, drums, etc.*

ALPH. Stand: give the word.

Ped. The Queen of Arragon.

Alph. Pedro?—how goes the night?

Ped. She wears apace.

Alph. Then welcome daylight; we shall have warm work on't.
The Moor will 'gage
His utmost forces on this next assault,
To win a queen and kingdom.

Ped. Pox on this lion way of wooing, though.
Is the queen stirring yet?

Alph. She has not been abed, but in her chapel
All night devoutly watched, and bribed the saints
With vows for her deliverance.

Ped. O Alphonso!
I fear they come too late. Her father's crimes
Sit heavy on her, and weigh down her prayers.
A crown usurped; a lawful king deposed,
In bondage held, debarred the common light;
His children murdered, and his friends destroyed,—
What can we less expect than what we feel,
And what we fear will follow?

Alph. Heaven avert it!

Ped. Then heaven must not be heaven. Judge the event

By what has passed. The usurper 'joyed not long
His ill-got crown :—'tis true, he died in peace,—
Unriddle that, ye powers !—but left his daughter,
Our present queen, engaged upon his deathbed,
To marry with young Bertran, whose cursed father
Had helped to make him great.
Hence, you well know, this fatal war arose ;
Because the Moor Abdalla, with whose troops
The usurper gained the kingdom, was refused ;
And, as an infidel, his love despised.

Alph. Well, we are soldiers, Pedro ; and, like lawyers,
Plead for our pay.

Ped. A good cause would do well though :
It gives my sword an edge. You see this Bertran
Has now three times been beaten by the Moors ·
What hope we have, is in young Torrismond,
Your brother's son.

Alph. He's a successful warrior,
And has the soldiers' hearts ; upon the skirts
Of Arragon our squandered troops he rallies.
Our watchmen from the towers with longing eyes
Expect his swift arrival.

Ped. It must be swift, or it will come too late.

Alph. No more.——Duke Bertran.

Enter BERTRAN, *attended.*

Bert. Relieve the sentries that have watched all night,
[*To* PED.] Now, colonel, have you disposed your men,
That you stand idle here ?

Ped. Mine are drawn off,
To take a short repose.

Bert. Short let it be :
For, from the Moorish camp, this hour and more,
There has been heard a distant humming noise,
Like bees disturbed, and arming in their hives.
What courage in our soldiers ? Speak ! What hope ?

Ped. As much as when physicians shake their heads,
And bid their dying patient think of heaven.
Our walls are thinly manned; our best men slain;
The rest, an heartless number, spent with watching,
And harassed out with duty.

Bert. Good-night all, then.

Ped. Nay, for my part, 'tis but a single life
I have to lose. I'll plant my colours down
In the mid-breach, and by them fix my foot;
Say a short soldier's prayer, to spare the trouble
Of my few friends above; and then expect
The next fair bullet.

Alph. Never was known a night of such distraction:
Noise so confused and dreadful; jostling crowds,
That run, and know not whither; torches gliding,
Like meteors, by each other in the streets.

Ped. I met a reverend, fat, old gouty friar,—
With a paunch swoln so high, his double chin
Might rest upon it; a true son of the Church;
Fresh-coloured, and well thriven on his trade,—
Come puffing with his greasy bald-pate choir,
And fumbling o'er his beads in such an agony,
He told them false, for fear. About his neck
There hung a wench, the label of his function,
Whom he shook off, i'faith, methought, unkindly.
It seems the holy stallion durst not score
Another sin before he left the world.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. To arms, my lords, to arms!
From the Moors' camp the noise grows louder still:
Rattling of armour, trumpets, drums, and atabals;
And sometimes peals of shouts that rend the heavens,
Like victory: then groans again, and howlings,
Like those of vanquished men; but every echo
Goes fainter off, and dies in distant sounds.

Bert. Some false attack: expect on t'other side.
One to the gunners on St Jago's tower:
Bid them, for shame,
Level their cannon lower: On my soul
They are all corrupted with the gold of Barbary,
To carry over, and not hurt the Moor.

Enter a second Captain.

2 *Capt.* My lord, here's fresh intelligence arrived.
Our army, led by valiant Torrismond,
Is now in hot engagement with the Moors;
'Tis said, within their trenches.
Bert. I think all fortune is reserved for him!—
He might have sent us word, though;
And then we could have favoured his attempt
With sallies from the town.
Alph. It could not be:
We were so close blocked up, that none could peep
Upon the walls and live. But yet 'tis time.
Bert. No, 'tis too late; I will not hazard it:
On pain of death, let no man dare to sally.
Ped. O envy, envy, how it works within him! [*Aside.*
How now? what means this show?
Alph. 'Tis a procession,
The queen is going to the great cathedral,
To pray for our success against the Moors.
Ped. Very good: she usurps the throne, keeps the old king in prison, and at the same time is praying for a blessing. O religion and roguery, how they go together!

[*A Procession of* Priests *and* Choristers *in white, with Tapers, followed by the* Queen *and* Ladies, *goes over the Stage: the* Choristers *singing.*

Look down, ye blessed above, look down,
Behold our weeping matrons' tears,
Behold our tender virgins' fears,
And with success our armies crown.

Look down, ye blessed above, look down:
Oh, save us, save us, and our state restore!
For pity, pity, pity, we implore:
For pity, pity, pity, we implore.

[*The Procession goes off and shout within. Then*

Enter LORENZO, *who kneels to* ALPHONSO.

Bert. [*to* ALPH.]. A joyful cry; and see your son Lorenzo. Good news, kind heaven!

Alph. [*to* LOR.]. O welcome, welcome! is the general safe?
How near our army? when shall we be succoured?
Or, are we succoured? are the Moors removed?
Answer these questions first, and then a thousand more
Answer them all together.

Lor. Yes, when I have a thousand tongues, I will.
The general's well; his army too is safe,
As victory can make them. The Moors' king
Is safe enough, I warrant him, for one,
At dawn of day our general cleft his pate,
Spite of his woollen nightcap: a slight wound;
Perhaps he may recover.

Alph. Thou reviv'st me.

Ped. By my computation now, the victory was gained before the procession was made for it; and yet it will go hard but the priests will make a miracle on't.

Lor. Yes, faith; we came like bold intruding guests,
And took them unprepared to give us welcome,
Their scouts we killed, then found their body sleeping;
And as they lay confused, we stumbled over them,

And took what joint came next, arms, heads, or legs,
Somewhat undecently. But when men want light,
They make but bungling work.

Bert. I'll to the queen,
And bear the news.

Ped. That's young Lorenzo's duty.

Bert. I'll spare his trouble.——
This Torrismond begins to grow too fast;
He must be mine, or ruined. [*Aside, and Exit.*

Lor. Pedro, a word:—[*Whisper*].

Alph. How swift he shot away! I find it stung him,
In spite of his dissembling.
[*To* LOR]. How many of the enemy are slain?

Lor. Troth, sir, we were in haste, and could not stay
To score the men we killed; but there they lie:
Best send our women out to take the tale;
There's circumcision in abundance for them.
[*Turns to* PEDRO *again.*

Alph. How far did you pursue them?

Lor. Some few miles.——
[*To* PED]. Good store of harlots, say you, and dog-cheap?
Pedro, they must be had, and speedily;
I've kept a tedious fast. [*Whisper again.*

Alph. When will he make his entry? he deserves
Such triumphs as were given by Ancient Rome:
Ha, boy, what say'st thou?

Lor. As you say, sir, that Rome was very ancient.
[*To* PED]. I leave the choice to you; fair, black, tall, low,
Let her but have a nose; and you may tell her,
I am rich in jewels, rings and bobbing pearls,
Plucked from Moors' ears.

Alph. Lorenzo.

Lor. Somewhat busy
About affairs relating to the public.——
A seasonable girl, just in the nick now.
[*To* PEDRO. *Trumpets within.*

Ped. I hear the general's trumpet. Stand and mark
How he will be received; I fear, but coldly.
There hung a cloud, methought, on Bertran's brow.
Lor. Then look to see a storm on Torrismond's;
Looks fright not men. The general has seen Moors
With as bad faces; no dispraise to Bertran's.
Ped. 'Twas rumoured in the camp, he loves the queen.
Lor. He drinks her health devoutly.
Alph. That may breed bad blood betwixt him and Bertran.
Ped. Yes, in private.
But Bertran has been taught the arts of court,
To gild a face with smiles, and leer a man to ruin.
Oh, here they come.——

Enter TORRISMOND *and* Officers *on one side*, BERTRAN *attended on the other; they embrace*, BERTRAN *bowing low.*

Just as I prophesied.——
Lor. Death and hell, he laughs at him!—in his face too.
Ped. Oh, you mistake him, 'twas an humble grin,
The fawning joy of courtiers and of dogs.
Lor. Here are nothing but lies to be expected:
I'll even go lose myself in some blind alley, and try if any courteous damsel will think me worth the finding.
[*Aside, and Exit.*
Alph. Now he begins to open.
Bert. Your country rescued, and your queen relieved,—
A glorious conquest, noble Torrismond!
The people rend the skies with loud applause,
And heaven can hear no other name but yours.
The thronging crowds press on you as you pass,
And with their eager joy make triumph slow.

Torr. My lord, I have no taste
Of popular applause; the noisy praise
Of giddy crowds, as changeable as winds;
Still vehement, and still without a cause;
Servant to chance, and blowing in the tide
Of swoln success; but veering with its ebb,
It leaves the channel dry.

Bert. So young a stoic!

Torr. You wrong me, if you think I'll sell one drop
Within these veins for pageants; but let honour
Call for my blood, and sluice it into streams:
Turn fortune loose again to my pursuit,
And let me hunt her through embattled foes,
In dusty plains, amidst the cannons' roar,
There will I be the first.

Bert. I'll try him further.—— [*Aside.*
Suppose the assembled states of Arragon
Decree a statue to you, thus inscribed:
"To Torrismond, who freed his native land."

Alph. [*to* PED.]. Mark how he sounds and fathoms him,
To find the shallows of his soul!

Bert. The just applause
Of god-like senates is the stamp of virtue,
Which makes it pass unquestioned through the world.
These honours you deserve; nor shall my suffrage
Be last to fix them on you. If refused,
You brand us all with black ingratitude:
For times to come shall say,—Our Spain, like Rome,
Neglects her champions after noble acts,
And lets their laurels wither on their heads.

Torr. A statue, for a battle blindly fought,
Where darkness and surprise make conquest cheap!
Where virtue borrowed but the arms of chance,
And struck a random blow!—'Twas fortune's work,
And fortune takes the praise.

Bert. Yet happiness

Is the first fame. Virtue without success
Is a fair picture shown by an ill light;
But lucky men are favourites of heaven:
And whom should kings esteem above heaven's darlings?
The praises of a young and beauteous queen
Shall crown your glorious acts.

Ped. [*to* ALPH.]. There sprung the mine.

Torr. The queen! that were a happiness too great!
Named you the queen, my lord?

Bert. Yes: you have seen her, and you must confess,
A praise, a smile, a look from her is worth
The shouts of thousand amphitheatres.
She, she shall praise you, for I can oblige her:
To-morrow will deliver all her charms
Into my arms, and make her mine for ever.—
Why stand you mute?

Torr. Alas! I cannot speak.

Bert. Not speak, my lord! How were your thoughts employed?

Torr. Nor can I think, or am I lost in thought.

Bert. Thought of the queen, perhaps?

Torr. Why, if it were,
Heaven may be thought on, though too high to climb.

Bert. Oh, now I find where your ambition drives!
You ought not to think of her.

Torr. So I say too,
I ought not; madmen ought not to be mad;
But who can help his frenzy?

Bert. Fond young man!
The wings of your ambition must be clipt:
Your shamefaced virtue shunned the people's praise,
And senate's honours: But 'tis well we know
What price you hold yourself at. You have fought
With some success, and that has sealed your pardon.

Torr. Pardon from thee!—Oh, give me patience, heaven!—
Thrice-vanquished Bertran, if thou dar'st look out

Upon yon slaughtered host, that field of blood;
There seal my pardon, where thy fame was lost.
Ped. He's ruined, past redemption!
Alph. [*to* TORR.]. Learn respect
To the first prince of the blood.
Bert. Oh, let him rave!
I'll not contend with madmen.
Torr. I have done:
I know, 'twas madness to declare this truth:
And yet, 'twere baseness to deny my love.
'Tis true, my hopes are vanishing as clouds;
Lighter than children's bubbles blown by winds:
My merit's but the rash result of chance;
My birth unequal; all the stars against me:
Power, promise, choice, the living and the dead;
Mankind my foes; and only love to friend:
But such a love, kept at such awful distance,
As, what it loudly dares to tell a rival,
Shall fear to whisper there. Queens may be loved,
And so may gods; else why are altars raised?
Why shines the sun, but that he may be viewed?
But, oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep, and close our eyes in darkness.
[*Exit.*
Bert. 'Tis well; the goddess shall be told, she shall,
Of her new worshipper. [*Exit.*
Ped. So, here's fine work!
He has supplied his only foe with arms
For his destruction. Old Penelope's tale
Inverted; he has unravelled all by day
That he has done by night. What, planet-struck!
Alph. I wish I were; to be past sense of this!
Ped. Would I had but a lease of life so long,
As till my flesh and blood rebelled this way,
Against our sovereign lady;—mad for a queen?
With a globe in one hand, and a sceptre in t'other?
A very pretty moppet!

Alph. Then to declare his madness to his rival!
His father absent on an embassy;
Himself a stranger almost; wholly friendless!
A torrent, rolling down a precipice,
Is easier to be stopped, than is his ruin.

Ped. 'Tis fruitless to complain; haste to the court;
Improve your interest there for pardon from the queen.

Alph. Weak remedies;
But all must be attempted. [*Exit.*

SCENE II

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Well, I am the most unlucky rogue! I have been ranging over half the town; but have sprung no game. Our women are worse infidels than the Moors: I told them I was one of the knight-errants that delivered them from ravishment; and I think in my conscience, that is their quarrel to me.

Ped. Is this a time for fooling? Your cousin is run honourably mad in love with her majesty, he is split upon a rock, and you, who are in chase of harlots, are sinking in the main ocean. I think, the devil's in the family. [*Exit.*

Lor. [*solus*]. My cousin ruined, says he! hum, not that I wish my kinsman's ruin; that were unchristian: but, if the general is ruined, I am heir; there's comfort for a Christian! Money I have; I thank the honest Moors for it; but I want a mistress. I am willing to be lewd; but the tempter is wanting on his part.

Enter ELVIRA *veiled.*

Elv. Stranger! Cavalier! will you not hear me? you Moor-killer, you Matador!——

Lor. Meaning me, madam?

Elv. Face about, man! you a soldier, and afraid of the enemy!

Lor. I must confess, I did not expect to have been charged first: I see souls will not be lost for want of diligence in this devil's reign. [*Aside*]. Now, Madam Cynthia, behind a cloud, your will and pleasure with me?

Elv. You have the appearance of a cavalier; and if you are as deserving as you seem, perhaps you may not repent of your adventure. If a lady like you well enough to hold discourse with you at first sight; you are gentleman enough, I hope, to help her out with an apology, and to lay the blame on stars, or destiny, or what you please, to excuse the frailty of a woman?

Lor. Oh, I love an easy woman! there's such ado, to crack a thick-shelled mistress; we break our teeth, and find no kernel. 'Tis generous in you, to take pity on a stranger, and not to suffer him to fall into ill hands at his first arrival.

Elv. You may have a better opinion of me than I deserve; you have not seen me yet; and, therefore, I am confident you are heart-whole.

Lor. Not absolutely slain, I must confess; but I am drawing on apace; you have a dangerous tongue in your head, I can tell you that; and if your eyes prove of as killing metal, there is but one way with me. Let me see you, for the safeguard of my honour; 'tis but decent the cannon should be drawn down upon me before I yield.

Elv. What a terrible similitude have you made, colonel, to show that you are inclining to the wars? I could answer you with another in my profession: Suppose you were in want of money, would you not be glad to take a sum upon content in a sealed bag, without peeping?—but, however, I will not stand with you for a sample. [*Lifts up her veil.*

Lor. What eyes were there! how keen their glances! you do well to keep them veiled; they are too sharp to be trusted out of the scabbard.

Elv. Perhaps now, you may accuse my forwardness; but this day of jubilee is the only time of freedom I have had; and there is nothing so extravagant as a prisoner, when he gets loose a little, and is immediately to return into his fetters.

Lor. To confess freely to you, madam, I was never in love with less than your whole sex before; but now I have seen you, I am in the direct road of languishing and sighing; and, if love goes on as it begins, for aught I know, by to-morrow morning you may hear of me in rhyme and sonnet. I tell you truly, I do not like these symptoms in myself. Perhaps I may go shufflingly at first; for I was never before walked in trammels; yet, I shall drudge and moil at constancy, till I have worn off the hitching in my pace.

Elv. O sir, there are arts to reclaim the wildest men, as there are to make spaniels fetch and carry: chide them often, and feed them seldom. Now I know your temper, you may thank yourself, if you are kept to hard meat. You are in for years, if you make love to me.

Lor. I hate a formal obligation with an *Anno Domini* at end on't; there may be an evil meaning in the word years, called matrimony.

Elv. I can easily rid you of that fear: I wish I could rid myself as easily of the bondage.

Lor. Then you are married?

Elv. If a covetous, and a jealous, and an old man be a husband.

Lor. Three as good qualities for my purpose as I could wish: now love be praised!

Enter ELVIRA'S Duenna, *and whispers to her.*

Elv. [*aside*]. If I get not home before my husband, I

shall be ruined. [*To him.*] I dare not stay to tell you where. Farewell!—Could I once more——. [*Exit.*

Lor. This is unconscionable dealing; to be made a slave, and know not whose livery I wear. Who have we yonder?

Enter GOMEZ.

By that shambling in his walk, it should be my rich old banker, Gomez, whom I knew at Barcelona As I live 'tis he!—What, old Mammon here! [*To* GOMEZ.

Gom. How! young Beelzebub?

Lor. What devil has set his claws in thy haunches, and brought thee hither to Saragossa? Sure he meant a farther journey with thee.

Gom. I always remove before the enemy: When the Moors are ready to besiege one town, I shift quarters to the next; I keep as far from the infidels as I can.

Lor. That's but a hair's-breadth at farthest.

Gom. Well, you have got a famous victory; all true subjects are overjoyed at it: There are bonfires decreed; an' the times had not been hard, my billet should have burnt too.

Lor. I dare say for thee, thou hast such a respect for a single billet, thou wouldst almost have thrown on thyself to save it; thou art for saving everything but thy soul.

Gom. Well, well, you'll not believe me generous, till I carry you to the tavern, and crack half a pint with you at my own charges.

Lor. No; I'll keep thee from hanging thyself for such an extravagance; and, instead of it, thou shalt do me a mere verbal courtesy. I have just now seen a most incomparable young lady.

Gom. Whereabouts did you see this most incomparable young lady?—My mind misgives me plaguily. [*Aside.*

Lor. Here, man, just before this corner-house: Pray heaven, it prove no bawdy-house.

Gom. [*aside*]. Pray heaven, he does not make it one!

Lor. What dost thou mutter to thyself? Hast thou anything to say against the honesty of that house?

Gom. Not I, colonel; the walls are very honest stone, and the timber very honest wood, for aught I know; but for the woman, I cannot say, till I know her better: Describe her person, and, if she live in this quarter, I may give you tidings of her.

Lor. She is of a middle stature, dark-coloured hair, the most bewitching leer with her eyes, the most roguish cast! her cheeks are dimpled when she smiles, and her smiles would tempt an hermit.

Gom. [*aside*]. I am dead, I am buried, I am damned. —Go on, colonel: have you no other marks of her?

Lor. Thou hast all thy marks: but she has a husband, a jealous, covetous, old hunks: Speak! canst thou tell me news of her?

Gom. Yes; this news, colonel, that you have seen your last of her.

Lor. If thou help'st me not to the knowledge of her, thou art a circumcised Jew.

Gom. Circumcise me no more than I circumcise you, Colonel Hernando: Once more, you have seen your last of her.

Lor. [*aside*]. I am glad he knows me only by that name of Hernando, by which I went at Barcelona; now he can tell no tales of me to my father.—[*To him.*] Come, thou wert ever good-natured, when thou couldst get by it—Look here, rogue: 'tis of the right damning colour: Thou art not proof against gold, sure!—Do not I know thee for a covetous——

Gom. Jealous old hunks? those were the marks of your mistress's husband, as I remember, colonel.

Lor. Oh, the devil! What a rogue in understanding was I, not to find him out sooner! [*Aside.*

Gom. Do, do, look sillily, good colonel: 'tis a decent melancholy after an absolute defeat.

Lor. Faith, not for that, dear Gomez; but——

Gom. But—no pumping, my dear colonel.

Lor. Hang pumping! I was thinking a little upon a point of gratitude. We two have been long acquaintance; I know thy merits, and can make some interest; —Go to; thou wert born to authority; I'll make thee Alcaide, Mayor of Saragossa.

Gom. Satisfy yourself, you shall not make me what you think, colonel.

Lor. Faith, but I will, thou hast the face of a magistrate already.

Gom. And you would provide me with a magistrate's head to my magistrate's face; I thank you, colonel.

Lor. Come, thou art so suspicious upon an idle story! That woman I saw, I mean that little, crooked, ugly woman,—for t'other was a lie,—is no more thy wife,—As I'll go home with thee and satisfy thee immediately, my dear friend.

Gom. I shall not put you to that trouble; no, not so much as a single visit; not so much as an embassy by a civil old woman, nor a serenade of *twinkledum twinkledum* under my windows; nay, I will advise you, out of my tenderness to your person, that you walk not near yon corner-house by night; for, to my certain knowledge, there are blunderbusses planted in every loop hole, that go off constantly of their own accord, at the squeaking of a fiddle, and the thrumming of a guitar.

Lor. Art thou so obstinate? Then I denounce open war against thee; I'll demolish thy citadel by force; or, at least, I'll bring my whole regiment upon thee; my thousand red locusts, that shall devour thee in free quarters. Farewell, wrought nightcap. [*Exit* LORENZO

Gom. Farewell, Buff. Free quarters for a regiment of red-coat locusts? I hope to see them all in the Red Sea first! But oh, this Jezebel of mine! I'll get a

physician that shall prescribe her an ounce of camphire every morning, for her breakfast, to abate incontinency. She shall never peep abroad, no, not to church for confession; and, for never going, she shall be condemned for a heretic. She shall have stripes by Troy weight, and sustenance by drachms and scruples: Nay, I'll have a fasting almanac, printed on purpose for her use, in which

No Carnival nor Christmas shall appear,
But Lents and Ember-weeks shall fill the year. [*Exit.*



ACT II

SCENE I.—*The* Queen's *Antechamber*

Enter ALPHONSO *and* PEDRO.

ALPH. When saw you my Lorenzo?

Ped. I had a glimpse of him; but he shot by me,
Like a young hound upon a burning scent;
He's gone a harlot-hunting.

Alph. His foreign breeding might have taught him better.

Ped. 'Tis that has taught him this.
What learn our youth abroad, but to refine
The homely vices of their native land?
Give me an honest home-spun country clown
Of our own growth, his dulness is but plain,
But theirs embroidered; they are sent out fools,
But come back fops.

Alph. You know what reasons urged me;
But now, I have accomplished my designs,
I should be glad he knew them. His wild riots
Disturb my soul; but they would sit more close,
Did not the threatened downfall of our house,
In Torrismond, o'erwhelm my private ills.

Enter BERTRAN, *attended, and whispering with a* Courtier, *aside.*

Bert. I would not have her think, he dared to love her;
If he presume to own it, she's so proud,
He tempts his certain ruin.

Alph. [*to* PED.]. Mark how disdainfully he throws his eyes on us.
Our old imprisoned king wore no such looks.
Ped. Oh! would the general shake off his dotage
To the usurping queen,
And re-enthrone good venerable Sancho,
I'll undertake, should Bertran sound his trumpets,
And Torrismond but whistle through his fingers,
He draws his army off.
Alph. I told him so;
But had an answer louder than a storm.
Ped. Now, plague and pox on his smock-loyalty!
I hate to see a brave bold fellow sotted,
Made sour and senseless, turned to whey by love;
A drivelling hero, fit for a romance,—
Oh, here he comes! what will their greetings be?

Enter TORRISMOND, *attended*. BERTRAN *and he meet and jostle.*

Bert. Make way, my lords, and let the pageant pass.
Torr. I make my way, where'er I see my foe;
But you, my lord, are good at a retreat.
I have no Moors behind me.
Bert. Death and hell!
Dare to speak thus when you come out again.
Torr. Dare to provoke me thus, insulting man!

Enter TERESA.

Ter. My lords, you are too loud so near the queen;
You, Torrismond, have much offended her.
'Tis her command you instantly appear,
To answer your demeanour to the prince.
[*Exit* TERESA; BERTRAN, *with his company, follow her.*
Torr. O Pedro, O Alphonso, pity me!
A grove of pikes,

Whose polished steel from far severely shines,
Are not so dreadful as this beauteous queen.

Alph. Call up your courage timely to your aid,
And, like a lion, pressed upon the toils,
Leap on your hunters. Speak your actions boldly;
There is a time when modest virtue is
Allowed to praise itself.

Ped. Heart! you were hot enough, too hot, but now;
Your fury then boiled upward to a foam;
But since this message came, you sink and settle,
As if cold water had been poured upon you.

Torr. Alas! thou know'st not what it is to love!
When we behold an angel, not to fear,
Is to be impudent: No, I am resolved,
Like a led victim, to my death I'll go,
And, dying, bless the hand, that gave the blow.

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *draws and shows the* Queen *sitting in state;* BERTRAN *standing next to her; then* TERESA, *etc. She rises, and comes to the front.*

Leo. [*to Bert.*]. I blame not you, my lord; my father's will,
Your own deserts, and all my people's voice,
Have placed you in the view of sovereign power.
But I would learn the cause, why Torrismond,
Within my palace-walls, within my hearing,
Almost within my sight, —affronts a prince,
Who shortly shall command him.

Bert. He thinks you owe him more than you can pay;
And looks as he were lord of humankind.

Enter TORRISMOND, ALPHONSO, PEDRO. TORRISMOND *bows low, then looks earnestly on the* Queen, *and keeps at distance.*

Ter. Madam, the general.——

Leo. Let me view him well.
My father sent him early to the frontiers;
I have not often seen him; if I did,
He passed unmarked by my unheeding eyes:—
But where's the fierceness, the disdainful pride,
The haughty port, the fiery arrogance?—
By all these marks, this is not, sure, the man.
Bert. Yet this is he, who filled your court with tumult,
Whose fierce demeanour, and whose insolence,
The patience of a god could not support.
Leo. Name his offence, my lord, and he shall have
Immediate punishment.
Bert. 'Tis of so high a nature, should I speak it,
That my presumption then would equal his.
Leo. Some one among you speak.
Ped. Now my tongue itches. [*Aside.*
Leo. All dumb! On your allegiance, Torrismond,
By all your hopes, I do command you, speak.
Torr. [*kneeling*]. Oh, seek not to convince me of a crime,
Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon;
Or, if you needs will know it, think, oh think,
That he who, thus commanded, dares to speak,
Unless commanded, would have died in silence.
But you adjured me, madam, by my hopes!
Hopes I have none, for I am all despair;
Friends I have none, for friendship follows favour;
Desert I've none, for what I did was duty:—
O that it were!—that it were duty all!
Leo. Why do you pause? Proceed.
Torr. As one, condemned to leap a precipice,
Who sees before his eyes the depth below,
Stops short, and looks about for some kind shrub
To break his dreadful fall,—so I——
But whither am I going? If to death,
He looks so lovely sweet in beauty's pomp,

He draws me to his dart.——I dare no more.

Bert. He's mad, beyond the cure of hellebore.
Whips, darkness, dungeons, for this insolence.

Torr. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear.

Leo. You're both too bold.——You, Torrismond, withdraw,
I'll teach you all what's owing to your queen.—
For you, my lord,—
The priest to-morrow was to join our hands;
I'll try if I can live a day without you.——
So both of you depart, and live in peace.

Alph. Who knows which way she points?
Doubling and turning like an hunted hare;—
Find out the meaning of her mind who can.

Ped. Who ever found a woman's? backward and forward, the whole sex in every word. In my conscience, when she was getting, her mother was thinking of a riddle.

[*Exeunt all but the* Queen *and* TERESA.

Leo. Haste, my Teresa, haste, and call him back.

Ter. Whom, madam?

Leo. Him.

Ter. Prince Bertran?

Leo. Torrismond;
There is no other he.

Ter. [*aside*]. A rising sun,
Or I am much deceived. [*Exit* TERESA.

Leo. A change so swift what heart did ever feel!
It rushed upon me like a mighty stream,
And bore me, in a moment, far from shore.
I've loved away myself; in one short hour
Already am I gone an age of passion.
Was it his youth, his valour, or success?
These might, perhaps, be found in other men:
'Twas that respect, that awful homage paid me;
That fearful love, which trembled in his eyes,
And with a silent earthquake shook his soul.

But, when he spoke, what tender words he said!
So softly, that, like flakes of feathered snow,
They melted as they fell.——

Enter TERESA *with* TORRISMOND.

Ter. He waits your pleasure.

Leo. 'Tis well; retire.—O heavens, that I must speak
So distant from my heart!—— [*Aside.*
[*To* TORR.] How now! What boldness brings you back again?

Torr. I heard 'twas your command.

Leo. A fond mistake,
To credit so unlikely a command;
And you return, full of the same presumption,
To affront me with your love!

Torr. If 'tis presumption, for a wretch condemned,
To throw himself beneath his judge's feet:
A boldness more than this I never knew;
Or, if I did, 'twas only to your foes.

Leo. You would insinuate your past services,
And those, I grant, were great; but you confess
A fault committed since, that cancels all.

Torr. And who could dare to disavow his crime,
When that, for which he is accused and seized,
He bears about him still! My eyes confess it;
My every action speaks my heart aloud:
But, O the madness of my high attempt
Speaks louder yet! and all together cry,—
I love and I despair.

Leo. Have you not heard,
My father, with his dying voice, bequeathed
My crown and me to Bertran? And dare you,
A private man, presume to love a queen?

Torr. That, that's the wound! I see you set so high,
As no desert or services can reach.—
Good heavens, why gave you me a monarch's soul,
And crusted it with base plebeian clay?

Why gave you me desires of such extent,
And such a span to grasp them? Sure, my lot
By some o'erhasty angel was misplaced
In fate's eternal volume!——But I rave,
And, like a giddy bird in dead of night,
Fly round the fire that scorches me to death.

Leo. Yet, Torrismond, you've not so ill deserved,
But I may give you counsel for your cure.

Torr. I cannot, nay, I wish not to be cured.

Leo. [*aside*]. Nor I, heaven knows!

Torr. There is a pleasure, sure,
In being mad, which none but madmen know.
Let me indulge it; let me gaze for ever!
And, since you are too great to be beloved.
Be greater, greater yet, and be adored.

Leo. These are the words which I must only hear
From Bertran's mouth; they should displease from you:
I say they should; but women are so vain,
To like the love, though they despise the lover.
Yet, that I may not send you from my sight
In absolute despair,—I pity you.

Torr. Am I then pitied! I have lived enough!—
Death, take me in this moment of my joy;
But, when my soul is plunged in long oblivion,
Spare this one thought! let me remember pity,
And, so deceived, think all my life was blessed.

Leo. What if I add a little to my alms?
If that would help, I could cast in a tear
To your misfortunes.

Torr. A tear! You have o'erbid all my past sufferings,
And all my future too!

Leo. Were I no queen—
Or you of royal blood——

Torr. What have I lost by my forefathers' fault!
Why was not I the twentieth by descent

From a long restive race of droning kings?
Love? what a poor omnipotence hast thou,
When gold and titles buy thee?

Leo. [*sighs*]. Oh, my torture!——

Torr. Might I presume,—but oh, I dare not hope
That sigh was added to your alms for me!

Leo. I give you leave to guess, and not forbid you
To make the best construction for your love:
Be secret and discreet; these fairy favours
Are lost, when not concealed.—Provoke not Bertran.—
Retire: I must no more but this,—Hope, Torrismond.
[*Exit.*

Torr. She bids me hope; O heavens, she pities me!
And pity still foreruns approaching love,
As lightning does the thunder! Tune your harps,
Ye angels, to that sound; and thou, my heart,
Make room to entertain thy flowing joy.
Hence, all my griefs and every anxious care;
One word, and one kind glance, can cure despair.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber. A Table and Wine set out.*

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. This may hit; 'tis more than barely possible; for friars have free admittance into every house. This jacobin, whom I have sent to, is her confessor; and who can suspect a man of such reverence for a pimp? I'll try for once; I'll bribe him high; for commonly none love money better than they who have made a vow of poverty.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a huge, fat, religious gentleman coming

up, sir. He says he's but a friar, but he's big enough to be a pope; his gills are as rosy as a turkey cock; his great belly walks in state before him, like an harbinger, and his gouty legs come limping after it: Never was such a tun of devotion seen.

Lor. Bring him in, and vanish. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter Father DOMINIC.

Lor. Welcome, father.

Dom Peace be here: I thought I had been sent for to a dying man; to have fitted him for another world.

Lor. No, faith, father, I was never for taking such long journeys. Repose yourself, I beseech you, sir, if those spindle legs of yours will carry you to the next chair.

Dom. I am old, I am infirm, I must confess, with fasting.

Lor. 'Tis a sign, by your wan complexion, and your thin jowls, father. Come, to our better acquaintance: —here's a sovereign remedy for old age and sorrow.

[*Drinks.*

Dom. The looks of it are indeed alluring: I'll do you reason. [*Drinks.*

Lor. Is it to your palate, father?

Dom. Second thoughts, they say, are best: I'll consider of it once again. [*Drinks.*] It has a most delicious flavour with it. Gad forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your health, son; I am not used to be so unmannerly. [*Drinks again.*

Lor. No, I'll be sworn, by what I see of you, you are not:——To the bottom;—I warrant him a true churchman.—Now, father, to our business: 'tis agreeable to your calling; I intend to do an act of charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of charity; 'tis a comfortable subject.

Lor. Being in the late battle, in great hazard of my life, I recommended my person to good Saint Dominic.

Dom. You could not have pitched upon a better; he's a sure card; I never knew him fail his votaries.

Lor. Troth, I also made bold to strike up a bargain with him, that if I escaped with life and plunder, I would present some brother of his order with part of the booty taken from the infidels, to be employed in charitable uses.

Dom. There you hit him; Saint Dominic loves charity exceedingly; that argument never fails with him.

Lor. The spoils were mighty; and I scorn to wrong him of a farthing. To make short my story, I inquired among the jacobins for an almoner, and the general fame has pointed out your reverence as the worthiest man:—here are fifty good pieces in this purse.

Dom. How, fifty pieces? 'tis too much, too much, in conscience.

Lor. Here, take them, father.

Dom. No, in troth, I dare not; do not tempt me to break my vow of poverty.

Lor. If you are modest, I must force you; for I am strongest.

Dom. Nay, if you compel me, there's no contending; but, will you set your strength against a decrepit, poor old man? [*Takes the Purse.*] As I said, 'tis too great a bounty; but Saint Dominic shall owe you another scape: I'll put him in mind of you.

Lor. If you please, father, we will not trouble him till the next battle. But you may do me a greater kindness, by conveying my prayers to a female saint.

Dom. A female saint! good now, good now, how your devotions jump with mine! I always loved the female saints.

Lor. I mean, a female, mortal, married-woman-saint: Look upon the superscription of this note; you know Don Gomez's wife. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Dom. Who? Donna Elvira? I think I have some reason; I am her ghostly father.

Lor. I have some business of importance with her, which I have communicated in this paper; but her husband is so horribly given to be jealous——

Dom. Ho, jealous? he's the very quintessence of jealousy! he keeps no male creature in his house; and from abroad he lets no man come near her.

Lor. Excepting you, father.

Dom. Me, I grant you; I am her director and her guide in spiritual affairs: but he has his humours with me too; for t'other day he called me false apostle.

Lor. Did he so? that reflects upon you all; on my word, father, that touches your copy-hold. If you would do a meritorious action, you might revenge the church's quarrel.—My letter, father——

Dom. Well, so far as a letter, I will take upon me; for what can I refuse to a man so charitably given?

Lor. If you bring an answer back, that purse in your hand has a twin-brother, as like him as ever he can look; there are fifty pieces lie dormant in it, for more charities.

Dom. That must not be; not a farthing more, upon my priesthood.—But what may be the purport and meaning of this letter? that, I confess, a little troubles me.

Lor. No harm, I warrant you.

Dom. Well, you are a charitable man; and I'll take your word: my comfort is, I know not the contents, and so far I am blameless. But an answer you shall have; though not for the sake of your fifty pieces more: I have sworn not to take them; they shall not be altogether fifty. Your mistress — forgive me, that I should call her your mistress, I meant Elvira—lives but at next door: I'll visit her immediately; but not a word more of the nine-and-forty pieces.

Lor. Nay, I'll wait on you down stairs.—Fifty pounds for the postage of a letter! to send by the church is certainly the dearest road in Christendom. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Chamber*

Enter GOMEZ *and* ELVIRA.

Gom. Henceforth I banish flesh and wine: I'll have none stirring within these walls these twelve months.

Elv. I care not, the sooner I am starved, the sooner I am rid of wedlock. I shall learn the knack to fast o' days; you have used me to fasting nights already.

Gom. How the gipsy answers me! Oh, 'tis a most notorious hilding.

Elv. [*crying*]. But was ever poor innocent creature so hardly dealt with, for a little harmless chat?

Gom. O the impudence of this wicked sex! Lascivious dialogues are innocent with you!

Elv. Was it such a crime to inquire how the battle passed?

Gom. But that was not the business, gentlewoman: you were not asking news of a battle passed; you were engaging for a skirmish that was to come.

Elv. honest woman would be glad to hear that her honour was safe, and her enemies were slain.

Gom. [*in her tone*]. And to ask, if he were wounded in your defence; and, in case he were, to offer yourself to be his chirurgeon;—then, you did not describe your husband to him, for a covetous, jealous, rich, old hunks.

Elv. No, I need not; he describes himself sufficiently: but, in what dream did I do this?

Gom. You walked in your sleep, with your eyes broad open, at noon of day; and dreamt you were talking to the foresaid purpose with one Colonel Hernando——

Elv Who, dear husband, who?

Gom. What the devil have I said?—You would have further information, would you?

Elv. No; but my dear little old man, tell me now, that I may avoid him for your sake.

Gom. Get you up into your chamber, cockatrice; and there immure yourself, be confined, I say, during our royal pleasure. But, first, down on your marrowbones, upon your allegiance, and make an acknowledgment of your offences; for I will have ample satisfaction.

[*Pulls her down.*

Elv. I have done you no injury, and therefore I'll make you no submission: but I'll complain to my ghostly father.

Gom Ay, there's your remedy, when you receive condign punishment, you run with open mouth to your confessor; that parcel of holy guts and garbage: he must chuckle you and moan you; but I'll rid my hands of his ghostly authority one day,—[*Enter* DOMINIC]—and make him know he's the son of a——[*Sees him.*] So;——no sooner conjure, but the devil's in the circle.

Dom. Son of a what, Don Gomez?

Gom. Why, a son of a church: I hope there's no harm in that, father?

Dom. I will lay up your words for you, till time shall serve; and to-morrow I enjoin you to fast, for penance.

Gom. There's no harm in that, she shall fast too. fasting saves money. [*Aside.*

Dom. [*to* ELV.] What was the reason that I found you upon your knees, in that unseemly posture?

Gom O horrible! to find a woman upon her knees, he says, is an unseemly posture; there's a priest for you! [*Aside.*

Elv. [*to* DOM] I wish, father, you would give me an opportunity of entertaining you in private: I have somewhat upon my spirits that presses me exceedingly.

Dom. This goes well. [*Aside*]—Gomez, stand you at a distance,—farther yet,—stand out of earshot;—I have somewhat to say to your wife in private.

Gom. Was ever man thus priest ridden? would the steeple of his church were in his belly: I am sure there's room for it. [*Aside.*

Elv. I am ashamed to acknowledge my infirmities; but you have been always an indulgent father, and therefore I will venture to—and yet I dare not!——

Dom. Nay, if you are bashful;—if you keep your wound from the knowledge of your surgeon——

Elv. You know my husband is a man in years; but he's my husband, and therefore I shall be silent; but his humours are more intolerable than his age: he's grown so froward, so covetous, and so jealous, that he has turned my heart quite from him; and, if I durst confess it, has forced me to cast my affections on another man.

Dom. Good:—hold, hold; I meant abominable.—— Pray heaven this be my colonel! [*Aside.*

Elv. I have seen this man, father, and have encouraged his addresses; he's a young gentleman, a soldier, of a most winning carriage: and what his courtship may produce at last, I know not; but I am afraid of my own frailty.

Dom. 'Tis he, for certain;—she has saved the credit of my function, by speaking first; now must I take gravity upon me. [*Aside.*

Gom. This whispering bodes me no good, for certain; but he has me so plaguily under the lash that I dare not interrupt him. [*Aside*

Dom. Daughter, daughter, do you remember your matrimonial vow?

Elv. Yes, to my sorrow, father, I do remember it; a miserable woman it has made me: but you know, father, a marriage-vow is but a thing of course, which all women take when they would get a husband.

Dom. A vow is a very solemn thing; and 'tis good to keep it: but, notwithstanding, it may be broken upon some occasions. Have you striven with all your might against this frailty?

Elv. Yes, I have striven; but I found it was against the stream. Love, you know, father, is a great vow-maker; but he's a greater vow-breaker.

Dom. 'Tis your duty to strive always; but, notwithstanding, when we have done our utmost, it extenuates the sin.

Gom. I can no longer.——Now, gentlewoman, you are confessing your enormities; I know it, by that hypocritical downcast look:—enjoin her to sit bare upon a bed of nettles, father; you can do no less, in conscience.

Dom. Hold your peace; are you growing malapert? will you force me to make use of my authority? your wife's a well disposed and virtuous lady; I say it, *In verbo sacerdotis.*

Elv. I know not what to do, father; I find myself in a most desperate condition; and so is the colonel, for love of me.

Dom. The colonel, say you! I wish it be not the same young gentleman I know. 'Tis a gallant young man, I must confess, worthy of any lady's love in Christendom,—in a lawful way, I mean: of such a charming behaviour, so bewitching to a woman's eye, and, furthermore, so charitably given; by all good tokens, this must be my Colonel Hernando.

Elv. Ay, and my colonel too, father:—I am overjoyed!—and are you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him! why, he haunts me up and down; and, I am afraid, it is for love of you; for he pressed a letter upon me, within this hour, to deliver to you. I confess I received it, lest he should send it by some other; but with full resolution never to put it into your hands.

Elv. O dear father, let me have it, or I shall die!

Gom. Whispering still! A pox of your close committee! I'll listen, I'm resolved. [*Steals nearer.*

Dom. Nay, if you are obstinately bent to see it, use your discretion; but, for my part, I wash my hands of it.—What makes you listening there? Get farther off; I preach not to thee, thou wicked eavesdropper.

Elv. I'll kneel down, father, as if I were taking absolution, if you'll but please to stand before me.

Dom. At your peril be it, then. I have told you the ill consequences; *et liberavi animam meam.* Your reputation is in danger, to say nothing of your soul. Notwithstanding, when the spiritual means have been applied, and fail, in that case the carnal may be used. You are a tender child, you are, and must not be put into despair; your heart is as soft and melting as your hand.

[*He strokes her face, takes her by the hand, and gives the letter.*

Gom. Hold, hold, father, you go beyond your commission; palming is always held foul play amongst gamesters.

Dom. Thus good intentions are misconstrued by wicked men; you will never be warned till you are excommunicate.

Gom. Ah, devil on him; there's his hold! If there were no more in excommunication than the church's censure, a wise man would lick his conscience whole with a wet finger; but, if I am excommunicate, I am outlawed, and there is no calling in my money. [*Aside.*

Elv. [*rising*]. I have read the note, father, and will send him an answer immediately; for I know his lodgings by his letter.

Dom. I understand it not, for my part; but I wish your intentions be honest. Remember, that adultery, though it be a silent sin, yet it is a crying sin also. Nevertheless, if you believe absolutely he will die, unless you pity him; to save a man's life is a point of charity; and actions of charity do alleviate, as I may say, and take off from the mortality of the sin. Farewell, daughter.—Gomez, cherish your virtuous wife; and thereupon I give you my benediction. [*Going.*

Gom. Stay; I'll conduct you to the door,—that I may

be sure you steal nothing by the way. Friars wear not their long sleeves for nothing.—Oh, 'tis a Judas Iscariot.

[*Exit after the* Friar.

Elv. This friar is a comfortable man! He will understand nothing of the business, and yet does it all.

Pray, wives and virgins, at your time of need,
For a true guide, of my good father's breed. [*Exit.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Street*

Enter LORENZO *in a Friar's Habit, meeting* DOMINIC.

LOR. Father Dominic, father Dominic; why in such haste, man?

Dom. It should seem, a brother of our order.

Lor. No, faith, I am only your brother in iniquity; my holiness, like yours, is mere outside.

Dom. What! my noble colonel in metamorphosis! On what occasion are you transformed?

Lor. Love, almighty love; that, which turned Jupiter into a town-bull, has transformed me into a friar. I have had a letter from Elvira, in answer to that I sent by you.

Dom. You see I have delivered my message faithfully; I am a friar of honour, where I am engaged.

Lor. Oh, I understand your hint; the other fifty pieces are ready to be condemned to charity.

Dom. But this habit, son! this habit!

Lor. It is a habit, that, in all ages, has been friendly to fornication: you have begun the design in this clothing, and I'll try to accomplish it. The husband is absent, that evil counsellor is removed, and the sovereign is graciously disposed to hear my grievances.

Dom. Go to, go to; I find good counsel is but thrown away upon you. Fare you well, fare you well, son! Ah——

Lor. How! will you turn recreant at the last cast? You must along to countenance my undertaking: we are at the door, man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't, and I will not go.

Lor. You may stay, father, but no fifty pounds without it; that was only promised in the bond: "But the condition of this obligation is such, that if the above-named father, father Dominic, do not well and faithfully perform "——

Dom. Now I better think on't, I will bear you company; for the reverence of my person may be a curb to your exorbitances.

Lor. Lead up your myrmidon, and enter. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE II.—ELVIRA's *Chamber.*

Enter ELVIRA.

Elv. He'll come, that's certain; young appetites are sharp, and seldom need twice bidding to such a banquet. Well, if I prove frail,—as I hope I shall not till I have compassed my design,—never woman had such a husband to provoke her, such a lover to allure her, or such a confessor to absolve her. Of what am I afraid, then? Not my conscience, that's safe enough; my ghostly father has given it a dose of church-opium, to lull it. Well, for soothing sin, I'll say that for him, he's a chaplain for any court in Christendom.

Enter LORENZO *and* DOMINIC.

O father Dominic, what news?—How, a companion with you! What game have you in hand, that you hunt in couples?

Lor. [*lifting up his hood*]. I'll show you that immediately.

Elv. O my love!

Lor. My life!

Elv. My soul! [*They embrace.*

Dom. I am taken on the sudden with a grievous swimming in my head, and such a mist before my eyes, that I can neither hear nor see.

Elv. Stay, and I'll fetch you some comfortable water.

Dom. No, no; nothing but the open air will do me good. I'll take a turn in your garden; but remember that I trust you both, and do not wrong my good opinion of you. [*Exit* DOMINIC.

Elv. This is certainly the dust of gold which you have thrown in the good man's eyes, that on the sudden he cannot see; for my mind misgives me, this sickness of his is but apocryphal.

Lor. 'Tis no qualm of conscience, I'll be sworn. You see, madam, it is interest governs all the world. He preaches against sin; why? because he gets by it: He holds his tongue; why? because so much more is bidden for his silence.

Elv. And so much for the friar.

Lor. Oh, those eyes of yours reproach me justly, that I neglect the subject which brought me hither.

Elv. Do you consider the hazard I have run to see you here? if you do, methinks it should inform you, that I love not at a common rate.

Lor. Nay, if you talk of considering, let us consider why we are alone. Do you think the friar left us together to tell beads? Love is a kind of penurious god, very niggardly of his opportunities: he must be watched like a hard-hearted treasurer; for he bolts out on the sudden, and, if you take him not in the nick, he vanishes in a twinkling.

Elv. Why do you make such haste to have done loving me? You men are all like watches, wound up for striking twelve immediately; but after you are satisfied, the very next that follows, is the solitary sound of a single—one!

Lor. How, madam! do you invite me to a feast, and then preach abstinence?

Elv. No, I invite you to a feast where the dishes are served up in order: you are for making a hasty meal, and for chopping up your entertainment, like a hungry clown. Trust my management, good colonel, and call not for your dessert too soon: believe me, that which comes last, as it is the sweetest, so it cloys the soonest.

Lor. I perceive, madam, by your holding me at this distance, that there is somewhat you expect from me: what am I to undertake, or suffer, ere I can be happy?

Elv. I must first be satisfied, that you love me.

Lor. By all that's holy! by these dear eyes!——

Elv. Spare your oaths and protestations, I know you gallants of the time have a mint at your tongue's end to coin them.

Lor. You know you cannot marry me; but, by heavens, if you were in a condition——

Elv. Then you would not be so prodigal of your promises, but have the fear of matrimony before your eyes. In a few words, if you love me, as you profess, deliver me from this bondage, take me out of Egypt, and I'll wander with you as far as earth, and seas, and love, can carry us.

Lor. I never was out[1] at a mad frolic, though this is the maddest I ever undertook. Have with you, lady mine; I take you at your word; and if you are for a merry jaunt, I'll try for once who can foot it farthest. There are hedges in summer, and barns in winter, to be found; I with my knapsack, and you with your bottle at your back; we will leave honour to madmen, and riches to knaves; and travel till we come to the ridge of the world, and then drop together into the next.

Elv. Give me your hand, and strike a bargain.

[*He takes her hand, and kisses it.*

Lor. In sign and token whereof, the parties interchangeably, and so forth.—When should I be weary of sealing upon this soft wax?

[1] *I.e.* "not in the vein."

Elv. O heavens! I hear my husband's voice.

Enter GOMEZ.

Gom. Where are you, gentlewoman? there's something in the wind, I'm sure, because your woman would have run up stairs before me; but I have secured her below, with a gag in her chaps.—Now, in the devil's name, what makes this friar here again? I do not like these frequent conjunctions of the flesh and spirit; they are boding.

Elv. Go hence, good father; my husband, you see, is in an ill humour, and I would not have you witness of his folly. [LORENZO *going.*

Gom. [*running to the door*]. By your reverence's favour, hold a little; I must examine you something better, before you go.—Heyday! who have we here? Father Dominic is shrunk in the wetting two yards and a half about the belly. What are become of those two timber logs, that he used to wear for legs, that stood strutting like the two black posts before a door? I am afraid some bad body has been setting him over a fire in a great cauldron, and boiled him down half the quantity, for a recipe. This is no father Dominic, no huge overgrown abbey-lubber; this is but a diminutive sucking friar. As sure as a gun, now, father Dominic has been spawning this young slender antichrist.

Elv. He will be found, there's no prevention. [*Aside.*

Gom. Why does he not speak? What! is the friar possessed with a dumb devil? if he be, I shall make bold to conjure him.

Elv. He is but a novice in his order, and is enjoined silence for a penance.

Gom. A novice, quotha! you would make a novice of me too, if you could. But what was his business here? answer me that, gentlewoman, answer me that.

Elv. What should it be, but to give me some spiritual instructions.

Gom. Very good; and you are like to edify much from a dumb preacher. This will not pass, I must examine the contents of him a little closer. O thou confessor, confess who thou art, or thou art no friar of this world!—[*He comes to* LORENZO, *who struggles with him. his habit flies open, and discovers a sword;* GOMEZ *starts back.*]—As I live, this is a manifest member of the church militant.

Lor. [*aside*]. I am discovered; now, impudence be my refuge.—Yes, faith, 'tis I, honest Gomez; thou seest I use thee like a friend; this is a familiar visit.

Gom. What! Colonel Hernando turned a friar! who could have suspected you of so much godliness?

Lor. Even as thou seest, I make bold here.

Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding; but I do not wonder at your visit, after so friendly an invitation as I made you. Marry, I hope you will excuse the blunderbusses for not being in readiness to salute you; but let me know your hour, and all shall be mended another time.

Lor. Hang it, I hate such ripping up of old unkindness: I was upon the frolic this evening, and came to visit thee in masquerade.

Gom. Very likely; and not finding me at home, you were forced to toy away an hour with my wife, or so.

Lor. Right; thou speak'st my very soul.

Gom. Why, am not I a friend, then, to help thee out? you would have been fumbling half an hour for this excuse. But, as I remember, you promised to storm my citadel, and bring your regiment of red locusts upon me for free quarters: I find, colonel, by your habit, there are black locusts in the world, as well as red.

Elv. When comes my share of the reckoning to be called for? [*Aside.*

Lor. Give me thy hand; thou art the honestest, kind man!—I was resolved I would not out of thy house till I had seen thee.

Gom No, in my conscience, if I had stayed abroad till midnight. But, colonel, you and I shall talk in another tone hereafter; I mean, in cold friendship, at a bar before a judge, by the way of plaintiff and defendant. Your excuses want some grains to make them current: Hum, and ha, will not do the business.—There's a modest lady of your acquaintance, she has so much grace to make none at all, but silently to confess the power of dame Nature working in her body to youthful appetite.

Elv. How he got in I know not, unless it were by virtue of his habit.

Gom. Ay, ay, the virtues of that habit are known abundantly.

Elv. I could not hinder his entrance, for he took me unprovided.

Gom. To resist him.

Elv. I'm sure he has not been here above a quarter of an hour.

Gom. And a quarter of that time would have served the turn. O thou epitome of thy virtuous sex! Madam Messalina the second, retire to thy apartment: I have an assignation there to make with thee.

Elv. I am all obedience. [*Exit* ELVIRA.

Lor. I find, Gomez, you are not the man I thought you. We may meet before we come to the bar, we may; and our differences may be decided by other weapons than by lawyers' tongues. In the meantime, no ill treatment of your wife, as you hope to die a natural death, and go to hell on your bed. Bilbo is the word, remember that, and tremble.—— [*He's going out.*

Enter DOMINIC.

Dom. Where is this naughty couple? where are you, in the name of goodness? My mind misgave me, and I durst trust you no longer with yourselves: Here will be fine work, I'm afraid, at your next confession.

Lor. [*aside*]. The devil is punctual, I see; he has paid me the shame he owed me; and now the friar is coming in for his part too.

Dom. [*seeing* GOM.]. Bless my eyes! what do I see?

Gom. Why, you see a cuckold of this honest gentleman's making; I thank him for his pains.

Dom. I confess, I am astonished!

Gom. What, at a cuckoldom of your own contrivance! your head-piece, and his limbs, have done my business. Nay, do not look so strangely; remember your own words,—Here will be fine work at your next confession. What naughty couple were they whom you durst not trust together any longer?—when the hypocritical rogue had trusted them a full quarter of an hour;—and, by the way, horns will sprout in less time than mushrooms.

Dom. Beware how you accuse one of my order upon light suspicions. The naughty couple that I meant, were your wife and you, whom I left together with great animosities on both sides. Now, that was the occasion, mark me, Gomez,—that I thought it convenient to return again, and not to trust your enraged spirits too long together. You might have broken out into revilings and matrimonial warfare, which are sins; and new sins make work for new confessions.

Lor. Well said, i'faith, friar; thou art come off thyself, but poor I am left in limbo. [*Aside.*

Gom. Angle in some other ford, good father, you shall catch no gudgeons here. Look upon the prisoner at the bar, friar, and inform the court what you know concerning him; he is arraigned here by the name of Colonel Hernando.

Dom. What colonel do you mean, Gomez? I see no man but a reverend brother of our order, whose profession I honour, but whose person I know not, as I hope for paradise.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him, the

more's the pity; you do not know him, under this disguise, for the greatest cuckold-maker in all Spain.

Dom. O impudence! O rogue! O villain! Nay, if he be such a man, my righteous spirit rises at him! Does he put on holy garments, for a cover-shame of lewdness?

Gom. Yes, and he's in the right on't, father: when a swinging sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it so close as a friar's hood; for there the devil plays at bo-peep,—puts out his horns to do a mischief, and then shrinks them back for safety, like a snail into her shell.

Lor. It's best marching off, while I can retreat with honour There's no trusting this friar's conscience; he has renounced me already more heartily than e'er he did the devil, and is in a fair way to prosecute me for putting on these holy robes. This is the old church-trick; the clergy is ever at the bottom of the plot, but they are wise enough to slip their own necks out of the collar, and leave the laity to be fairly hanged for it.

[*Aside and exit.*

Gom. Follow your leader, friar; your colonel is trooped off, but he had not gone so easily, if I durst have trusted you in the house behind me. Gather up your gouty legs, I say, and rid my house of that huge body of divinity.

Dom. I expect some judgment should fall upon you, for your want of reverence to your spiritual director: Slander, covetousness, and jealousy will weigh thee down.

Gom. Put pride, hypocrisy, and gluttony into your scale, father, and you shall weigh against me: Nay, an' sins come to be divided once, the clergy puts in for nine parts, and scarce leaves the laity a tithe.

Dom. How dar'st thou reproach the tribe of Levi?

Gom. Marry, because you make us laymen of the tribe of Issachar. You make asses of us, to bear your burthens. When we are young, you put panniers upon us with your church-discipline; and when we are grown up, you load us with a wife: after that, you procure for

other men, and then you load our wives too. A fine phrase you have amongst you to draw us into marriage, you call it—settling of a man; just as when a fellow has got a sound knock upon the head, they say—he's settled: Marriage is a settling blow indeed. They say everything in the world is good for something; as a toad to suck up the venom of the earth; but I never knew what a friar was good for, till your pimping showed me.

Dom. Thou shalt answer for this, thou slanderer; thy offences be upon thy head.

Gom. I believe there are some offences there of your planting. [*Exit* DOMINIC.] Lord, Lord, that men should have sense enough to set snares in their warrens to catch polecats and foxes, and yet—

Want wit a priest-trap at their door to lay,
For holy vermin that in houses prey. [*Exit* GOMEZ.

SCENE III.—*A Bedchamber.*

LEONORA *and* TERESA.

Ter. You are not what you were, since yesterday;
Your food forsakes you, and your needful rest;
You pine, you languish, love to be alone;
Think much, speak little, and, in speaking, sigh:
When you see Torrismond, you are unquiet,
But, when you see him not, you are in pain.

Leo. O let them never love who never tried!
They brought a paper to me to be signed;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my name,
And writ, for Leonora, Torrismond.
I went to bed, and to myself I thought
That I would think on Torrismond no more;
Then shut my eyes, but could not shut out him.

I turned, and tried each corner of my bed,
To find if sleep were there, but sleep was lost,
Fev'rish, for want of rest, I rose, and walked,
And, by the moonshine, to the windows went;
There, thinking to exclude him from my thoughts,
I cast my eyes upon the neighbouring fields,
And, ere I was aware, sighed to myself,—
There fought my Torrismond.

Ter. What hinders you to take the man you love?
The people will be glad, the soldiers shout,
And Bertran, though repining, will be awed.

Leo. I fear to try new love,
As boys to venture on the unknown ice,
That crackles underneath them while they slide.
Oh, how shall I describe this growing ill!
Betwixt my doubt and love, methinks I stand
Altering, like one that waits an ague fit;
And yet, would this were all!

Ter. What fear you more?

Leo. I am ashamed to say, 'tis but a fancy.
At break of day, when dreams, they say, are true,
A drowsy slumber, rather than a sleep,
Seized on my senses, with long watching worn:
Methought I stood on a wide river's bank,
Which I must needs o'erpass, but knew not how;
When, on a sudden, Torrismond appeared,
Gave me his hand, and led me lightly o'er,
Leaping and bounding on the billows' heads,
Till safely we had reached the farther shore.

Ter. This dream portends some ill which you shall scape.
Would you see fairer visions, take this night
Your Torrismond within your arms to sleep;
And, to that end, invent some apt pretence,
To break with Bertran: 'twould be better yet,
Could you provoke him to give you the occasion,
And then, to throw him off.

Enter BERTRAN *at a distance.*

Leo. My stars have sent him;
For, see, he comes. How gloomily he looks!
If he, as I suspect, have found my love,
His jealousy will furnish him with fury,
And me with means, to part.
Bert. [*aside*]. Shall I upbraid her? Shall I call her false?
If she be false, 'tis what she most desires.
My genius whispers me,—be cautious, Bertran!
Thou walkest as on a narrow mountain's neck,
A dreadful height, with scanty room to tread.
Leo. What business have you at the court, my lord?
Bert. What business, madam?
Leo. Yes, my lord, what business?
'Tis somewhat, sure, of weighty consequence,
That brings you here so often, and unsent for.
Bert. 'Tis what I feared; her words are cold enough,
To freeze a man to death. [*Aside*].——May I presume
To speak, and to complain?
Leo. They, who complain to princes, think them tame:
What bull dares bellow, or what sheep dares bleat
Within the lion's den?
Bert. Yet men are suffered to put Heaven in mind
Of promised blessings; for they then are debts.
Leo. My lord, Heaven knows its own time when to give;
But you, it seems, charge me with breach of faith!
Bert. I hope I need not, madam;
But as, when men in sickness lingering lie,
They count the tedious hours by months and years,—
So, every day deferred, to dying lovers,
Is a whole age of pain!
Leo. What if I ne'er consent to make you mine?
My father's promise ties me not to time;
And bonds without a date, they say, are void.

Bert. Far be it from me to believe you bound;
Love is the freest motion of our minds:
Oh, could you see into my secret soul,
There might you read your own dominion doubled,
Both as a queen and mistress. If you leave me,
Know I can die, but dare not be displeased.

Leo. Sure you affect stupidity, my lord;
Or give me cause to think, that, when you lost
Three battles to the Moors, you coldly stood
As unconcerned as now.

Bert. I did my best:
Fate was not in my power.

Leo. And, with the like tame gravity, you saw
A raw young warrior take your baffled work,
And end it at a blow.

Bert. I humbly take my leave; but they, who blast
Your good opinion of me, may have cause
To know, I am no coward. [*He is going.*

Leo. Bertran, stay.
[*Aside*]. This may produce some dismal consequence
To him, whom dearer than my life I love.
[*To him*]. Have I not managed my contrivance well,
To try your love, and make you doubt of mine?

Bert. Then, was it but a trial?
Methinks I start as from some dreadful dream,
And often ask myself if yet I wake.——
This turn's too quick to be without design;
I'll sound the bottom of't, ere I believe. [*Aside.*

Leo. I find your love, and would reward it too,
But anxious fears solicit my weak breast.
I fear my people's faith;
That hot-mouthed beast, that bears against the curb,
Hard to be broken even by lawful kings,
But harder by usurpers.
Judge then, my lord, with all these cares opprest,
If I can think of love.

Bert. Believe me, madam,

These jealousies, however large they spread,
Have but one root, the old imprisoned king;
Whose lenity first pleased the gaping crowd;
But when long tried, and found supinely good,
Like Æsop's Log, they leapt upon his back.
Your father knew them well; and when he mounted,
He reined them strongly, and he spurred them hard:
And, but he durst not do it all at once,
He had not left alive this patient saint,
This anvil of affronts, but sent him hence
To hold a peaceful branch of palm above,
And hymn it in a choir.

Leo. You've hit upon the very string, which touched,
Echoes the sound, and jars within my soul;—
There lies my grief.

Bert. So long as there's a head,
Thither will all the mounting spirits fly;
Lop that but off, and then——

Leo. My virtue shrinks from such a horrid act

Bert. This 'tis to have a virtue out of season.
Mercy is good, a very good dull virtue;
But kings mistake its timing, and are mild,
When manly courage bids them be severe:
Better be cruel once, than anxious ever.
Remove this threatening danger from your crown
And then securely take the man you love.

Leo. [*walking aside*]. Ha! let me think of that:—
The man I love?
'Tis true, this murder is the only means
That can secure my throne to Torrismond:
Nay, more, this execution, done by Bertran,
Makes him the object of the people's hate.

Bert. The more she thinks, 'twill work the stronger in her. [*Aside.*

Leo. How eloquent is mischief to persuade!
Few are so wicked, as to take delight
In crimes unprofitable, nor do I:

If then I break divine and human laws,
No bribe but love could gain so bad a cause. [*Aside.*
Bert. You answer nothing.
Leo. 'Tis of deep concernment,
And I a woman, ignorant and weak:
I leave it all to you; think, what you do,
You do for him I love.
Bert. For him she loves?
She named not me; that may be Torrismond,
Whom she has thrice in private seen this day;
Then I am fairly caught in my own snare.
I'll think again. [*Aside.*]—Madam, it shall be done,
And mine be all the blame. [*Exit.*
Leo. O that it were! I would not do this crime,
And yet, like heaven, permit it to be done.
The priesthood grossly cheat us with free-will·
Will to do what—but what heaven first decreed?
Our actions then are neither good nor ill,
Since from eternal causes they proceed;
Our passions,—fear and anger, love and hate,—
Mere senseless engines that are moved by fate;
Like ships on stormy seas, without a guide,
Tossed by the winds, and driven by the tide.

Enter TORRISMOND.

Torr. Am I not rudely bold, and press too often
Into your presence, madam? If I am——
Leo. No more, lest I should chide you for your stay:
Where have you been? and how could you suppose,
That I could live these two long hours without you?
Torr. O words, to charm an angel from his orb!
Welcome, as kindly showers to long-parched earth!
But I have been in such a dismal place,
Where joy ne'er enters, which the sun ne'er cheers,
Bound in with darkness, overspread with damps;
Where I have seen (if I could say I saw)
The good old king, majestic in his bonds,

And, 'midst his griefs, most venerably great:
By a dim winking lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy vapours, he lay stretched along
Upon the unwholesome earth, his eyes fixed upward;
And ever and anon a silent tear
Stole down, and trickled from his hoary beard.

Leo. O heaven, what have I done!—my gentle love,
Here end thy sad discourse, and, for my sake,
Cast off these fearful melancholy thoughts.

Torr. My heart is withered at that piteous sight,
As early blossoms are with eastern blasts:
He sent for me, and, while I raised his head,
He threw his aged arms about my neck;
And, seeing that I wept, he pressed me close:
So, leaning cheek to cheek, and eyes to eyes,
We mingled tears in a dumb scene of sorrow.

Leo. Forbear; you know not how you wound my soul.

Torr. Can you have grief, and not have pity too?
He told me,—when my father did return,
He had a wond'rous secret to disclose:
He kissed me, blessed me, nay—he called me son;
He praised my courage; prayed for my success:
He was so true a father of his country,
To thank me for defending even his foes,
Because they were his subjects.

Leo. If they be,—then what am I?

Torr. The sovereign of my soul, my earthly heaven.

Leo. And not your queen?

Torr. You are so beautiful,
So wond'rous fair, you justify rebellion;
As if that faultless face could make no sin,
But heaven, with looking on it, must forgive.

Leo. The king must die,—he must, my Torrismond,
Though pity softly plead within my soul;
Yet he must die, that I may make you great,
And give a crown in dowry with my love.

Torr. Perish that crown—on any head but yours!

Oh, recollect your thoughts!
Shake not his hour-glass, when his hasty sand
Is ebbing to the last:
A little longer, yet a little longer,
And nature drops him down, without your sin;
Like mellow fruit, without a winter storm.

Leo. Let me but do this one injustice more.
His doom is past: and, for your sake, he dies.

Torr. Would you, for me, have done so ill an act,
And will not do a good one!
Now, by your joys on earth, your hopes in heaven,
Oh, spare this great, this good, this aged king;
And spare your soul the crime!

Leo. The crime's not mine;
'Twas first proposed, and must be done, by Bertran,
Fed with false hopes to gain my crown and me;
I, to enhance his ruin, gave no leave,
But barely bade him think, and then resolve.

Torr. In not forbidding, you command the crime:
Think, timely think, on the last dreadful day,
How will you tremble, there to stand exposed,
And foremost, in the rank of guilty ghosts,
That must be doomed for murder! think on murder:
That troop is placed apart from common crimes;
The damned themselves start wide, and shun that band,
As far more black, and more forlorn than they.

Leo. 'Tis terrible! it shakes, it staggers me;
I knew this truth, but I repelled that thought.
Sure there is none, but fears a future state;
And, when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues.

Enter TERESA.

Send speedily to Bertran; charge him strictly
Not to proceed, but wait my further pleasure.

Ter. Madam, he sends to tell you, 'tis performed.

[*Exit.*

Torr. Ten thousand plagues consume him! furies drag him,
Fiends tear him! blasted be the arm that struck,
The tongue that ordered!—only she be spared,
That hindered not the deed! Oh, where was then
The power that guards the sacred lives of kings?
Why slept the lightning and the thunderbolts,
Or bent their idle rage on fields and trees,
When vengeance called them here?

Leo. Sleep that thought too;
'Tis done, and since 'tis done, 'tis past recall;
And, since 'tis past recall, must be forgotten.

Torr. Oh, never, never shall it be forgotten!
High heaven will not forget it; after-ages
Shall with a fearful curse remember ours;
And blood shall never leave the nation more!

Leo. His body shall be royally interred,
And the last funeral-pomps adorn his hearse;
I will myself (as I have cause too just),
Be the chief mourner at his obsequies;
And yearly fix on the revolving day
The solemn marks of mourning, to atone
And expiate my offence.

Torr. Nothing can,
But bloody vengeance on that traitor's head,—
Which, dear departed spirit, here I vow.

Leo. Here end our sorrows, and begin our joys:
Love calls, my Torrismond; though hate has raged,
And ruled the day, yet love will rule the night.
The spiteful stars have shed their venom down,
And now the peaceful planets take their turn.
This deed of Bertran's has removed all fears,
And given me just occasion to refuse him.
What hinders now, but that the holy priest
In secret join our mutual vows? and then
This night, this happy night, is yours and mine.

Torr. Be still my sorrows, and be loud my joys.

Fly to the utmost circles of the sea,
Thou furious tempest, that hast tossed my mind,
And leave no thought, but Leonora there.—
What's this I feel, a boding in my soul,
As if this day were fatal? be it so;
Fate shall but have the leavings of my love:
My joys are gloomy, but withal are great.
The lion, though he sees the toils are set,
Yet, pinched with raging hunger, scours away,
Hunts in the face of danger all the day;
At night, with sullen pleasure, grumbles o'er his prey.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Before* GOMEZ's *Door.*

Enter LORENZO, DOMINIC, *and two* Soldiers *at a distance.*

DOM. I'll not wag an ace further: the whole world shall not bribe me to it; for my conscience will digest these gross enormities no longer.

Lor. How, thy conscience not digest them! There is ne'er a friar in Spain can show a conscience that comes near it for digestion. It digested pimping, when I sent thee with my letter; and it digested perjury, when thou swor'st thou didst not know me: I am sure it has digested me fifty pounds, of as hard gold as is in all Barbary. Pr'ythee, why shouldst thou discourage fornication, when thou knowest thou lovest a sweet young girl?

Dom. Away, away; I do not love them;—faugh; no—[*Spits*].—I do not love a pretty girl——you are so waggish!—— [*Spits again.*

Lor. Why, thy mouth waters at the very mention of them.

Dom. You take a mighty pleasure in defamation, colonel; but I wonder what you find in running restless up and down, breaking your brains, emptying your purse, and wearing out your body with hunting after unlawful game.

Lor. Why, there's the satisfaction on't.

Dom. This incontinency may proceed to adultery,

and adultery to murder, and murder to hanging; and there's the satisfaction on't.

Lor. I'll not hang alone, friar: I'm resolved to peach thee before thy superiors, for what thou hast done already.

Dom. I'm resolved to forswear it, if you do. Let me advise you better, colonel, than to accuse a churchman to a churchman; in the common cause we are all of a piece; we hang together.

Lor. If you don't, it were no matter if you did.

[*Aside.*

Dom. Nay, if you talk of peaching, I'll peach first, and see whose oath will be believed; I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my honesty, and bribe my conscience: you shall be summoned by a host of paritors; you shall be sentenced in the spiritual court; you shall be excommunicated; you shall be outlawed; ——and——

[*Here* LORENZO *takes a purse, and plays with it, and at last lets the purse fall chinking on the ground, which the* Friar *eyes.*

[*In another tone*]. I say, a man might do this now, if he were maliciously disposed, and had a mind to bring matters to extremity: but, considering that you are my friend, a person of honour, and a worthy good charitable man, I would rather die a thousand deaths than disoblige you.

[LORENZO *takes up the purse, and pours it into the* Friar's *sleeve.*

Nay, good sir;—nay, dear colonel;—O Lord, sir, what are you doing now! I profess this must not be: without this I would have served you to the uttermost; pray, command me.—A jealous, foul-mouthed rogue this Gomez is; I saw how he used you, and you marked how he used me too. Oh, he's a bitter man; but we'll join our forces; ah, shall we, colonel? we'll be revenged on him with a witness.

Lor. But how shall I send her word to be ready at the door? for I must reveal it in confession to you, that I mean to carry her away this evening, by the help of these two soldiers. I know Gomez suspects you, and you will hardly gain admittance.

Dom. Let me alone; I fear him not. I am armed with the authority of my clothing: yonder I see him keeping sentry at his door:—have you never seen a citizen, in a cold morning, clapping his sides, and walking forward and backward a mighty pace before his shop? but I'll gain the pass, in spite of his suspicion; stand you aside, and do but mark how I accost him.

Lor. If he meet with a repulse, we must throw off the fox's skin, and put on the lion's.—Come, gentlemen, you'll stand by me?

Sol. Do not doubt us, colonel.

[*They retire all three to a corner of the stage;* DOMINIC *goes to the door where* GOMEZ *stands.*

Dom. Good even, Gomez; how does your wife?

Gom. Just as you'd have her; thinking on nothing but her dear colonel, and conspiring cuckoldom against me.

Dom. I dare say, you wrong her; she is employing her thoughts how to cure you of your jealousy.

Gom. Yes, by certainty.

Dom. By your leave, Gomez; I have some spiritual advice to impart to her on that subject.

Gom. You may spare your instructions, if you please, father; she has no farther need of them.

Dom. How, no need of them! do you speak in riddles?

Gom. Since you will have me speak plainer,—she has profited so well already by your counsel, that she can say her lesson without your teaching: Do you understand me now?

Dom. I must not neglect my duty, for all that; once again, Gomez, by your leave.

Gom. She's a little indisposed at present, and it will not be convenient to disturb her.

[DOMINIC *offers to go by him, but the other stands before him.*

Dom. Indisposed, say you? Oh, it is upon those occasions that a confessor is most necessary; I think it was my good angel that sent me hither so opportunely.

Gom. Ay, whose good angels[1] sent you hither, that you best know, father.

Dom. A word or two of devotion will do her no harm, I'm sure.

Gom. A little sleep will do her more good, I'm sure: You know, she disburthened her conscience but this morning to you.

Dom. But, if she be ill this afternoon, she may have new occasion to confess.

Gom. Indeed, as you order matters with the colonel, she may have occasion of confessing herself every hour.

Dom. Pray, how long has she been sick?

Gom. Lord, you will force a man to speak;—why, ever since your last defeat.

Dom. This can be but some slight indisposition, it will not last, and I may see her.

Gom. How, not last! I say, it will last, and it shall last; she shall be sick these seven or eight days, and perhaps longer, as I see occasion. What? I know the mind of her sickness a little better than you do.

Dom. I find, then, I must bring a doctor.

Gom. And he'll bring an apothecary, with a chargeable long bill of *ana's:* those of my family have the grace to die cheaper. In a word, Sir Dominic, we understand one another's business here: I am resolved to stand like the Swiss of my own family, to defend the entrance; you may mumble over your *pater nosters*, if you please,

[1] The common play on the "coin" meaning.

and try if you can make my doors fly open, and batter down my walls with bell, book, and candle; but I am not of opinion that you are holy enough to commit miracles.

Dom. Men of my order are not to be treated after this manner.

Gom. I would treat the Pope and all his cardinals in the same manner, if they offered to see my wife without my leave.

Dom I excommunicate thee from the church, if thou dost not open; there's promulgation coming out.

Gom. And I excommunicate you from my wife, if you go to that: there's promulgation for promulgation, and bull for bull; and so I leave you to recreate yourself with the end of an old song——*And sorrow came to the old friar.* [*Exit.*

LORENZO *comes to him.*

Lor. I will not ask you your success; for I overheard part of it, and saw the conclusion. I find we are now put upon our last trump; the fox is earthed, but I shall send my two terriers in after him.

Sold. I warrant you, colonel, we'll unkennel him.

Lor. And make what haste you can, to bring out the lady.—What say you, father? Burglary is but a venial sin among soldiers.

Dom. I shall absolve them, because he is an enemy of the church.—There is a proverb, I confess, which says, that dead men tell no tales; but let your soldiers apply it at their own perils.

Lor. What, take away a man's wife, and kill him too? The wickedness of this old villain startles me, and gives me a twinge for my own sin, though it comes far short of his.—Hark you, soldiers, be sure you use as little violence to him as is possible.

Dom. Hold a little; I have thought better how to secure him, with less danger to us.

Lor. O miracle, the friar is grown conscientious!

Dom. The old king, you know, is just murdered, and the persons that did it are unknown; let the soldiers seize him for one of the assassinates,[1] and let me alone to accuse him afterwards.

Lor. I cry thee mercy with all my heart, for suspecting a friar of the least good nature; what, would you accuse him wrongfully?

Dom. I must confess, 'tis wrongful, *quoad hoc*, as to the fact itself; but 'tis rightful, *quoad hunc*, as to this heretical rogue, whom we must despatch. He has railed against the church, which is a fouler crime than the murder of a thousand kings. *Omne majus continet in se minus:* He, that is an enemy to the church, is an enemy unto heaven; and he, that is an enemy to heaven would have killed the king if he had been in the circumstances of doing it; so it is not wrongful to accuse him.

Lor. I never knew a churchman, if he were personally offended, but he would bring in heaven by hook or crook into his quarrel.—Soldiers, do as you were first ordered.

[*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Dom. What was't you ordered them? Are you sure it's safe, and not scandalous?

Lor. Somewhat near your own design, but not altogether so mischievous. The people are infinitely discontented, as they have reason; and mutinies there are, or will be, against the queen: now I am content to put him thus far into the plot, that he should be secured as a traitor; but he shall only be a prisoner at the soldiers' quarters; and when I am out of reach, he shall be released.

Dom. And what will become of me then? for when he is free, he will infallibly accuse me.

Lor. Why then, father, you must have recourse to your infallible church-remedies; lie impudently, and

[1] "Assassins" not "assassinated persons."

swear devoutly, and, as you told me but now, let him try whose oath will be first believed. Retire, I hear them coming. [*They withdraw.*

Enter the Soldiers, *with* GOMEZ *struggling on their backs.*

Gom. Help, good Christians! help, neighbours! my house is broken open by force, and I am ravished, and like to be assassinated!—What do you mean, villains? will you carry me away, like a pedlar's pack, upon your backs? will you murder a man in plain daylight?

1 *Soldier.* No: but we'll secure you for a traitor, and for being in a plot against the State

Gom. Who, I in a plot! O Lord! O Lord! I never durst be in a plot: Why, how can you in conscience suspect a rich citizen of so much wit as to make a plotter? There are none but poor rogues, and those that can't live without it, that are in plots.

2 *Soldier.* Away with him, away with him.

Gom. O my gold! my wife! my wife! my gold! As I hope to be saved now, I know no more of the plot than they that made it.

[*They carry him off, and exeunt.*

Lor. Thus far have we sailed with a merry gale, and now we have the Cape of Good Hope in sight; the trade-wind is our own, if we can but double it. [*He looks out.—Aside*]. Ah, my father and Pedro stand at the corner of the street with company; there's no stirring till they are past.

Enter ELVIRA *with a casket.*

Elv. Am I come at last into your arms?

Lor. Fear nothing; the adventure's ended, and the knight may carry off the lady safely.

Elv. I'm so overjoyed, I can scarce believe I am at liberty; but stand panting, like a bird that has often beaten her wings in vain against her cage, and at last dares hardly venture out, though she sees it open.

Dom. Lose no time, but make haste while the way is free for you; and thereupon I give you my benediction.

Lor. 'Tis not so free as you suppose; for there's an old gentleman of my acquaintance, that blocks up the passage at the corner of the street.

Dom. What have you gotten there under your arm, daughter? somewhat, I hope, that will bear your charges in your pilgrimage.

Lor. The friar has a hawk's eye to gold and jewels.

Elv. Here's that will make you dance without a fiddle, and provide better entertainment for us, than hedges in summer, and barns in winter. Here's the very heart, and soul, and life-blood of Gomez; pawns in abundance, old gold of widows, and new gold of prodigals, and pearls and diamonds of court ladies, till the next bribe helps their husbands to redeem them.

Dom. They are the spoils of the wicked, and the church endows you with them.

Lor. And, faith, we'll drink the church's health out of them. But all this while I stand on thorns. Pr'ythee, dear, look out, and see if the coast be free for our escape; for I dare not peep, for fear of being known.

[ELVIRA *goes to look, and* GOMEZ *comes running in upon her. She shrieks out.*

Gom. Thanks to my stars, I have recovered my own territories.—What do I see? I'm ruined! I'm undone! I'm betrayed!

Dom. [*aside*]. What a hopeful enterprise is here spoiled!

Gom. O colonel, are you there?—and you, friar? nay then I find how the world goes.

Lor. Cheer up, man, thou art out of jeopardy; I heard thee crying out just now, and came running in full speed, with the wings of an eagle, and the feet of a tiger, to thy rescue.

Gom. Ay, you are always at hand to do me a courtesy,

with your eagle's feet, and your tiger's wings.—And what were you here for, friar?

Dom. To interpose my spiritual authority in your behalf.

Gom. And why did you shriek out, gentlewoman?

Elv 'Twas for joy at your return.

Gom. And that casket under your arm, for what end and purpose?

Elv. Only to preserve it from the thieves.

Gom. And you came running out of doors——

Elv. Only to meet you, sweet husband.

Gom. A fine evidence summed up among you; thank you heartily, you are all my friends. The colonel was walking by accidentally, and hearing my voice, came in to save me; the friar, who was hobbling the same way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the colonel, I warrant you, he comes in to pray for me; and my faithful wife runs out of doors to meet me, with all my jewels under her arm, and shrieks out for joy at my return. But if my father-in-law had not met your soldiers, colonel, and delivered me in the nick, I should neither have found a friend nor a friar here, and might have shrieked out for joy myself, for the loss of my jewels and my wife.

Dom. Art thou an infidel? Wilt thou not believe us?

Gom. Such churchmen as you would make any man an infidel.—Get you into your kennel, gentlewoman; I shall thank you within-doors for your safe custody of my jewels and your own.

[*He thrusts his wife off the stage.*

As for you, Colonel Huffcap, we shall try before a civil magistrate, who's the greater plotter of us two, I against the State, or you against the petticoat.

Lor. Nay, if you will complain, you shall for something. [*Beats him.*

Gom. Murder, murder! I give up the ghost! I am destroyed! help, murder, murder!

Dom. Away, colonel; let us fly for our lives: the neighbours are coming out with forks, and fire-shovels, and spits, and other domestic weapons; the militia of a whole alley is raised against us.

Lor. This is but the interest of my debt, master usurer; the principal shall be paid you at our next meeting.

Dom. Ah, if your soldiers had but despatched him, his tongue had been laid asleep, colonel; but this comes of not following good counsel; ah——

[*Exeunt* LORENZO *and* Friar *severally.*

Gom. I'll be revenged of him, if I dare; but he's such a terrible fellow, that my mind misgives me; I shall tremble when I have him before the judge. All my misfortunes come together. I have been robbed, and cuckolded, and ravished, and beaten in one quarter of an hour; my poor limbs smart, and my poor head aches: ay, do, do, smart limb, ache head, and sprout horns; but I'll be hanged before I'll pity you:—you must needs be married, must ye? there's for that—[*Beats his own head*]—and to a fine young, modish lady must ye? there's for that too; and, at threescore, you old, doting cuckold! take that remembrance;——a fine time of day for a man to be bound prentice, when he is past using of his trade; to set up an equipage of noise, when he has most need of quiet; instead of her being under covert-baron,[1] to be under covert-feme myself; to have my body disabled, and my head fortified; and lastly, to be crowded into a narrow box with a shrill treble,

That with one blast through the whole house does bound,
And first taught speaking-trumpets how to sound.

[*Exit.*

[1] The legal term for a married woman.

SCENE II.—*The Court.*

Enter RAYMOND, ALPHONSO, *and* PEDRO.

Raym. Are these, are these, ye powers, the promised joys,
With which I flattered my long, tedious absence,
To find, at my return, my master murdered?
O that I could but weep, to vent my passion!
But this dry sorrow burns up all my tears.
Alph. Mourn inward, brother; 'tis observed at court
Who weeps, and who wears black; and your return
Will fix all eyes on every act of yours,
To see how you resent King Sancho's death.
Raym. What generous man can live with that constraint
Upon his soul, to bear, much less to flatter,
A court like this! Can I soothe tyranny?
Seem pleased to see my royal master murdered,
His crown usurped, a distaff in the throne,
A council made of such as dare not speak,
And could not, if they durst; whence honest men
Banish themselves, for shame of being there:
A government, that, knowing not true wisdom,
Is scorned abroad, and lives on tricks at home?
Alph. Virtue must be thrown off; 'tis a coarse garment,
Too heavy for the sunshine of a court.
Raym. Well then, I will dissemble, for an end
So great, so pious, as a just revenge:
You'll join with me?
Alph. No honest man but must.
Ped. What title has this queen, but lawless force?
And force must pull her down.
Alph. Truth is, I pity Leonora's case;
Forced, for her safety, to commit a crime,
Which most her soul abhors.

Raym. All she has done, or e'er can do, of good,
This one black deed has damned.
Ped. You'll hardly gain your son to our design.
Raym. Your reason for't?
Ped. I want time to unriddle it:
Put on your t'other face, the queen approaches.

Enter LEONORA, BERTRAN, *and* Attendants

Raym. And that accursed Bertran
Stalks close behind her, like a witch's fiend,
Pressing to be employed; stand, and observe them.
Leo. [*to* BERT.]. Buried in private, and so suddenly!
It crosses my design, which was to allow
The rites of funeral fitting his degree,
With all the pomp of mourning.
Bert. It was not safe
Objects of pity, when the cause is new,
Would work too fiercely on the giddy crowd:
Had Cæsar's body never been exposed,
Brutus had gained his cause.
Leo. Then, was he loved?
Bert Oh, never man so much, for saint-like goodness.
Ped. Had bad men feared him, but as good men loved him,
He had not yet been sainted. [*Aside.*
Leo. I wonder how the people bear his death.
Bert. Some discontents there are, some idle murmurs.
Ped. How, idle murmurs! Let me plainly speak.
The doors are all shut up; the wealthier sort,
With arms across, and hats upon their eyes,
Walk to and fro before their silent shops;
Whole droves of lenders crowd the bankers' doors,
To call in money; those who have none mark
Where money goes; for when they rise, 'tis plunder:
The rabble gather round the man of news,
And listen with their mouths;

Some tell, some hear, some judge of news, some make it;
And he, who lies most loud, is most believed.
Leo This may be dangerous.
Raym. Pray heaven it may! [*Aside.*
Bert. If one of you must fall,
Self-preservation is the first of laws,
And if, when subjects are oppressed by kings,
They justify rebellion by that law,
As well may monarchs turn the edge of right
To cut for them, when self-defence requires it.
Leo You place such arbitrary power in kings,
That I much fear, if I should make you one,
You'll make yourself a tyrant; let these know
By what authority you did this act.
Bert. You much surprise me, to demand that question:
But, since truth must be told, 'twas by your own.
Leo. Produce it, or, by heaven, your head shall answer
The forfeit of your tongue.
Raym. Brave mischief towards [*Aside.*
Bert You bade me.
Leo. When, and where?
Bert. No, I confess, you bade me not in words,
The dial spoke not, but it made shrewd signs,
And pointed full upon the stroke of murder.
Yet this you said,
You were a woman, ignorant and weak,
So left it to my care.
Leo. What, if I said,
I was a woman, ignorant and weak,
Were you to take the advantage of my sex,
And play the devil to tempt me? You contrived,
You urged, you drove me headlong to your toils;
And if, much tired, and frighted more, I paused,
Were you to make my doubts your own commission?
Whi*Bert* This tis, to serve a prince too faithfully;

Who, free from laws himself, will have that done,
Which, not performed, brings us to sure disgrace;
And, if performed, to ruin.

Leo. This 'tis, to counsel things that are unjust;
First, to debauch a king to break his laws,
Which are his safety, and then seek protection
From him you have endangered; but, just heaven,
When sins are judged, will damn the tempting devil
More deep than those he tempted.

Bert. If princes not protect their ministers,
What man will dare to serve them?

Leo. None will dare
To serve them ill when they are left to laws;
But, when a counsellor, to save himself,
Would lay miscarriages upon his prince,
Exposing him to public rage and hate;
Oh, 'tis an act as infamously base,
As, should a common soldier skulk behind,
And thrust his general in the front of war:
It shows, he only served himself before,
And had no sense of honour, country, king,
But centred on himself, and used his master
As guardians do their wards, with shows of care,
But with intent to sell the public safety,
And pocket up his prince.

Ped. Well said, i'faith;
This speech is e'en too good for an usurper. [*Aside.*

Bert. I see for whom I must be sacrificed;
And, had I not been sotted with my zeal,
I might have found it sooner.

Leo. From my sight!
The prince who bears an insolence like this
Is such an image of the powers above
As is the statue of the thundering god,
Whose bolts the boys may play with.

Bert. Unrevenged
I will not fall, nor single. [*Exit.*

Leo. Welcome, welcome!

[*To* RAYMOND, *who kisses her hand.*

I saw you not before: One honest lord
Is hid with ease among a crowd of courtiers.
How can I be too grateful to the father
Of such a son as Torrismond?

Raym. His actions were but duty.

Leo. Yet, my lord,
All have not paid that debt, like noble Torrismond,
You hear, how Bertran brands me with a crime,
Of which, your son can witness, I am free.
I sent to stop the murder, but too late,
For crimes are swift, but penitence is slow:
The bloody Bertran, diligent in ill,
Flew to prevent the soft returns of pity.

Raym. O cursed haste, of making sure of sin!—
Can you forgive the traitor?

Leo. Never, never:
'Tis written here in characters so deep,
That seven years hence, (till then should I not meet him,)
And in the temple then, I'll drag him thence,
Even from the holy altar to the block.

Raym. She's fired, as I would wish her, aid me, Justice, [*Aside.*
As all my ends are thine, to gain this point,
And ruin both at once.—It wounds, indeed, [*To her.*
To bear affronts too great to be forgiven,
And not have power to punish; yet one way
There is to ruin Bertran.

Leo. Oh, there's none;
Except an host from heaven can make such haste
To save my crown as he will do to seize it.
You saw, he came surrounded with his friends,
And knew, besides, our army was removed
To quarters too remote for sudden use.

Raym. Yet you may give commission

To some bold man, whose loyalty you trust,
And let him raise the train-bands of the city.
Leo. Gross feeders, lion-talkers, lamb-like fighters.
Raym. You do not know the virtues of your city,
What pushing force they have; some popular chief,
More noisy than the rest, but cries Halloo,
And, in a trice, the bellowing herd come out;
The gates are barred, the ways are barricadoed,
And *One and all*'s the word; true cocks o' the game,
That never ask for what or whom they fight,
But turn them out, and show them but a foe,
Cry—*Liberty!* and that's a cause of quarrel.
Leo. There may be danger in that boisterous rout:
Who knows, when fires are kindled for my foes,
But some new blast of wind may turn those flames
Against my palace-walls?
Raym. But still their chief
Must be some one, whose loyalty you trust.
Leo. And who more proper for that trust than you,
Whose interests, though unknown to you, are mine?
Alphonso, Pedro, haste to raise the rabble;
He shall appear to head them.
Raym. [*aside to* ALPH *and* PED.]. First seize Bertran,
And then insinuate to them, that I bring
Their lawful prince to place upon the throne.
Alph. Our lawful prince!
Raym. Fear not, I can produce him
Ped. [*to* ALPH.]. Now we want your son Lorenzo
what a mighty faction
Would he make for us of the city-wives,
With,—O dear husband, my sweet honey husband,
Won't you be for the colonel? if you love me,
Be for the colonel; oh, he's the finest man!
[*Exeunt* ALPHONSO *and* PEDRO.
Raym. So, now we have a plot behind the plot.
She thinks, she's in the depth of my design,
And that 'tis all for her; but time shall show,

She only lives to help me ruin others,
And last, to fall herself. [*Aside.*
Leo. Now, to you, Raymond: can you guess no reason
Why I repose such confidence in you?
You needs must think,
There's some more powerful cause than loyalty:
Will you not speak, to save a lady's blush?
Need I inform you, 'tis for Torrismond,
That all this grace is shown?
Raym. By all the powers, worse, worse than what I feared! [*Aside.*
Leo. And yet, what need I blush at such a choice?
I love a man whom I am proud to love,
And am well pleased my inclination gives
What gratitude would force. Oh, pardon me,
I ne'er was covetous of wealth before;
Yet think so vast a treasure as your son,
Too great for any private man's possession,
And him too rich a jewel, to be set
In vulgar metal, or for vulgar use.
Raym. Arm me with patience, heaven!
Leo. How, patience, Raymond?
What exercise of patience have you here?
What find you in my crown to be contemned;
Or in my person loathed? Have I, a queen,
Passed by my fellow-rulers of the world,
Whose vying crowns lay glittering in my way,
As if the world were paved with diadems?
Have I refused their blood, to mix with yours,
And raise new kings from so obscure a race,
Fate scarce knew where to find them, when I called?
Have I heaped on my person, crown, and state,
To load the scale, and weighed myself with earth,
For you to spurn the balance?
Raym. Bate the last, and 'tis what I would say:
Can I, can any loyal subject, see

With patience, such a stoop from sovereignty,
An ocean poured upon a narrow brook?
My zeal for you must lay the father by,
And plead my country's cause against my son.
What though his heart be great, his actions gallant,
He wants a crown to poise against a crown,
Birth to match birth, and power to balance power.

Leo. All these I have, and these I can bestow;
But he brings worth and virtue to my bed;
And virtue is the wealth which tyrants want:
I stand in need of one, whose glories may
Redeem my crimes, ally me to his fame,
Dispel the factions of my foes on earth,
Disarm the justice of the powers above.

Raym. The people never will endure this choice.

Leo. If I endure it, what imports it you?
Go, raise the ministers of my revenge,
Guide with your breath this whirling tempest round,
And see its fury fall where I design.
At last a time for just revenge is given;
Revenge, the darling attribute of heaven:
But man, unlike his Maker, bears too long;
Still more exposed, the more he pardons wrong;
Great in forgiving, and in suffering brave;
To be a saint, he makes himself a slave. [*Exit* Queen.

Raym. [*solus*]. Marriage with Torrismond! it must not be,
By heaven, it must not be! or, if it be,
Law, justice, honour, bid farewell to earth,
For heaven leaves all to tyrants.

Enter TORRISMOND, *who kneels to him.*

Torr. O ever welcome, sir!
But doubly now! You come in such a time,
As if propitious fortune took a care,
To swell my tide of joys to their full height,
And leave me nothing further to desire.

Raym. I hope, I come in time, if not to make,
At least to save your fortune and your honour.
Take heed you steer your vessel right, my son;
This calm of heaven, this mermaid's melody,
Into an unseen whirlpool draws you fast,
And, in a moment, sinks you.

Torr. Fortune cannot,
And fate can scarce; I've made the port already,
And laugh securely at the lazy storm,
That wanted wings to reach me in the deep.
Your pardon, sir; my duty calls me hence;
I go to find my queen, my earthly goddess,
To whom I owe my hopes, my life, my love.

Raym. You owe her more, perhaps, than you imagine;
Stay, I command you stay, and hear me first.
This hour's the very crisis of your fate,
Your good or ill, your infamy or fame,
And all the colour of your life, depends
On this important now.

Torr. I see no danger;
The city, army, court, espouse my cause,
And, more than all, the queen, with public favour,
Indulges my pretensions to her love.

Raym. Nay, if possessing her can make you happy,
'Tis granted, nothing hinders your design.

Torr. If she can make me blest? she only can;
Empire, and wealth, and all she brings beside,
Are but the train and trappings of her love:
The sweetest, kindest, truest of her sex,
In whose possessions years roll round on years,
And joys, in circles, meet new joys again;
Kisses, embraces, languishing, and death,
Still from each other to each other move,
To crown the various seasons of our love;
And doubt you if such love can make me happy?

Raym. Yes; for, I think, you love your honour more.

Torr. And what can shock my honour in a queen?

Raym. A tyrant, an usurper?
Torr. Grant she be;
When from the conqueror we hold our lives,
We yield ourselves his subjects from that hour;
For mutual benefits make mutual ties.
Raym. Why, can you think I owe a thief my life,
Because he took it not by lawless force?
What, if he did not all the ill he could?
Am I obliged by that to assist his rapines,
And to maintain his murders?
Torr. Not to maintain, but bear them unrevenged.
Kings' titles commonly begin by force,
Which time wears off, and mellows into right;
So power, which, in one age, is tyranny,
Is ripened, in the next, to true succession.
She's in possession.
Raym. So diseases are.
Should not a lingering fever be removed,
Because it long has raged within my blood?
Do I rebel, when I would thrust it out?
What, shall I think the world was made for one,
And men are born for kings, as beasts for men,
Not for protection, but to be devoured?
Mark those who dote on arbitrary power,
And you shall find them either hot-brained youth,
Or needy bankrupts, servile in their greatness,
And slaves to some, to lord it o'er the rest
O baseness, to support a tyrant throne,
And crush your freeborn brethren of the world!
Nay, to become a part of usurpation;
To espouse the tyrant's person and her crimes,
And, on a tyrant, get a race of tyrants,
To be your country's curse in after ages.
Torr. I see no crime in her whom I adore,
Or, if I do, her beauty makes it none:
Look on me as a man abandoned o'er
To an eternal lethargy of love;

To pull, and pinch, and wound me, cannot cure,
And but disturb the quiet of my death.

Raym. O virtue, virtue! what art thou become,
That man should leave thee for that toy, a woman,
Made from the dross and refuse of a man!
Heaven took him sleeping, when he made her too;
Had man been waking, he had ne'er consented.
Now, son, suppose
Some brave conspiracy were ready formed,
To punish tyrants, and redeem the land,
Could you so far belie your country's hope,
As not to head the party?

Torr. How could my hand rebel against my heart?

Raym. How could your heart rebel against your reason?

Torr. No honour bids me fight against myself;
The royal family is all extinct,
And she, who reigns, bestows her crown on me!
So must I be ungrateful to the living,
To be but vainly pious to the dead,
While you defraud your offspring of their fate.

Raym. Mark who defraud their offspring, you or I!
For know, there yet survives the lawful heir
Of Sancho's blood, whom when I shall produce,
I rest assured to see you pale with fear,
And trembling at his name.

Torr. He must be more than man, who makes me tremble.
I dare him to the field, with all the odds
Of justice on his side, against my tyrant:
Produce your lawful prince, and you shall see
How brave a rebel love has made your son.

Raym. Read that; 'tis with the royal signet signed,
And given me, by the king, when time should serve,
To be perused by you.

Torr. [reads]. *I, the King.*
My youngest and alone surviving son,
Reported dead, to escape rebellious rage,

Till happier times shall call his courage forth,
To break my fetters, or revenge my fate,
I will that Raymond educate as his,
And call him Torrismond——
If I am he, that son, that Torrismond,
The world contains not so forlorn a wretch!
Let never man believe he can be happy!
For, when I thought my fortune most secure,
One fatal moment tears me from my joys;
And when two hearts were joined by mutual love.
The sword of justice cuts upon the knot,
And severs them for ever.

Raym. True, it must.

Torr. O cruel man, to tell me that it must!
If you have any pity in your breast,
Redeem me from this labyrinth of fate,
And plunge me in my first obscurity.
The secret is alone between us two;
And though you would not hide me from myself,
Oh, yet be kind, conceal me from the world,
And be my father still!

Raym. Your lot's too glorious, and the proof's too plain.
Now, in the name of honour, sir, I beg you,—
Since I must use authority no more,—
On these old knees, I beg you, ere I die,
That I may see your father's death revenged.

Torr. Why, 'tis the only business of my life,
My order's issued to recall the army,
And Bertran's death's resolved.

Raym. And not the queen's? Oh, she's the chief offender!
Shall justice turn her edge within your hand?
No, if she scape, you are yourself the tyrant,
And murderer of your father.

Torr. Cruel fates!
To what have you reserved me?

Raym. Why that sigh?

Torr. Since you must know,—but break, oh break, my heart,
Before I tell my fatal story out!—
The usurper of my throne, my house's ruin,
The murderer of my father,—is my wife!

Raym. O horror, horror!—After this alliance.
Let tigers match with hinds, and wolves with sheep,
And every creature couple with his foe.
How vainly man designs, when heaven opposes!
I bred you up to arms, raised you to power,
Permitted you to fight for this usurper,
Indeed to save a crown, not hers, but yours,
All to make sure the vengeance of this day,
Which even this day has ruined. One more question
Let me but ask, and I have done for ever;—
Do you yet love the cause of all your woes,
Or is she grown, as sure she ought to be,
More odious to your sight than toads and adders?

Torr. Oh, there's the utmost malice of my fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love!

Raym. No more!—Farewell, my much lamented king!—
I dare not trust him with himself so far,
To own him to the people as their king,
Before their rage has finished my designs
On Bertran and the queen; but in despite,
Even of himself, I'll save him. [*Aside and exit.*

Torr. 'Tis but a moment since I have been king,
And weary on't already; I'm a lover,
And loved, possess,—yet all these make me wretched;
And heaven has given me blessings for a curse.
With what a load of vengeance am I prest,
Yet, never, never, can I hope for rest;
For when my heavy burden I remove,
The weight falls down, and crushes her I love. [*Exit.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*A Bedchamber*

Enter TORRISMOND.

TORR. Love, justice, nature, pity, and revenge,
Have kindled up a wildfire in my breast,
And I am all a civil war within!

Enter Queen *and* TERESA, *at a distance.*

My Leonora there!—
Mine! is she mine? my father's murderer mine?
O that I could, with honour, love her more,
Or hate her less, with reason!—See, she weeps!
Thinks me unkind, or false, and knows not why
I thus estrange my person from her bed!
Shall I not tell her?—no; 'twill break her heart;
She'll know too soon her own and my misfortunes.
[*Exit.*

Leo. He's gone, and I am lost; didst thou not see
His sullen eyes? how gloomily they glanced?
He looked not like the Torrismond I loved.

Ter. Can you not guess from whence this change proceeds?

Leo. No: there's the grief, Teresa: O Teresa!
Fain would I tell thee what I feel within,
But shame and modesty have tied my tongue!
Yet, I will tell, that thou may'st weep with me,—
How dear, how sweet his first embraces were!
With what a zeal he joined his lips to mine!
And sucked my breath at every word I spoke,

As if he drew his inspiration thence:
While both our souls came upward to our mouths,
As neighbouring monarchs at their borders meet.
I thought—Oh, no; 'tis false! I could not think;
'Twas neither life nor death, but both in one.

Ter. Then, sure his transports were not less than yours.

Leo. More, more! for, by the high-hung tapers' light,
I could discern his cheeks were glowing red,
His very eyeballs trembled with his love,
And sparkled through their casements' humid fire:
He sighed, and kissed; breathed short, and would have spoke,
But was too fierce to throw away the time;
All he could say was—Love, and Leonora.

Ter. How, then, can you suspect him lost so soon?

Leo. Last night he flew not with a bridegroom's haste,
Which eagerly prevents the appointed hour:
I told the clocks, and watched the wasting light,
And listened to each softly-treading step,
In hope 'twas he; but still it was not he.
At last he came, but with such altered looks,
So wild, so ghastly, as if some ghost had met him:
All pale and speechless, he surveyed me round;
Then, with a groan, he threw himself abed,
But far from me, as far as he could move,
And sighed, and tossed, and turned, but still from me.

Ter. What, all the night?

Leo. Even all the livelong night.
At last, (for, blushing, I must tell thee all,)
I pressed his hand, and laid me by his side;
He pulled it back, as if he touched a serpent.
With that I burst into a flood of tears,
And asked him how I had offended him.
He answered nothing, but with sighs and groans;
So, restless, passed the night; and, at the dawn,
Leapt from the bed and vanished.

Ter. Sighs and groans,
Paleness and trembling, all are signs of love;
He only fears to make you share his sorrows.

Leo. I wish 'twere so; but love still doubts the worst.
My heavy heart, the prophetess of woes,
Forebodes some ill at hand: to soothe my sadness,
Sing me the song, which poor Olympia made,
When false Bireno left her.

SONG

Farewell, ungrateful traitor!
Farewell, my perjured swain!
Let never injured creature
Believe a man again.
The pleasure of possessing
Surpasses all expressing,
But 'tis too short a blessing,
And love too long a pain.

'Tis easy to deceive us,
In pity of your pain;
But when we love, you leave us,
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have descried it,
There is no bliss beside it;
But she, that once has tried it,
Will never love again.

The passion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
But when the charm is ended,
The charmer you disdain.
Your love by ours we measure,
Till we have lost our treasure;
But dying is a pleasure,
When living is a pain.

Re-enter TORRISMOND.

Torr. Still she is here, and still I cannot speak;
But wander, like some discontented ghost,
That oft appears, but is forbid to talk. [*Going again.*
Leo. O Torrismond, if you resolve my death,
You need no more but to go hence again:
Will you not speak?
Torr. I cannot.
Leo. Speak! oh, speak!
Your anger would be kinder than your silence.
Torr. Oh!——
Leo. Do not sigh, or tell me why you sigh.
Torr. Why do I live, ye powers?
Leo. Why do I live to hear you speak that word?
Some black-mouthed villain has defamed my virtue.
Torr. No, no! Pray, let me go!
Leo. [*kneeling*]. You shall not go!
By all the pleasures of our nuptial bed,
If ever I was loved, though now I'm not,
By these true tears, which, from my wounded heart,
Bleed at my eyes——
Torr. Rise!
Leo. I will never rise;
I cannot choose a better place to die.
Torr. Oh! I would speak, but cannot.
Leo. [*Rising.*] Guilt keeps you silent, then; you love me not:
What have I done, ye powers, what have I done?
To see my youth, my beauty, and my love,
No sooner gained, but slighted and betrayed;
And, like a rose, just gathered from the stalk,
But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside,
To wither on the ground.
Ter. For heaven's sake, madam, moderate your passion!

Leo. Why namest thou heaven? there is no heaven for me.
Despair, death, hell, have seized my tortured soul!
When I had raised his grovelling fate from ground,
To power and love, to empire, and to me;
When each embrace was dearer than the first;
Then, then to be contemned; then, then thrown off!
It calls me old, and withered, and deformed,
And loathsome! Oh! what woman can bear Loathsome?
The turtle flies not from his billing mate,
He bills the closer; but, ungrateful man,
Base, barbarous man! the more we raise our love,
The more we pall, and kill, and cool his ardour.
Racks, poison, daggers, rid me but of life;
And any death is welcome.

Torr. Be witness, all ye powers, that know my heart,
I would have kept the fatal secret hid;
But she has conquered, to her ruin conquered:
Here, take this paper, read our destinies;—
Yet do not; but, in kindness to yourself,
Be ignorantly safe.

Leo. No! give it me,
Even though it be the sentence of my death.

Torr. Then see how much unhappy love has made us.
O Leonora! Oh!
We two were born when sullen planets reigned;
When each the other's influence opposed,
And drew the stars to faction at our birth.
Oh! better, better had it been for us,
That we had never seen, or never loved.

Leo. There is no faith in heaven, if heaven says so;
You dare not give it.

Torr. As unwillingly,
As I would reach out opium to a friend,
Who lay in torture, and desired to die.

[*Gives the paper.*

But now you have it, spare my sight the pain
Of seeing what a world of tears it costs you.
Go, silently enjoy your part of grief,
And share the sad inheritance with me.
Leo. I have a thirsty fever in my soul;
Give me but present ease, and let me die.
[*Exeunt* Queen *and* TERESA.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Arm, arm, my lord! the city bands are up,
Drums beating, colours flying, shouts confused;
All clustering in a heap, like swarming hives,
And rising in a moment.
Torr. With design
To punish Bertran, and revenge the king;
Twas ordered so.
Lor. Then you're betrayed, my lord.
'Tis true, they block the castle kept by Bertran,
But now they cry, "Down with the palace, fire it,
Pull out the usurping queen!"
Torr. The queen, Lorenzo! durst they name the queen?
Lor. If railing and reproaching be to name her.
Torr. O sacrilege! say quickly, who commands
This vile, blaspheming rout?
Lor. I'm loth to tell you;
But both our fathers thrust them headlong on,
And bear down all before them
Torr. Death and hell!
Somewhat must be resolved, and speedily.
How say'st thou, my Lorenzo? dar'st thou be
A friend, and once forget thou art a son,
To help me save the queen?
Lor. [*aside*]. Let me consider:—
Bear arms against my father? he begat me;—
That's true; but for whose sake did he beget me?
For his own, sure enough: for me he knew not.

Oh! but says conscience,—Fly in Nature's face?—
But how, if Nature fly in my face first?
Then Nature's the aggressor; let her look to't.—
He gave me life, and he may take it back:
No, that's boys' play, say I.
'Tis policy for a son and father to take different sides:
For then, lands and tenements commit no treason.
[*To* TORR]. Sir, upon mature consideration, I have found my father to be little better than a rebel, and therefore, I'll do my best to secure him, for your sake; in hope, you may secure him hereafter for my sake.

Torr. Put on thy utmost speed to head the troops,
Which every moment I expect to arrive;
Proclaim me, as I am, the lawful king:
I need not caution thee for Raymond's life,
Though I no more must call him father now.

Lor. [*aside*]. How! not call him father? I see preferment alters a man strangely; this may serve me for a use of instruction, to cast off my father when I am great. Methought, too, he called himself the lawful king; intimating sweetly, that he knows what's what with our sovereign lady:—Well, if I rout my father, as I hope in heaven I shall, I am in a fair way to be a prince of the blood.—Farewell, general; I will bring up those that shall try what mettle there is in orange tawny.[1] [*Exit.*

Torr. [*at the door*]. Haste, there; command the guards be all drawn up
Before the palace gate.—By heaven, I'll face
This tempest, and deserve the name of king!
O Leonora, beauteous in thy crimes,
Never were hell and heaven so matched before!
Look upward, fair, but as thou look'st on me;
Then all the blest will beg, that thou may'st live,
And even my father's ghost his death forgive. [*Exit.*

[1] The city uniform, it would seem.

SCENE II.—*The Palace-Yard. Drums and Trumpets within.*

Enter RAYMOND, ALPHONSO, PEDRO, *and their* Party.

Raym. Now, valiant citizens, the time is come
To show your courage, and your loyalty,
You have a prince of Sancho's royal blood,
The darling of the heavens, and joy of earth;
When he's produced, as soon he shall, among you,
Speak, what will you adventure to reseat him
Upon his father's throne?

Omn. Our lives and fortunes.

Raym. What then remains to perfect our success,
But o'er the tyrant's guards to force our way?

Omn. Lead on, lead on.

[*Drums and Trumpets on the other side.*

Enter TORRISMOND *and his* Party: *As they are going to fight, he speaks.*

Torr. [*to his*]. Hold, hold your arms.

Raym. [*to his*]. Retire.

Alph. What means this pause?

Ped. Peace; nature works within them.

[ALPHONSO *and* PEDRO *go apart.*

Torr. How comes it, good old man, that we two meet
On these harsh terms? thou very reverend rebel!
Thou venerable traitor, in whose face
And hoary hairs treason is sanctified,
And sin's black dye seems blanched by age to virtue.

Raym. What treason is it to redeem my king,
And to reform the state?

Torr. That's a stale cheat;
The primitive rebel, Lucifer, first used it,
And was the first reformer of the skies.

Raym. What, if I see my prince mistake a poison,

Call it a cordial,—am I then a traitor,
Because I hold his hand, or break the glass?
Torr. How dar'st thou serve thy king against his will?
Raym. Because 'tis then the only time to serve him.
Torr. I take the blame of all upon myself;
Discharge thy weight on me.
Raym. O never, never!
Why 'tis to leave a ship, tossed in a tempest,
Without the pilot's care.
Torr. I'll punish thee;
By heaven, I will as I would punish rebels,
Thou stubborn loyal man!
Raym. First let me see
Her punished, who misleads you from your fame;
Then burn me, hack me, hew me into pieces,
And I shall die well pleased.
Torr. Proclaim my title,
To save the effusion of my subjects' blood;
And thou shalt still
Be as my foster-father, near my breast,
And next my Leonora.
Raym. That word stabs me.
You shall be still plain Torrismond with me;
The abetter, partner, (if you like that name,)
The husband of a tyrant; but no king,
Till you deserve that title by your justice.
Torr. Then farewell, pity; I will be obeyed.—
[*To the People.*] Hear, you mistaken men, whose loyalty
Runs headlong into treason! See your prince!
In me behold your murdered Sancho's son;
Dismiss your arms, and I forgive your crimes.
Raym. Believe him not; he raves; his words are loose
As heaps of sand, and scattering wide from sense.
You see he knows not me, his natural father;
But, aiming to possess the usurping queen,

So high he's mounted in his airy hopes,
That now the wind is got into his head,
And turns his brains to frenzy.

Torr. Hear me yet; I am——

Raym. Fall on, fall on, and hear him not;
But spare his person, for his father's sake.

Ped. Let me come; if he be mad, I have that shall cure him. There's no surgeon in all Arragon has so much dexterity as I have at breathing of the temple-vein.

Torr. My right for me!

Raym. Our liberty for us!

Omn. Liberty, liberty!

As they are ready to fight, enter LORENZO *and his* Party.

Lor. On forfeit of your lives, lay down your arms.

Alph. How, rebel, art thou there?

Lor. Take your rebel back again, father mine: the beaten party are rebels to the conquerors. I have been at-hard-head with your butting citizens; I have routed your herd; I have dispersed them; and now they are retreated quietly, from their extraordinary vocation of fighting in the streets, to their ordinary vocation of cozening in their shops.

Torr. [*to* RAYM.]. You see 'tis vain contending with the truth;
Acknowledge what I am.

Raym. You are my king;—would you would be your own!
But, by a fatal fondness, you betray
Your fame and glory to the usurper's bed.
Enjoy the fruits of blood and parricide,
Take your own crown from Leonora's gift,
And hug your father's murderer in your arms!

Enter Queen, TERESA, *and* Women.

Alph. No more; behold the queen.

Raym. Behold the basilisk of Torrismond,
That kills him with her eyes.—I will speak on;
My life is of no further use to me:
I would have chaffered it before for vengeance;
Now let it go for failing.

Torr. My heart sinks in me while I hear him speak,
And every slackened fibre drops its hold,
Like nature letting down the springs of life;
So much the name of father awes me still.— [*Aside.*
Send off the crowd;
For you, now I have conquered, I can hear
With honour your demands.

Lor. [*to* ALPH.]. Now, sir, who proves the traitor? My conscience is true to me; it always whispers right, when I have my regiment to back it.

[*Exeunt* LORENZO, ALPHONSO, PEDRO, *etc.*

Torr. O Leonora, what can love do more?
I have opposed your ill fate to the utmost;
Combated heaven and earth to keep you mine;
And yet at last that tyrant Justice! Oh——

Leo. 'Tis past, 'tis past, and love is ours no more;
Yet I complain not of the powers above;
They made me a miser's feast of happiness,
And could not furnish out another meal.
Now, by yon stars, by heaven, and earth, and men,
By all my foes at once, I swear, my Torrismond,
That to have had you mine for one short day,
Has cancelled half my mighty sum of woes!
Say but you hate me not.

Torr. I cannot hate you.

Raym. Can you not? Say that once more, that all the saints
May witness it against you.

Leo. Cruel Raymond!
Can he not punish me, but he must hate?
Oh, 'tis not justice, but a brutal rage,
Which hates the offender's person with his crimes!

I have enough to overwhelm one woman,
To lose a crown and lover in a day:
Let pity lend a tear, when rigour strikes.
Raym. Then, then you should have thought of tears and pity,
When virtue, majesty, and hoary age,
Pleaded for Sancho's life.
Leo. My future days shall be one whole contrition:
A chapel will I build, with large endowment,
Where every day an hundred aged men
Shall all hold up their withered hands to heaven,
To pardon Sancho's death.
Torr. See, Raymond, see; she makes a large amends.
Sancho is dead; no punishment of her
Can raise his cold stiff limbs from the dark grave;
Nor can his blessed soul look down from heaven,
Or break the eternal sabbath of his rest,
To see, with joy, her miseries on earth.
Raym. Heaven may forgive a crime to penitence,
For heaven can judge if penitence be true;
But man, who knows not hearts, should make examples,
Which, like a warning piece, must be shot off,
To fright the rest from crimes.
Leo. Had I but known that Sancho was his father,
I would have poured a deluge of my blood,
To save one drop of his.
Torr. Mark that, inexorable Raymond, mark!
'Twas fatal ignorance that caused his death.
Raym. What if she did not know he was your father?
She knew he was a man, the best of men;
Heaven's image double-stamped, as man and king.
Leo. He was, he was, even more than you can say;
But yet——
Raym. But yet you barbarously murdered him.
Leo. He will not hear me out!
Torr. Was ever criminal forbid to plead?
Curb your ill-mannered zeal.

Raym. Sing to him, syren ;
For I shall stop my ears: Now mince the sin,
And mollify damnation with a phrase ;
Say, you consented not to Sancho's death,
But barely not forbade it.

Leo. Hard-hearted man, I yield my guilty cause ;
But all my guilt was caused by too much love.
Had I, for jealousy of empire sought
Good Sancho's death, Sancho had died before
'Twas always in my power to take his life ;
But interest never could my conscience blind,
Till love had cast a mist before my eyes,
And made me think his death the only means
Which could secure my throne to Torrismond.

Torr. Never was fatal mischief meant so kind,
For all she gave has taken all away.
Malicious powers ! is this to be restored?
'Tis to be worse deposed than Sancho was.

Raym. Heaven has restored you, you depose yourself.
Oh, when young kings begin with scorn of justice,
They make an omen to their after reign,
And blot their annals in the foremost page.

Torr. No more ; lest you be made the first example,
To show how I can punish.

Raym. Once again :
Let her be made your father's sacrifice,
And after make me hers.

Torr. Condemn a wife !
That were to atone for parricide with murder.

Raym. Then let her be divorced : we'll be content
With that poor scanty justice ; let her part.

Torr. Divorce ! that's worse than death, 'tis death of love.

Leo. The soul and body part not with such pain,
As I from you ; but yet 'tis just, my lord :
I am the accurst of heaven, the hate of earth,

Your subjects' detestation, and your ruin;
And therefore fix this doom upon myself.
Torr. Heaven! Can you wish it, to be mine no more?
Leo. Yes, I can wish it, as the dearest proof,
And last, that I can make you of my love.
To leave you blest, I would be more accurst
Than death can make me; for death ends our woes,
And the kind grave shuts up the mournful scene:
But I
Would live without you, to be wretched long;
And hoard up every moment of my life,
To lengthen out the payment of my tears,
Till even fierce Raymond, at the last, shall say,—
Now let her die, for she has grieved enough.
Torr. Hear this, hear this, thou tribune of the people!
Thou zealous, public blood-hound, hear, and melt!
Raym. [*aside*]. I could cry now; my eyes grow womanish,
But yet my heart holds out.
Leo. Some solitary cloister will I choose,
And there with holy virgins live immured:
Coarse my attire, and short shall be my sleep,
Broke by the melancholy midnight bell.
Now, Raymond, now be satisfied at last:
Fasting, and tears, and penitence and prayer,
Shall do dead Sancho justice every hour.
Raym. [*aside*]. By your leave, manhood!
[*Wipes his eyes.*
Torr. He weeps! now he is vanquished.
Raym. No: 'tis a salt rheum, that scalds my eyes.
Leo. If he were vanquished, I am still unconquered.
I'll leave you in the height of all my love,
Even when my heart is beating out its way,
And struggles to you most.
Farewell, a last farewell, my dear, dear lord!
Remember me!—speak, Raymond, will you let him?

Shall he remember Leonora's love,
And shed a parting tear to her misfortunes?

Raym. [*almost crying*]. Yes, yes, he shall; pray go.

Torr. Now, by my soul, she shall not go: why, Raymond,
Her every tear is worth a father's life.
Come to my arms, come, my fair penitent!
Let us not think what future ills may fall,
But drink deep draughts of love and lose them all.

[*Exeunt* TORRISMOND *with the* Queen.

Raym. No matter yet, he has my hook within him.
Now let him frisk and flounce, and run and roll,
And think to break his hold; he toils in vain.
This love, the bait he gorged so greedily,
Will make him sick, and then I have him sure.

Enter ALPHONSO *and* PEDRO.

Alph. Brother, there's news from Bertran; he desires
Admittance to the king, and cries aloud,—
This day shall end our fears of civil war!—
For his safe conduct he entreats your presence,
And begs you would be speedy.

Raym. Though I loathe
The traitor's sight, I'll go. Attend us here. [*Exit.*

Enter GOMEZ, ELVIRA, DOMINIC, *with* Officers, *to make the Stage as full as possible.*

Ped. Why, how now, Gomez? what mak'st thou here, with a whole brotherhood of city bailiffs? Why, thou look'st like Adam in Paradise, with his guard of beasts about him.

Gom. Ay, and a man had need of them, Dom Pedro; for here are the two old seducers, a wife and priest,—that's Eve and the serpent,—at my elbow.

Dom. Take notice how uncharitably he talks of churchmen.

Gom. Indeed, you are a charitable belswagger! My

wife cried out,—"Fire, fire!" and you brought out your church-buckets, and called for engines to play against it.

Alph. I am sorry you have come hither to accuse your wife; her education has been virtuous, her nature mild and easy.

Gom. Yes! she's easy with a vengeance; there's a certain colonel has found her so.

Alph. She came a spotless virgin to your bed.

Gom. And she's a spotless virgin still for me—she's never the worse for my wearing, I'll take my oath on't. I have lived with her with all the innocence of a man of threescore, like a peaceable bed-fellow as I am.

Elv. Indeed, sir, I have no reason to complain of him for disturbing of my sleep.

Dom. A fine commendation you have given yourself! the church did not marry you for that.

Ped. Come, come, your grievances, your grievances.

Dom. Why, noble sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace, friar! and let me speak first. I am the plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the pulpit, where you preach by hours.

Dom. And you edify by minutes.

Gom. Where you make doctrines for the people, and uses and applications for yourselves.

Ped. Gomez, give way to the old gentleman in black.

Gom. No! the t'other old gentleman in black shall take me if I do; I will speak first!—Nay, I will, friar, for all your *verbum sacerdotis*. I'll speak truth in few words, and then you may come afterwards, and lie by the clock as you use to do.—For, let me tell you, gentlemen, he shall lie and forswear himself with any friar in all Spain: that's a bold word now.——

Dom. Let him alone; let him alone; I shall fetch him back with a *circum-bendibus*, I warrant him.

Alph. Well, what have you to say against your wife, Gomez?

Gom. Why, I say, in the first place, that I and all men are married for our sins, and that our wives are a judgment; that a bachelor-cobbler is a happier man than a prince in wedlock; that we are all visited with a household plague, and, *Lord have mercy upon us*[1] should be written on all our doors.

Dom. Now he reviles marriage, which is one of the seven blessed sacraments.

Gom. 'Tis liker one of the seven deadly sins: but make your best on't, I care not; 'tis but binding a man neck and heels, for all that. But, as for my wife, that crocodile of Nilus, she has wickedly and traitorously conspired the cuckoldom of me, her anointed sovereign lord; and, with the help of the aforesaid friar, whom heaven confound, and with the limbs of one Colonel Hernando, cuckold-maker of this city, devilishly contrived to steal herself away, and under her arm feloniously to bear one casket of diamonds, pearls, and other jewels, to the value of 30,000 pistoles.—Guilty, or not guilty? how sayest thou, culprit?

Dom. False and scandalous! Give me the book. I'll take my corporal oath point-blank against every particular of this charge.

Elv. And so will I.

Dom. As I was walking in the streets, telling my beads, and praying to myself, according to my usual custom, I heard a foul outcry before Gomez's portal; and his wife, my penitent, making doleful lamentations: thereupon, making what haste my limbs would suffer me, that are crippled with often kneeling, I saw him spurning and fisting her most unmercifully; whereupon, using Christian arguments with him to desist, he fell violently upon me, without respect to my sacerdotal orders, pushed me from him, and turned me about with a finger and a thumb, just as a man would set up a top. Mercy! quoth I.—Damme! quoth he,—and still continued

[1] The plague sign.

labouring me, until a good-minded colonel came by, whom, as heaven shall save me, I had never seen before.

Gom. O Lord! O Lord!

Dom. Ay, and O Lady! O Lady too!—I redouble my oath, I had never seen him. Well, this noble colonel, like a true gentleman, was for taking the weaker part, you may be sure; whereupon this Gomez flew upon him like a dragon, got him down, the devil being strong in him, and gave him bastinado upon bastinado, and buffet upon buffet, which the poor meek colonel, being prostrate, suffered with a most Christian patience.

Gom. Who? he meek? I'm sure I quake at the very thought of him; why, he's as fierce as Rodomont; he made assault and battery upon my person, beat me into all the colours of the rainbow; and every word this abominable priest has uttered is as false as the Alcoran. But if you want a thorough-paced liar, that will swear through thick and thin, commend me to a friar.

Enter LORENZO, *who comes behind the* Company, *and stands at his* Father's *back unseen, over against* GOMEZ.

Lor. How now! What's here to do? my cause a trying, as I live, and that before my own father.—Now fourscore take him for an old bawdy magistrate, that stands like the picture of Madam Justice, with a pair of scales in his hand, to weigh lechery by ounces! [*Aside.*

Alph. Well—but all this while, who is this Colonel Hernando?

Gom. He's the first begotten of Beelzebub, with a face as terrible as Demogorgon. [LORENZO *peeps over* ALPHONSO'S *head, and stares at* GOMEZ.] No! I lie, I lie. He's a very proper, handsome fellow! well proportioned, and clean shaped, with a face like a cherubin.

Ped. What, backward and forward, Gomez! dost thou hunt counter?

Alph. Had this colonel any former design upon your wife? for, if that be proved, you shall have justice.

Gom. [*aside*]. Now I dare speak,—let him look as dreadfully as he will.—I say, sir, and I will prove it, that he had a lewd design upon her body, and attempted to corrupt her honesty. [LORENZO *lifts up his fist clenched at him.*] I confess my wife was as willing—as himself; and, I believe, 'twas she corrupted him; for I have known him formerly a very civil and modest person.

Elv. You see, sir, he contradicts himself at every word; he's plainly mad.

Alph. Speak boldly, man! and say what thou wilt stand by: did he strike thee?

Gom. I will speak boldly; he struck me on the face before my own threshold, that the very walls cried shame to him. [LORENZO *holds up again.*] 'Tis true, I gave him provocation, for the man's as peaceable a gentleman as any is in all Spain.

Dom. Now the truth comes out, in spite of him.

Ped. I believe the friar has bewitched him.

Alph. For my part, I see no wrong that has been offered him.

Gom. How? no wrong? why, he ravished me, with the help of two soldiers, carried me away *vi et armis*, and would have put me into a plot against the government. [LORENZO *holds up again.*] I confess, I could never endure the government, because it was tyrannical; but my sides and shoulders are black and blue, as I can strip and show the marks of them. [LORENZO *again.*] But that might happen, too, by a fall that I got yesterday upon the pebbles. [*All laugh.*

Dom. Fresh straw, and a dark chamber; a most manifest judgment! there never comes better of railing against the church.

Gom. Why, what will you have me say? I think you'll make me mad: truth has been at my tongue's end this half-hour, and I have not power to bring it out, for fear of this bloody-minded colonel.

Alph. What colonel?

Gom. Why, my colonel—I mean my wife's colonel, that appears there to me like my *malus genius*, terrifies me.

Alph. [*turning*]. Now you are mad indeed, Gomez; this is my son Lorenzo.

Gom. How? your son Lorenzo! it is impossible.

Alph. As true as your wife Elvira is my daughter.

Lor. What, have I taken all this pains about a sister?

Gom. No, you have taken some about me; I am sure, if you are her brother, my sides can show the tokens of our alliance.

Alph. [*to* LOR.]. You know I put your sister into a nunnery, with a strict command not to see you, for fear you should have wrought upon her to have taken the habit, which was never my intention; and consequently, I married her without your knowledge, that it might not be in your power to prevent it.

Elv. You see, brother, I had a natural affection to you.

Lor. What a delicious harlot have I lost! Now, pox upon me, for being so near akin to thee!

Elv. However, we are both beholding to Friar Dominic; the church is an indulgent mother, she never fails to do her part.

Dom. Heavens! what will become of me?

Gom. Why, you are not like to trouble heaven; those fat guts were never made for mounting.

Lor. I shall make bold to disburden him of my hundred pistoles, to make him the lighter for his journey: indeed, 'tis partly out of conscience, that I may not be accessory to his breaking his vow of poverty.

Alph. I have no secular power to reward the pains

you have taken with my daughter; but I shall do it by proxy, friar: your bishop's my friend, and is too honest to let such as you infect a cloister.

Gom. Ay, do, father-in-law, let him be stript of his habit, and disordered.—I would fain see him walk in cuerpo,[1] like a cased rabbit, without his holy fur upon his back, that the world may once behold the inside of a friar.

Dom. Farewell, kind gentlemen; I give you all my blessing before I go.—May your sisters, wives, and daughters, be so naturally lewd, that they may have no occasion for a devil to tempt, or a friar to pimp for them. [*Exeunt, with a rabble pushing him.*

Enter TORRISMOND, LEONORA, BERTRAN, RAYMOND, TERESA, *etc.*

Torr. He lives! he lives! my royal father lives!
Let every one partake the general joy.
Some angel with a golden trumpet sound,
King Sancho lives! and let the echoing skies
From pole to pole resound, King Sancho lives!—
O Bertran, oh! no more my foe, but brother;
One act like this blots out a thousand crimes.

Bert. Bad men, when 'tis their interest, may do good.
I must confess, I counselled Sancho's murder;
And urged the queen by specious arguments:
But, still suspecting that her love was changed,
I spread abroad the rumour of his death,
To sound the very soul of her designs.
The event, you know, was answering to my fears;
She threw the odium of the fact on me,
And publicly avowed her love to you.

Raym. Heaven guided all, to save the innocent.

Bert. I plead no merit, but a bare forgiveness.

Torr. Not only that, but favour. Sancho's life,

[1] *I.e.* without cloak. "Cased" = "skinned."

Whether by virtue or design preserved,
Claims all within my power.

Leo. My prayers are heard;
And I have nothing further to desire,
But Sancho's leave to authorise our marriage.

Torr. Oh! fear not him! pity and he are one;
So merciful a king did never live;
Loth to revenge, and easy to forgive.
But let the bold conspirator beware,
For heaven makes princes its peculiar care. [*Exeunt.*



EPILOGUE

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S

THERE'S none, I'm sure, who is a friend to love,
But will our Friar's character approve:
The ablest spark among you sometimes needs
Such pious help, for charitable deeds.
Our church, alas! (as Rome objects) does want
These ghostly comforts for the falling saint:
This gains them their whore-converts, and may be
One reason of the growth of Popery.
So Mahomet's religion came in fashion,
By the large leave it gave to fornication.
Fear not the guilt, if you can pay for't well;
There is no Dives in the Roman hell:
Gold opens the strait gate, and lets him in;
But want of money is a mortal sin.
For all besides you may discount to heaven,
And drop a bead to keep the tallies even.
How are men cozened still with shows of good!
The bawd's best mask is the grave friar's hood;
Though vice no more a clergyman displeases,
Than doctors can be thought to hate diseases.
'Tis by your living ill, that they live well,
By your debauches, their fat paunches swell.
'Tis a mock war between the priest and devil;
When they think fit, they can be very civil.
As some, who did French counsels most advance,
To blind the world, have railed in print at France,
Thus do the clergy at your vices bawl,
That with more ease they may engross them all.
By damning yours, they do their own maintain;
A churchman's godliness is always gain:

Hence to their prince they will superior be;
And civil treason grows church loyalty.
They boast the gift of heaven is in their power;—
Well may they give the god, they can devour!
Still to the sick and dead their claims they lay;
For 'tis on carrion the vermin prey.
Nor have they less dominion on our life,
They trot the husband, and they pace the wife.
Rouse up, you cuckolds of the northern climes,
And learn from Sweden to prevent such crimes.
Unman the Friar, and leave the holy drone
To hum in his forsaken hive alone;
He'll work no honey, when his sting is gone.
Your wives and daughters soon will leave the cells,
When they have lost the sound of Aaron's bells.[1]

[1] This Epilogue is attributed in the *State Poems*, vol. iii., to Dryden himself.



ALBION AND ALBANIUS

AN OPERA

Discite justitiam, moniti, et non temnere divos. VIRG.

ALBION AND ALBANIUS

THIS Masque (for such it really is, and one of the latest of its kind), had a curious history which partly explains its shortcomings, though these, I think, have been exaggerated—even by myself when I first read and wrote about it. It was first written, and actually rehearsed, before the death of Charles II., which interfered with its performance. Some months later the author adjusted it to the circumstances, by developing the apotheosis of Albion ; and brought it out with the most elaborate mounting. It was played five times, but during the sixth performance news came of Monmouth's landing, the representation was stopped, and it was never revived. The music by Grabut, a French favourite of Charles, and master of his band, is said to have been very bad ; the politics are rather virulent ; and even if fate had dealt better with it, the whole could not be pronounced very happy. But parts, especially the (for the time) unusually cadenced, "From the low palace of old Father Ocean," are excellent ; and the whole is a curiosity.

PREFACE

IF wit has truly been defined, "a propriety of thoughts and words,"[1] then that definition will extend to all sorts of poetry: and, among the rest, to this present entertainment of an opera. Propriety of thought is that fancy which arises naturally from the subject, or which the poet adapts to it; propriety of words is the clothing of those thoughts with such expressions as are naturally proper to them; and from both these, if they are judiciously performed, the delight of poetry results. An opera is a poetical tale, or fiction, represented by vocal and instrumental music, adorned with scenes, machines, and dancing. The supposed persons of this musical drama are generally supernatural, as gods, and goddesses, and heroes, which at least are descended from them, and are in due time to be adopted into their number. The subject, therefore, being extended beyond the limits of human nature, admits of that sort of marvellous and surprising conduct, which is rejected in other plays. Human impossibilities are to be received as they are in faith; because, where gods are introduced, a supreme power is to be understood, and second causes are out of doors; yet propriety is to be observed even here. The gods are all to manage their peculiar provinces; and what was attributed by the heathens to one power ought not to be performed by any other. Phœbus must foretell, Mercury must charm with his caduceus, and Juno must reconcile the quarrels of the marriage-bed; to conclude, they must all act according to their distinct and peculiar characters. If the persons represented were to speak upon the stage, it would follow, of necessity, that the expressions should be lofty, figurative, and majestical: but the nature of an opera denies the frequent use of these poetical ornaments; for

[1] By Dryden himself in his Preface to the *State of Innocence*.

vocal music, though it often admits a loftiness of sound, yet always exacts an harmonious sweetness; or, to distinguish yet more justly, the recitative part of the opera requires a more masculine beauty of expression and sound. The other, which, for want of a proper English word, I must call the *songish part*, must abound in the softness and variety of numbers; its principal intention being to please the hearing rather than to gratify the understanding. It appears, indeed, preposterous at first sight, that rhyme, on any consideration, should take place of reason; but, in order to resolve the problem, this fundamental proposition must be settled, that the first inventors of any art or science, provided they have brought it to perfection, are, in reason, to give laws to it; and, according to their model, all after-undertakers are to build. Thus, in epic poetry, no man ought to dispute the authority of Homer, who gave the first being to that masterpiece of art, and endued it with that form of perfection in all its parts that nothing was wanting to its excellency. Virgil therefore, and those very few who have succeeded him, endeavoured not to introduce, or innovate, anything in a design already perfected, but imitated the plan of the inventor; and are only so far true heroic poets as they have built on the foundations of Homer. Thus, Pindar, the author of those Odes, which are so admirably restored by Mr Cowley in our language, ought for ever to be the standard of them: and we are bound, according to the practice of Horace and Mr Cowley, to copy him. Now, to apply this axiom to our present purpose, whosoever undertakes the writing of an opera, which is a modern invention, though built indeed on the foundation of ethnic worship, is obliged to imitate the design of the Italians, who have not only invented, but brought to perfection, this sort of dramatic musical entertainment. I have not been able, by any search, to get any light, either of the time when it began, or of the first author: but I have probable reasons, which induce me to believe, that some Italians, having curiously observed the gallantries of the Spanish Moors, at their zambras, or royal feasts, where music, songs, and dancing were in perfection, together with their machines, which are usual at their *sortijas*, or running at the ring, and other solemnities, may possibly have refined upon those Moresque divertisements,

and produced this delightful entertainment, by leaving out the warlike part of the carousals,[1] and forming a poetical design for the use of the machines, the songs, and dances. But however it began, (for this is only conjectural,) we know that, for some centuries, the knowledge of music has flourished principally in Italy, the mother of learning and of arts; that poetry and painting have been there restored and so cultivated by Italian masters, that all Europe has been enriched out of their treasury; and other parts of it, in relation to those delightful arts, are still as much provincial to Italy, as they were in the time of the Roman empire. Their first operas seem to have been intended for the celebration of the marriages of their princes, or for the magnificence of some general time of joy; accordingly, the expenses of them were from the purse of the sovereign, or of the republic, as they are still practised at Venice, Rome, and at other places, at their carnivals. Savoy and Florence have often used them in their courts, at the weddings of their dukes; and at Turin particularly, was performed the *Pastor Fido*, written by the famous Guarini, which is a pastoral opera made to solemnise the marriage of a Duke of Savoy. The Prologue of it has given the design to all the French; which is a compliment to the sovereign power by some god or goddess; so that it looks no less than a kind of embassy from heaven to earth. I said in the beginning of this Preface, that the persons represented in operas are generally gods, goddesses, and heroes descended from them, who are supposed to be their peculiar care; which hinders not, but that meaner persons may sometimes gracefully be introduced, especially if they have relation to those first times, which poets call the Golden Age; wherein, by reason of their innocence, those happy mortals were supposed to have had a more familiar intercourse with superior beings; and therefore shepherds might reasonably be admitted, as of all callings the most innocent, the most happy, and who, by reason of the spare time they had, in their almost idle employment, had most leisure to make verses, and to be in love; without somewhat of which passion, no opera can possibly subsist.

It is almost needless to speak anything of that noble

[1] *I.e.* "carrousel," "tournament."

language, in which this musical drama was first invented and performed. All who are conversant in the Italian cannot but observe that it is the softest, the sweetest, the most harmonious, not only of any modern tongue, but even beyond any of the learned. It seems indeed to have been invented for the sake of poetry and music; the vowels are so abounding in all words, especially in terminations of them, that, excepting some few monosyllables, the whole language ends in them. Then the pronunciation is so manly, and so sonorous, that their very speaking has more of music in it than Dutch poetry and song. It has withal derived so much copiousness and eloquence from the Greek and Latin, in the composition of words, and the formation of them, that if, after all, we must call it barbarous, it is the most beautiful and most learned of any barbarism in modern tongues; and we may at least as justly praise it, as Pyrrhus did the Roman discipline and martial order, that it was of barbarians, (for so the Greeks called all other nations,) but had nothing in it of barbarity. This language has in a manner been refined and purified from the Gothic ever since the time of Dante, which is above four hundred years old; and the French, who now cast a longing eye to their country, are not less ambitious to possess their elegance in poetry and music; in both which they labour at impossibilities. It is true, indeed, they have reformed their tongue, and brought both their prose and poetry to a standard; the sweetness, as well as the purity, is much improved, by throwing off the unnecessary consonants, which made their spelling tedious, and their pronunciation harsh: but, after all, as nothing can be improved beyond its own *species*, or further than its original nature will allow; as an ill voice, though ever so thoroughly instructed in the rules of music, can never be brought to sing harmoniously, nor many an honest critic ever arrive to be a good poet; so neither can the natural harshness of the French, or their perpetual ill accent, be ever refined into perfect harmony like the Italian. The English has yet more natural disadvantages than the French; our original Teutonic, consisting most in monosyllables, and those encumbered with consonants, cannot possibly be freed from those inconveniences. The rest of our words, which are derived

from the Latin chiefly, and the French, with some small sprinklings of Greek, Italian, and Spanish, are some relief in poetry, and help us to soften our uncouth numbers; which, together with our English genius, incomparably beyond the trifling of the French, in all the nobler parts of verse, will justly give us the pre-eminence. But, on the other hand, the effeminacy of our pronunciation, (a defect common to us and to the Danes,) and our scarcity of female rhymes, have left the advantage of musical compositon for songs, though not for recitative, to our neighbours.

Through these difficulties I have made a shift to struggle in my part of the performance of this opera; which, as mean as it is, deserves at least a pardon, because it has attempted a discovery beyond any former undertaker of our nation; only remember, that if there be no north-east passage to be found, the fault is in nature, and not in me; or, as Ben Jonson tells us in *The Alchymist*, when projection had failed, and the glasses were all broken, there was enough, however, in the bottoms of them, to cure the itch; so I may thus far be positive, that if I have not succeeded as I desire, yet there is somewhat still remaining to satisfy the curiosity, or itch of sight and hearing. Yet I have no great reason to despair; for I may, without vanity, own some advantages, which are not common to every writer; such as are the knowledge of the Italian and French language, and the being conversant with some of their best performances in this kind; which have furnished me with such variety of measures, as have given the composer, Monsieur Grabut, what occasions he could wish, to show his extraordinary talent in diversifying the recitative, the lyrical part, and the chorus; in all which, not to attribute anything to my own opinion, the best judges, and those too of the best quality, who have honoured his rehearsals with their presence, have no less commended the happiness of his genius than his skill. And let me have the liberty to add one thing, that he has so exactly expressed my sense in all places where I intended to move the passions, that he seems to have entered into my thoughts, and to have been the poet as well as the composer. This I say, not to flatter him, but to do him right: because amongst some English musicians, and their scholars, who

are sure to judge after them, the imputation of being a Frenchman is enough to make a party, who maliciously endeavour to decry him. But the knowledge of Latin and Italian poets, both which he possesses, besides his skill in music, and his being acquainted with all the performances of the French operas, adding to these the good sense to which he is born, have raised him to a degree above any man who shall pretend to be his rival upon our stage. When any of our countrymen excel him, I shall be glad, for the sake of old England, to be shown my error; in the meantime, let virtue be commended, though in the person of a stranger.

If I thought it convenient, I could here discover some rules which I have given to myself in the writing of an opera in general, and of this opera in particular; but I consider that the effect would only be to have my own performance measured by the laws I gave; and, consequently, to set up some little judges, who, not understanding thoroughly, would be sure to fall upon the faults, and not to acknowledge any of the beauties; an hard measure, which I have often found from false critics. Here, therefore, if they will criticise, they shall do it out of their own *fond;* but let them first be assured that their ears are nice; for there is neither writing nor judgment on this subject without that good quality. It is no easy matter in our language, to make words so smooth, and numbers so harmonious, that they shall almost set themselves. And yet there are rules for this in nature, and as great a certainty of quantity in our syllables, as either in the Greek or Latin: but let poets and judges understand those first, and then let them begin to study English. When they have chawed a while upon these preliminaries, it may be they will scarce adventure to tax me with want of thought and elevation of fancy in this work; for they will soon be satisfied, that those are not of the nature of this sort of writing. The necessity of double rhymes, and ordering of the words and numbers for the sweetness of the voice, are the main hinges on which an opera must move; and both of these are without the compass of any art to teach another to perform, unless Nature, in the first place, has done her part, by enduing

the poet with that nicety of hearing, that the discord of sounds in words shall as much offend him as a seventh in music would a good composer. I have therefore no need to make excuses for meanness of thought in many places: the Italians, with all the advantages of their language, are continually forced upon it, or, rather, affect it. The chief secret is the choice of words; and, by this choice, I do not here mean elegancy of expression, but propriety of sound, to be varied according to the nature of the subject. Perhaps a time may come when I may treat of this more largely, out of some observations which I have made from Homer and Virgil, who, amongst all the poets, only understood the art of numbers, and of that which was properly called *rhythmus* by the ancients.

The same reasons which depress thought in an opera have a stronger effect upon the words, especially in our language; for there is no maintaining the purity of English in short measures, where the rhyme returns so quick, and is so often female, or double rhyme, which is not natural to our tongue, because it consists too much of monosyllables, and those, too, most commonly clogged with consonants; for which reason I am often forced to coin new words, revive some that are antiquated, and botch others; as if I had not served out my time in poetry, but was bound apprentice to some doggrel rhymer, who makes songs to tunes, and sings them for a livelihood. It is true, I have not been often put to this drudgery; but where I have the words will sufficiently show that I was then a slave to the composition, which I will never be again: it is my part to invent, and the musician's to humour that invention. I may be counselled, and will always follow my friend's advice where I find it reasonable, but will never part with the power of the militia.

I am now to acquaint my reader with somewhat more particular concerning this opera, after having begged his pardon for so long a preface to so short a work. It was originally intended only for a prologue to a play of the nature of *The Tempest;* which is a tragedy mixed with opera, or a drama, written in blank verse, adorned with scenes, machines, songs and dances, so that the fable of it is all spoken and acted by the best of the comedians; the

other part of the entertainment to be performed by the same singers and dancers who were introduced in this present opera. It cannot properly be called a play, because the action of it is supposed to be conducted sometimes by supernatural means, or magic; nor an opera, because the story of it is not sung.—But more of this at its proper time.—But some intervening accidents having hitherto deferred the performance of the main design, I proposed to the actors to turn the intended prologue into an entertainment by itself, as you now see it, by adding two acts more to what I had already written. The subject of it is wholly allegorical; and the allegory itself so very obvious that it will no sooner be read than understood. It is divided, according to the plain and natural method of every action, into three parts. For even Aristotle himself is contented to say simply, that in all actions there is a beginning, a middle, and an end; after which model all the Spanish plays are built.

The descriptions of the scenes, and other decorations of the stage I had from Mr Betterton, who has spared neither for industry, nor cost, to make this entertainment perfect, nor for invention of the ornaments to beautify it.

To conclude, though the enemies of the composer are not few, and that there is a party formed against him of his own profession, I hope, and am persuaded, that this prejudice will turn in the end to his advantage. For the greatest part of an audience is always uninterested,[1] though seldom knowing; and if the music be well composed, and well performed, they who find themselves pleased will be so wise as not to be imposed upon, and fooled out of their satisfaction. The newness of the undertaking is all the hazard. When operas were first set up in France they were not followed over eagerly; but they gained daily upon their hearers, till they grew to that height of reputation which they now enjoy, The English, I confess, are not altogether so musical as the French; and yet they have been pleased already with *The Tempest*, and some pieces that followed, which were neither much better written nor so well composed as this. If it finds encouragement, I dare promise myself to mend my hand, by making a more pleasing fable. In the mean-

[1] *I.e.*, "*dis*interested." Dryden spells these words "inter*ressed*."

time, every loyal Englishman cannot but be satisfied with the moral of this, which so plainly represents the double restoration of His Sacred Majesty.

POSTSCRIPT

This Preface being wholly written before the death of my late royal master (*quem semper acerbum, semper honoratum, sic di voluistis, habebo*) I have now lately reviewed it, as supposing I should find many notions in it that would require correction on cooler thoughts. After four months lying by me, I looked on it as no longer mine, because I had wholly forgotten it; but I confess with some satisfaction, and perhaps a little vanity, that I found myself entertained by it; my own judgment was new to me, and pleased me when I looked on it as another man's. I see no opinion that I would retract or alter, unless it be, that possibly the Italians went not so far as Spain for the invention of their operas. They might have it in their own country; and that by gathering up the shipwrecks of the Athenian and Roman theatres, which we know were adorned with scenes, music, dances, and machines, especially the Grecian. But of this the learned Monsieur Vossius,[1] who has made our nation his second country, is the best, and perhaps the only judge now living. As for the opera itself, it was all composed, and was just ready to have been performed, when he, in honour of whom it was principally made, was taken from us.

He had been pleased twice or thrice to command that it should be practised before him, especially the first and third acts of it; and publicly declared, more than once, that the composition and choruses were more just and more beautiful than any he had heard in England. How nice an ear he had in music is sufficiently known; his praise therefore has established the reputation of it above censure, and made it in manner sacred. It is therefore humbly and religiously dedicated to his memory.

It might reasonably have been expected that his death must have changed the whole fabric of the opera, or at least a great part of it. But the design of it originally was so

[1] Isaac Vossius (1618-1688-9).

happy, that it needed no alteration, properly so called; for the addition of twenty or thirty lines in the apotheosis of Albion has made it entirely of a piece. This was the only way which could have been invented to save it from a botched ending; and it fell luckily into my imagination; as if there were a kind of fatality even in the most trivial things concerning the succession: a change was made, and not for the worse, without the least confusion or disturbance; and those very causes, which seemed to threaten us with troubles, conspired to produce our lasting happiness.

PROLOGUE

FULL twenty years, and more, our labouring stage
Has lost, on this incorrigible age;
Our poets, the John Ketches of the nation,
Have seemed to lash ye, even to excoriation;
But still no sign remains; which plainly notes,
You bore like heroes, or you bribed like Oates.[1]—
What can we do, when mimicking a fop,
Like beating nut-trees, makes a larger crop?
'Faith, we'll e'en spare our pains! and, to content you,
Will fairly leave you what your Maker meant you.
Satire was once your physic, wit your food;
One nourished not, and t'other drew no blood:
We now prescribe, like doctors in despair,
The diet your weak appetites can bear.
Since hearty beef and mutton will not do,
Here's julep-dance, ptisan of song and show:
Give you strong sense, the liquor is too heady;
You're come to farce,—that's asses' milk,—already.
Some hopeful youths there are, of callow wit,
Who one day may be men, if heaven think fit;
Sound may serve such, ere they to sense are grown,
Like leading-strings, till they can walk alone —
But yet, to keep our friends in countenance, know,
The wise Italians first invented show;
Thence into France the noble pageant passed:
'Tis England's credit to be cozened last.
Freedom and zeal have choused you o'er and o'er;
Pray give us leave to bubble you once more;
You never were so cheaply fooled before:
We bring you change, to humour your disease;
Change for the worse has ever used to please:

[1] When flogged at the cart's tail, as he had been just previously.

Then, 'tis the mode of France; without whose rules,
None must presume to set up here for fools.
In France, the oldest man is always young,
Sees operas daily, learns the tunes so long,
Till foot, hand, head, keep time with every song:
Each sings his part, echoing from pit and box,
With his hoarse voice, half harmony, half pox.
Le plus grand roi du monde is always ringing,
They show themselves good subjects by their singing:
On that condition, set up every throat;
You Whigs may sing, for you have changed your note.
Cits and citesses, raise a joyful strain,
'Tis a good omen to begin a reign;
Voices may help your charter to restoring,
And get by singing, what you lost by roaring.



NAMES OF THE PERSONS

Represented in the same order as they appear first upon the Stage

MERCURY.
AUGUSTA (London).
THAMESIS.
DEMOCRACY.
ZELOTA (Feigned Zeal).
ARCHON (The General).
JUNO.
IRIS.
ALBION.
ALBANIUS.
PLUTO.
ALECTO.
APOLLO.
NEPTUNE.
NEREIDS.
ACACIA (Innocence).
TYRANNY.
ASEBIA (Atheism or Ungodliness).
PROTEUS.
VENUS.
FAME.
A Chorus of Cities.
A Chorus of Rivers.
A Chorus of the People.
A Chorus of Furies.
A Chorus of Nereids and Tritons.
A grand Chorus of Heroes, Loves, and Graces.

FRONTISPIECE

THE curtain rises, and a new Frontispiece is seen, joined to the great pilasters, which are on each side of the stage: on the flat of each basis is a shield, adorned with gold; in the middle of the shield, on one side, are two hearts, a small scroll of gold over them, and an imperial crown over the scroll; on the other hand, in the shield, are two quivers full of arrows saltire, etc.; upon each basis stands a figure bigger than the life; one represents Peace, with a palm in one, and an olive branch in the other hand; the other Plenty, holding a cornucopia, and resting on a pillar. Behind these figures are large columns of the Corinthian order, adorned with fruit and flowers: over one of the figures on the trees is the king's cypher; over the other, the queen's: over the capitals, on the cornice, sits a figure on each side; one represents Poetry, crowned with laurel, holding a scroll in one hand, the other with a pen in it, and resting on a book; the other Painting, with a palette and pencils, etc.: on the sweep of the arch lies one of the Muses, playing on a bass-viol; another of the Muses, on the other side, holding a trumpet in one hand, and the other on a harp. Between these figures, in the middle of the sweep of the arch, is a very large panel in a frame of gold; in this panel is painted, on one side, a woman, representing the City of London, leaning her head on her hand in a dejected posture, showing her sorrow and penitence for her offences; the other hand holds the arms of the city, and a mace lying under it: on the other side is a figure of the Thames, with his legs shackled, and leaning on an empty urn: behind these are two imperial figures; one representing his present majesty; and the other the queen: by the king stands Pallas, (or wisdom and valour,) holding a charter for the city, the king extending his hand, as raising her drooping head, and re-

storing her to her ancient honour and glory: over the city are the envious devouring Harpies flying from the face of Majesty: by the queen stand the Three Graces, holding garlands of flowers, and at her feet Cupids bound, with their bows and arrows broken, the queen pointing with her sceptre to the river, and commanding the Graces to take off their fetters. Over the king, in a scroll, is this verse of Virgil—

Discite justitiam, moniti, et non temnere divos.

Over the queen, this of the same author—

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

DECORATIONS OF THE STAGE IN THE FIRST ACT

The Curtain rises, and there appears on either side of the Stage, next to the Frontispiece, a Statue on Horseback of Gold, on Pedestals of Marble, enriched with Gold, and bearing the Imperial Arms of England. One of these Statues is taken from that of the late King at Charing-Cross; the other from that figure of his present Majesty (done by that noble artist, Mr Gibbons) at Windsor.

The scene is a Street of Palaces, which lead to the Front of the Royal Exchange; the great Arch is open, and the view is continued through the open part of the Exchange, to the Arch on the other side, and thence to as much of the Street beyond as could possibly be taken.

MERCURY DESCENDS IN A CHARIOT DRAWN BY RAVENS

He comes to Augusta and Thamesis. They lie on couches at a distance from each other in dejected postures; She attended by Cities, He by Rivers

On the side of Augusta's couch are painted towers falling, a Scarlet Gown, and a Gold Chain, a Cap of Maintenance thrown down, and a Sword in a Velvet Scabbard thrust through it, the City Arms, a Mace with an old useless Charter, and all in disorder. Before Thamesis are broken Reeds, Bulrushes, Sedge, etc., with his Urn reversed.

ACT I

MERCURY *descends*

MER. Thou glorious fabric! stand, for ever stand:
Well worthy thou to entertain
The God of Traffic, and of Gain,
To draw the concourse of the land,
And wealth of all the main.
But where the shoals of merchants meeting?
Welcome to their friends repeating,
Busy bargains' deafer sound?
Tongue confused of every nation?
Nothing here but desolation,
Mournful silence reigns around.

Aug. O Hermes! pity me!
I was, while heaven did smile,
The queen of all this isle,
Europe's pride,
And Albion's bride;
But gone my plighted lord! ah, gone is he!
O Hermes! pity me!

Tham. And I the noble Flood, whose tributary tide
Does on her silver margent smoothly glide;
But heaven grew jealous of our happy state,
And bid revolving fate
Our doom decree;
No more the King of Floods am I,
No more the Queen of Albion, she!

[*These two lines are sung by reprises*[1] *betwixt* AUGUSTA *and* THAMESIS.

[1] Antiphonally.

Aug. O Hermes! pity me! (*Sung by* AUG. *and*
Tham. O Hermes! pity me! (THAM. *together.*
Aug. Behold!
Tham. Behold!
Aug. My turrets on the ground,
That once my temples crowned!
Tham. The sedgy honours of my brows dispersed!
My urn reversed!
Merc. Rise, rise, Augusta, rise!
And wipe thy weeping eyes:
Augusta!—for I call thee so:
'Tis lawful for the gods to know
Thy future name,
And growing fame.
Rise, rise, Augusta, rise.
Aug. Oh, never, never will I rise,
Never will I cease my mourning,
Never wipe my weeping eyes,
Till my plighted lord's returning!
Never, never will I rise!
Merc. What brought thee, wretch, to this despair?
The cause of thy misfortune show.
Aug. It seems the gods take little care
Of human things below,
When even our sufferings here they do not know.
Merc. Not unknowing came I down,
Disloyal town!
Speak! didst not thou
Forsake thy faith, and break thy nuptial vow?
Aug. Ah, 'tis too true! too true!
But what could I, unthinking city, do?
Faction swayed me,
Zeal allured me,
Both assured me,
Both betrayed me!
Merc. Suppose me sent

Thy Albion to restore,—
Canst thou repent?
Aug. My falsehood I deplore!
Tham. Thou seest her mourn, and I
With all my waters will her tears supply.
Merc. Then by some loyal deed regain
Thy long-lost reputation,
To wash away the stain
That blots a noble nation,
And free thy famous town again
From force of usurpation.
Chorus of all. We 'll wash away the stain
That blots a noble nation,
And free this famous town again
From force of usurpation.
[*Dance of the* Followers *of* MERCURY.
Aug. Behold Democracy and Zeal appear;
She, that allured my heart away,
And he, that after made a prey.
Merc. Resist, and do not fear!
Chorus of all. Resist, and do not fear!

Enter DEMOCRACY *and* ZEAL, *attended by* ARCHON.

Dem. Nymph of the city! bring thy treasures,
Bring me more
To waste in pleasures.
Aug. Thou hast exhausted all my store,
And I can give no more.
Zeal. Thou horny flood, for Zeal provide
A new supply; and swell thy moony tide,
That on thy buxom back the floating gold may glide.
Tham. Not all the gold the southern sun produces,
Or treasures of the famed Levant,
Suffice for pious uses,
To feed the sacred hunger of a saint!
Dem. Woe to the vanquished, woe!

Slave as thou art,
Thy wealth impart,
And me thy victor know!
Zeal. And me thy victor know.
Resistless arms are in my hand,
Thy bars shall burst at my command,
Thy towery head lie low.
Woe to the vanquished, woe!
Aug. Were I not bound by fate
For ever, ever here,
My walls I would translate
To some more happy sphere,
Removed from servile fear.
Tham. Removed from servile fear,
Would I could disappear,
And sink below the main;
For commonwealth's a load,
My old imperial flood
Shall never, never bear again.
A commonwealth's a load, } THAMES.
Our old imperial flood } *and* AUG.
Shall never, never, never, bear again. } *together.*
Dem. Pull down her gates, expose her bare;
I must enjoy the proud disdainful fair.
Haste, Archon, haste
To lay her waste!
Zeal. I'll hold her fast
To be embraced!
Dem. And she shall see
A thousand tyrants are in thee,
A thousand thousand more in me!
Archon [*to* AUG.]. From the Caledonian shore
Hither am I come to save thee,
Not to force or to enslave thee,
But thy Albion to restore:
Hark! the peals the people ring,
Peace, and freedom, and a king.

Chorus. Hark! the peals the people ring,
Peace, and freedom, and a king.
Aug. and *Tham.* To arms! to arms!
Archon. I lead the way!
Merc. Cease your alarms!
And stay, brave Archon, stay!
'Tis doomed by fate's decree,
'Tis doomed that Albion's dwelling,
All other isles excelling,
By peace shall happy be.
Archon. What then remains for me?
Merc. Take my caduceus! Take this awful wand,
With this the infernal ghosts I can command,
And strike a terror through the Stygian land.
Commonwealth will want pretences,
Sleep will creep on all his senses;
Zeal, that lent him her assistance,
Stand amazed without resistance.
[ARCHON *touches* DEMOCRACY *with a Wand.*
Dem. I feel a lazy slumber lays me down:
Let Albion, let him take the crown.
Happy let him reign,
Till I wake again. [*Falls asleep.*
Zeal. In vain I rage, in vain
I rouse my powers;
But I shall wake again,
I shall, to better hours.
Even in slumber will I vex him;
Still perplex him,
Still encumber:
Know, you that have adored him,
And sovereign power afford him,
We'll reap the gains
Of all your pains,
And seem to have restored him. [ZEAL *falls asleep.*
Aug. and *Tham.* A stupefying sadness
Leaves her without motion;

But sleep will cure her madness,
And cool her to devotion.

A double Pedestal rises: on the front of it is painted, in stone-colour, two Women; one holding a double-faced vizor; the other a book, representing HYPOCRISY *and* FANATICISM; *when* ARCHON *has charmed* DEMOCRACY *and* ZEAL *with the Caduceus of* MERCURY, *they fall asleep on the Pedestal, and it sinks with them.*

Merc. Cease, Augusta! cease thy mourning,
Happy days appear;
Godlike Albion is returning
Loyal hearts to cheer.
Every grace his youth adorning
Glorious as the star of morning,
Or the planet of the year.

Chor. Godlike Albion is returning, etc.

Merc. [*to* ARCH.]. Haste away, loyal chief, haste away,
No delay, but obey;
To receive thy loved lord, haste away. [*Ex.* ARCH.

Tham. Medway and Isis, you that augment me,
Tides that increase my watery store,
And you that are friends to peace and plenty,
Send my merry boys all ashore;
Seamen skipping,
Mariners leaping,
Shouting, tripping,
Send my merry boys all ashore!

A dance of Watermen *in the King's and Duke's Liveries.*

The Clouds divide, and JUNO *appears in a Machine drawn by Peacocks; while a Symphony is playing, it moves gently forward, and as it descends, it opens and discovers the Tail of the Peacock, which is so large, that it almost fills the opening of the Stage between Scene and Scene.*

Merc. The clouds divide; what wonders,
What wonders do I see!
The wife of Jove! 'Tis she,
That thunders, more than thundering he!
Juno. No, Hermes, no;
'Tis peace above
As 'tis below;
For Jove has left his wand'ring love.
Tham. Great queen of gathering clouds,
Whose moisture fills our floods,
See, we fall before thee,
Prostrate we adore thee!
Aug. Great queen of nuptial rites,
Whose power the soul unites,
And fills the genial bed with chaste delights,
See, we fall before thee,
Prostrate we adore thee!
Juno. 'Tis ratified above by every god,
And Jove has firmed it with an awful nod,
That Albion shall his love renew:
But, O ungrateful fair,
Repeated crimes beware,
And to his bed be true!

IRIS *appears on a very large Machine. This was really seen the 18th of March*, 1684, *by Captain* Christopher Gunman, *on board his R. H. Yacht, then in Calais Pier: He drew it as it then appeared, and gave a draught of it to us. We have only added the Cloud where the person of* IRIS *sits.*

Juno. Speak, Iris, from Batavia, speak the news!
Has she performed my dread command,
Returning Albion to his longing land,
Or dares the nymph refuse?
Iris. Albion, by the nymph attended,
Was to Neptune recommended;
Peace and Plenty spread the sails,

Venus in her shell before him,
From the sands in safety bore him,
And supplied Etesian gales. [*Ritornella.*
Archon, on the shore commanding,
Lowly met him at his landing,
Crowds of people swarmed around;
Welcome rang like peals of thunder;
Welcome, rent the skies asunder;
Welcome, heaven and earth resound.
Juno. Why stay we then on earth,
When mortals laugh and love?
'Tis time to mount above,
And send Astræa down,
The ruler of his birth,
And guardian of his crown.
'Tis time to mount above,
And send Astræa down.
Mer. Jun. Ir. 'Tis time to mount above,
And send Astræa down. [MER. JU. *and* IR. *ascend.*
Aug. and *Tham.* The royal squadron marches,
Erect triumphal arches,
For Albion and Albanius;
Rejoice at their returning,
The passages adorning:
The royal squadron marches,
Erect triumphal arches
For Albion and Albanius.

Part of the Scene disappears, and the four Triumphal Arches, erected on his Majesty's Coronation, are seen.

ALBION *appears,* ALBANIUS *by his side, preceded by* ARCHON, *followed by a* Train, *etc.*

Full Chorus. Hail, royal Albion, hail!
Aug. Hail, royal Albion, hail to thee,
Thy longing people's expectation!

Tham. Sent from the gods to set us free
From bondage and from usurpation!
Aug. To pardon and to pity me,
And to forgive a guilty nation!
Tham. Behold the differing climes agree,
Rejoicing in thy restoration.

Entry.[1] *Representing the Four Parts of the World, rejoicing at the Restoration of* ALBION.

[1] *I.e.*, ballet, from the French *entrée*.—ED.

ACT II

The Scene is a Poetical Hell. The change is total; the upper part of the House, as well as the Side-scenes. There is the Figure of PROMETHEUS *chained to a Rock, the Vulture gnawing his liver;* SISYPHUS *rolling the Stone the* BELIDES, *etc. Beyond, abundance of Figures in various torments. Then a great Arch of Fire. Behind this, three Pyramids of Flames in perpetual agitation. Beyond this, glowing Fire, which terminates the prospect.*

PLUTO *and the* FURIES; *with* ALECTO, DEMOCRACY, *and* ZELOTA.

PLU. Infernal offspring of the night,
Debarred of heaven your native right,
And from the glorious fields of light,
Condemned in shades to drag the chain,
And fill with groans the gloomy plain;
Since pleasures here are none below,
Be ill our good, our joy be woe:
Our work to embroil the worlds above,
Disturb their union, disunite their love,
And blast the beauteous frame of our victorious foe.

Dem. and *Zel.* O thou, for whom those worlds are made,
Thou sire of all things, and their end,
From hence they spring, and when they fade,
In shuffled heaps they hither tend;
Here human souls receive their breath,
And wait for bodies after death.

Dem. Hear our complaint, and grant our prayer.
Plu. Speak what you are,
And whence you fell?
Dem. I am thy first-begotten care,
Conceived in heaven, but born in hell.
When thou didst bravely undertake in fight
Yon arbitrary power,
That rules by sovereign might.
To set thy heaven-born fellows free,
And leave no difference in degree,
In that auspicious hour
Was I begot by thee.
Zel. One mother bore us at a birth,
Her name was Zeal before she fell;
No fairer nymph in heaven or earth,
Till saintship taught her to rebel:
But losing fame,
And changing name,
She's now the Good Old Cause in hell.
Plu. Dear pledges of a flame not yet forgot,
Say, what on earth has been your lot?
Dem. and *Zel.* The wealth of Albion's isle was ours,
Augusta stooped with all her stately towers,
Dem. Democracy kept nobles under.
Zel. Zeal from the pulpit roared like thunder.
Dem. I trampled on the state.
Zel. I lorded o'er the gown.
Dem. and *Zel.* We both in triumph sate,
Usurpers of the crown.
But, O prodigious turn of fate!
Heaven controlling,
Sent us rolling, rolling down.
Plu. I wondered how of late our Acherontic shore
Grew thin, and hell unpeopled of her store;
Charon, for want of use, forgot his oar.
The souls of bodies dead flew all sublime,
And hither none returned to purge a crime:

But now I see, since Albion is restored,
Death has no business, nor the vengeful sword.
'Tis too, too much that here I lie
From glorious empire hurled;
By Jove excluded from the sky;
By Albion from the world.
Dem. Were Commonwealth restored again,
Thou shouldst have millions of the slain
To fill thy dark abode.
Zel. For he a race of rebels sends,
And Zeal the path of heaven pretends,
But still mistakes the road.
Plu. My labouring thought
At length hath wrought
A bravely bold design,
In which you both shall join.
In borrowed shapes to earth return;
Thou, Commonwealth, a Patriot seem,
Thou, Zeal, like true Religion burn,
To gain the giddy crowd's esteem.—
Alecto, thou to fair Augusta go,
And all thy snakes into her bosom throw.
Dem. Spare some to fling
Where they may sting
The breast of Albion's king.
Zel. Let jealousies so well be mixed,
That great Albanius be unfixed.
Plu. Forbear your vain attempts, forbear;
Hell can have no admittance there;
The people's fear will serve as well,
Make him suspected, them rebel.
Zel. Y' have all forgot
To forge a plot,
In seeming care of Albion's life;
Inspire the crowd
With clamours loud,
To involve his brother and his wife.

Alec. Take, of a thousand souls at thy command,
The basest, blackest of the Stygian band,
One, that will swear to all they can invent,
So throughly damned, that he can ne'er repent;
One, often sent to earth,
And still at every birth
He took a deeper stain:
One, that in Adam's time was Cain;
One, that was burnt in Sodom's flame,
For crimes ev'n here too black to name:
One, who through every form of ill has run:
One, who in Naboth's days was Belial's son;
One, who has gained a body fit for sin;
Where all his crimes
Of former times
Lie crowded in a skin.[1]

Plu. Take him,
Make him
What you please;
For he can be
A rogue with ease.
One for mighty mischief born;
He can swear and be forsworn.

Plu. and *Alec.* Take him, make him what you please;
For he can be a rogue with ease.

Plu. Let us laugh, let us laugh, let us laugh at our woes,
The wretch that is damned has nothing to lose.—
Ye furies, advance
With the ghosts in a dance.
'Tis jubilee here when the world is in trouble;
When people rebel,
We frolic in hell;
But when the king falls, the pleasure is double.

[*A single entry of a* Devil, *followed by an entry of twelve* Devils.

[1] Titus Oates.

Chorus. Let us laugh, let us laugh, let us laugh at our woes,
The wretch that is damned hath nothing to lose.

The Scene changes to a Prospect taken from the middle of the Thames; one side of it begins at York Stairs, thence to Whitehall, and the Mill-bank, etc. The other from the Saw-mill, thence to the Bishop's Palace, and on as far as can be seen in a clear day.

Enter AUGUSTA: *She has a Snake in her bosom hanging down.*

Aug. O jealousy, thou raging ill,
Why hast thou found a room in lovers' hearts,
Afflicting what thou canst not kill,
And poisoning Love himself, with his own darts?
I find my Albion's heart is gone.
My first offences yet remain,
Nor can repentance love regain;
One writ in sand, alas! in marble one.
I rave, I rave! my spirits boil
Like flames increased, and mounting high with pouring oil;
Disdain and love succeed by turns;
One freezes me, and t'other burns, it burns.
Away, soft Love, thou foe to rest!
Give Hate the full possession of my breast.
Hate is the nobler passion far,
When love is ill repaid;
For at one blow it ends the war,
And cures the love-sick maid.

Enter DEMOCRACY *and* ZELOTA; *one represents a Patriot, the other Religion.*

Dem. Let not thy generous passion waste its rage,
But once again restore our golden age;
Still to weep and to complain,
Does but more provoke disdain.

Let public good
Inflame thy blood;
With crowds of warlike people thou art stored,
And heaps of gold;
Reject thy old,
And to thy bed receive another lord.
Zel. Religion shall thy bonds release,
For heaven can loose, as well as tie, all;
And when 'tis for the nation's peace,
A king is but a king on trial;
When love is lost, let marriage end,
And leave a husband for a friend.
Dem. With jealousy swarming,
The people are arming,
The frights of oppression invade them.
Zel. If they fall to relenting,
For fear of repenting,
Religion shall help to persuade them.
Aug. No more, no more temptations use
To bend my will;
How hard a task 'tis to refuse
A pleasing ill!
Dem. Maintain the seeming duty of a wife,
A modest show with jealous eyes deceive;
Affect a fear for hated Albion's life,
And for imaginary dangers grieve.
Zel. His foes already stand protected,
His friends by public fame suspected,
Albanius must forsake his isle;
A plot, contrived in happy hour,
Bereaves him of his royal power,
For heaven to mourn, and hell to smile.

The former Scene continues.

Enter ALBION *and* ALBANIUS *with a* Train.

Alb. Then Zeal and Commonwealth infest

My land again;
The fumes of madness, that possest
The people's giddy brain,
Once more disturb the nation's rest,
And dye rebellion in a deeper stain.

II

Will they at length awake the sleeping sword,
And force revenge from their offended lord?
How long, ye gods, how long
Can royal patience bear
The insults and wrong
Of madmen's jealousies, and causeless fear?

III

I thought their love by mildness might be gained,
By peace I was restored, in peace I reigned;
But tumults, seditions,
And haughty petitions,
Are all the effects of a merciful nature;
Forgiving and granting,
Ere mortals are wanting,
But leads to rebelling against their creator.

MERCURY *descends.*

Mer. With pity Jove beholds thy state
But Jove is circumscribed by fate;
The o'erwhelming tide rolls on so fast,
It gains upon this island's waist;[1]
And is opposed too late! too late!
Alb. What then must helpless Albion do?
Mer. Delude the fury of the foe.
And, to preserve Albanius, let him go;
For 'tis decreed,
Thy land must bleed,

[1] Orig. eds. "wast," and Scott, "waste." But "waist" is better, and "wast" was the contemporary spelling of it.

For crimes not thine, by wrathful Jove;
A sacred flood
Of royal blood
Cries vengeance, vengeance, loud above.
[MERCURY *ascends.*
Alb. Shall I, to assuage
Their brutal rage
The regal stem destroy?
Or must I lose,
To please my foes,
My sole remaining joy?
Ye gods, what worse,
What greater curse,
Can all your wrath employ!
Alban. O Albion! hear the gods and me!
Well am I lost, in saving thee.
Not exile or danger can fright a brave spirit,
With innocence guarded,
With virtue rewarded;
I make of my sufferings a merit.
Alb. Since then the gods and thou will have it so,
Go; (Can I live once more to bid thee?) go,
Where thy misfortunes call thee, and thy fate;
Go, guiltless victim of a guilty state!
In war, my champion to defend,
In peaceful hours, when souls unbend,
My brother, and, what's more, my friend!
Borne where the foamy billows roar,
On seas less dangerous than the shore,
Go, where the gods thy refuge have assigned;
Go from my sight; but never from my mind.
Alban. Whatever hospitable ground
Shall be for me, unhappy exile, found,
Till heaven vouchsafe to smile;
What land soe'er,—
Though none so dear
As this ungrateful isle,—

Oh think! oh think! no distance can remove
My vowed allegiance, and my loyal love.
Alb. and *Alban.* The rosy-fingered morn appears,
And from her mantle shakes her tears,
In promise of a glorious day;
The sun, returning, mortals cheers,
And drives the rising mists away,
In promise of a glorious day. [*Ritornelle.*

The farther part of the heaven opens, and discovers a Machine as it moves forward, the clouds which are before it divide, and show the person of APOLLO, *holding the reins in his hand. As they fall lower, the Horses appear with the Rays, and a great glory about* APOLLO.

Apol. All hail, ye royal pair.
The gods' peculiar care!
Fear not the malice of your foes;
Their dark designing,
And combining,
Time and truth shall once expose;
Fear not the malice of your foes.

II

My sacred oracles assure,
The tempest shall not long endure;
But when the nation's crimes are purged away,
Then shall you both in glory shine;
Propitious both, and both divine;
In lustre equal to the god of day.
[APOLLO *goes forward out of sight.*

NEPTUNE *rises out of the Water and a* Train of Rivers, Tritons, *and* Sea-Nymphs *attend him.*

Tham. Old father Ocean calls my tide;
Come away, come away;

The barks upon the billows ride,
The master will not stay;
The merry boatswain from his side
His whistle takes, to check and chide
The lingering lads' delay,
And all the crew aloud has cried,
Come away, come away.
See, the god of seas attends thee,
Nymphs divine, a beauteous train;
All the calmer gales befriend thee,
In thy passage o'er the main;
Every maid her locks is binding,
Every Triton's horn is winding;
Welcome to the wat'ry plain!

CHACON [1]

Two Nymphs *and* Triton *sing.*

Ye Nymphs, the charge is royal,
Which you must convey;
Your hearts and hands employ all,
Hasten to obey;
When earth is grown disloyal,
Show there's honour in the sea.

The CHACON *continues.*

The Chorus of Nymphs *and* Tritons *repeat the same Verses.*

The CHACON *continues.*

The two Nymphs *and* Triton *sing*

Sports and pleasures shall attend you
Through all the wat'ry plains,
Where Neptune reigns;

[1] The chacon[ne] is a musical arrangement of variations on a certain theme.

Venus ready to defend you,
And her nymphs to ease your pains.
No storm shall offend you,
Passing the main;
Nor billow threat in vain
So sacred a train,
Till the gods, that defend you,
Restore you again.

The CHACON *continues.*

The Chorus *repeat the same Verses:* "Sports and Pleasures," *etc.*

The CHACON *continues.*

The two Nymphs *and* Triton *sing.*

See, at your blest returning,
Rage disappears;
The widowed isle in mourning
Dries up her tears;
With flowers the meads adorning,
Pleasure appears,
And love dispels the nation's causeless fears.

The CHACON *continues.*

The Chorus of Nymphs *and* Tritons *repeat the same Verses,* "See, at your blest returning," *etc.*

The CHACON *continues.*

Then the Chorus *repeat,* "See, the god of seas," *etc., and this Chorus concludes the Act.*

ACT III

The Scene is a View of Dover, taken from the Sea. A row of Cliffs fill up each side of the Stage, and the Sea the middle of it, which runs into the Pier; beyond the Pier is the town of Dover; on each side of the town is seen a very high hill, on one of which is the Castle of Dover, on the other, the great stone which they call the Devil's-Drop. Behind the town several Hills are seen at a great distance, which finish the View.

Enter ALBION *bareheaded;* ACACIA *or* INNOCENCE *with him.*

ALB. Behold, ye powers! from whom I own
A birth immortal, and a throne;
See a sacred king uncrowned,
See your offspring, Albion, bound,
The gifts you gave with lavish hand,
Are all bestowed in vain;
Extended empire on the land,
Unbounded o'er the main.

Aca. Empire o'er the land and main,
Heaven, that gave, can take again;
But a mind, that's truly brave,
Stands despising
Storms arising.
And can ne'er be made a slave.

Alb. Unhelped I am, who pitied the distressed,
And, none oppressing, am by all oppressed;
Betrayed, forsaken, and of hope bereft.

Aca. Yet still the gods, and Innocence are left.

Alb. Ah! what canst thou avail,
Against rebellion armed with zeal,
And faced with public good?
O monarchs, see
Your fate in me!
To rule by love,
To shed no blood,
May be extolled above;
But here below,
Let princes know,
'Tis fatal to be good.

Chorus of both. To rule by love, *etc.*

Acа. Your father Neptune, from the seas,
Has Nereids and blue Tritons sent,
To charm your discontent.

Nereids *rise out of the Sea, and sing;* Tritons *dance.*

From the low palace of old father Ocean,
Come we in pity your cares to deplore;
Sea-racing dolphins are trained for our motion,
Moony tides swelling to roll us ashore.

II.

Every nymph of the flood, her tresses rending,
Throws off her armlet of pearl in the main;
Neptune in anguish his charge unattending,
Vessels are foundering, and vows are in vain.

Enter TYRANNY, DEMOCRACY, *represented by* Men, *attended by* ASEBIA *and* ZELOTA, Women.

Tyr. Ha! ha! 'tis what so long I wished and vowed.
Our plots and delusions
Have wrought such confusions,
That the monarch's a slave to the crowd.
Dem. A design we fomented——
Tyr. By hell it was new!

Dem. A false plot invented——
Tyr. To cover a true.
Dem. First with promised faith we flattered.
Tyr. Then jealousies and fears we scattered.
Aseb. We never valued right or wrong,
But as they served our cause.
Zel. Our business was to please the throng,
And court their wild applause;
Aseb. For this we bribed the lawyer's tongue,
And then destroyed the laws.
Cho. For this, etc.
Tyr. To make him safe, we made his friends our prey;
Dem. To make him great, we scorned his royal sway——
Tyr. And to confirm his crown, we took his heir away.
Dem. To increase his store, we kept him poor;
Tyr. And when to wants we had betrayed him,
To keep him low,
Pronounced a foe,
Whoe'er presumed to aid him.
Aseb. But you forget the noblest part,
And master-piece of all your art,—
You told him he was sick at heart.
Zel. And when you could not work belief
In Albion of the imagined grief;
Your perjured vouchers, in a breath,
Made oath, that he was sick to death;
And then five hundred quacks of skill
Resolved, 'twas fit he should be ill.
Aseb. Now hey for a commonwealth,
We merrily drink and sing!
'Tis to the nation's health,
For every man's a king.
Zel. Then let the mask begin,
The saints advance,

To fill the dance,
And the Property Boys come in.

The Boys *in white begin a fantastic Dance.*[1]

Cho. Let the saints ascend the throne.
Dem. Saints have wives, and wives have preachers,
Gifted men, and able teachers;
These to get, and those to own.
Cho. Let the saints ascend the throne.
Aseb. Freedom is a bait alluring;
Them betraying, us securing,
While to sovereign power we soar.
Zel. Old delusions, new repeated,
Shows them born but to be cheated,
As their fathers were before.

Six Sectaries *begin a formal affected Dance: the two gravest whisper the other four, and draw them into the Plot; they pull out and deliver Libels to them, which they receive.*

Dem. See friendless Albion there alone,
Without defence
But Innocence;
Albanius now is gone.
Tyr. Say then, what must be done?
Dem. The gods have put him in our hand.[2]
Zel. He must be slain.
Tyr. But who shall then command?
Dem. The people: for the right returns to those
Who did the trust impose.
Tyr. 'Tis fit another sun should rise,
To cheer the world, and light the skies.
Dem. But when the sun
His race has run,

[1] The *White Boys* or *Property Boys* were adherents of the Duke of Monmouth.

[2] The murderers of Archbishop Sharpe exclaimed that "the Lord had delivered him into their hands."

And neither cheers the world, nor lights the skies,
'Tis fit a commonwealth of stars should rise.
Aseb. Each noble vice
Shall bear a price,
And virtue shall a drug become;
An empty name
Was all her fame,
But now she shall be dumb.
Zel. If open vice be what you drive at,
A name so broad we'll ne'er connive at.
Saints love vice, but, more refin'dly,
Keep her close, and use her kindly.
Tyr. Fall on.
Dem. Fall on; ere Albion's death, we'll try,
If one or many shall his room supply.

The White Boys *dance about the* Saints; *the* Saints *draw out the Association, and offer it to them; they refuse it, and quarrel about it; then the* White Boys *and* Saints *fall into a confused dance, imitating fighting. The* White Boys, *at the end of the dance, being driven out by the* Sectaries, *with Protestant Flails.*

Alb. See the gods my cause defending,
When all human help was past!
Acac. Factions mutually contending,
By each other fall at last.
Alb. But is not yonder Proteus' cave,
Below that steep,
Which rising billows brave?
Acac. It is; and in it lies the god asleep;
And snorting by,
We may descry
The monsters of the deep.
Alb. He knows the past,
And can resolve the future too.
Acac. 'Tis true!

But hold him fast,
For he can change his hue.

The Cave of PROTEUS *rises out of the Sea; it consists of several arches of Rock-work adorned with mother-of-pearl, coral, and abundance of shells of various kinds. Through the arches is seen the Sea, and parts of Dover Pier; in the middle of the Cave is* PROTEUS *asleep on a rock adorned with shells, etc., like the Cave.* ALBION *and* ACACIA *seize on him; and while a symphony is playing, he sinks as they are bringing him forward, and changes himself into a Lion, a Crocodile, a Dragon, and then to his own shape again. He comes forward to the front of the stage, and sings.*

SYMPHONY.

Pro. Albion, loved of gods and men,
Prince of peace, too mildly reigning,
Cease thy sorrow and complaining;
Thou shalt be restored again:
Albion, loved of gods and men.

II

Still thou art the care of heaven,
In thy youth to exile driven;
Heaven thy ruin then prevented,
Till the guilty land repented.
In thy age, when none could aid thee,
Foes conspired, and friends betrayed thee;
To the brink of danger driven,
Still thou art the care of heaven.

Alb. To whom shall I my preservation owe?
Pro. Ask me no more; for 'tis by Neptune's foe.[1]

PROTEUS *descends.*

[1] By fire.

DEMOCRACY *and* ZELOTA *return with their faction.*

Dem. Our seeming friends, who joined alone,
To pull down one, and build another throne,
Are all dispersed and gone;
We brave republic souls remain.
Zel. And 'tis by us that Albion must be slain:
Say, whom shall we employ
The tyrant to destroy?
Dem. That Archer is by fate designed,
With one eye clear, and t'other blind.
Zel. He comes inspired to do't.
Omnes. Shoot, holy Cyclop, shoot.

The one-eyed Archer[1] *advances, the rest follow. A fire arises betwixt them and* ALBION. [*Ritornelle.*

Dem. Lo! heaven and earth combine
To blast our bold design.
What miracles are shown!
Nature's alarmed,
And fires are armed,
To guard the sacred throne.
Zel. What help, when jarring elements conspire,
To punish our audacious crimes?
Retreat betimes,
To shun the avenging fire.
Chor. To shun the avenging fire. [*Ritor.*

As they are going back, a fire arises from behind; they all sink together.

Alb. Let our tuneful accents upwards move,
Till they reach the vaulted arch of those above;
Let us adore them;
Let us fall before them.
Acac. Kings they made, and kings they love.
When they protect a rightful monarch's reign,
The gods in heaven, the gods on earth maintain.

[1] Rumbold, the chief agent in the Rye-House Plot.

Both. When they protect, etc.
Alb. But see, what glories gild the main!
Acac. Bright Venus brings Albanius back again,
With all the Loves and Graces in her train.

A Machine rises out of the sea; it opens, and discovers VENUS *and* ALBANIUS *sitting in a great scallop-shell richly adorned.* VENUS *is attended by the* Loves *and* Graces, ALBANIUS *by* Heroes; *the shell is drawn by dolphins; it moves forward, while a Symphony of flutes-doux, etc., is playing, till it lands them on the Stage, and then it closes and sinks.*

VENUS *sings.*

Albion, hail! the gods present thee
All the richest of their treasures,
Peace and pleasures,
To content thee,
Dancing their eternal measures.
[Graces *and* Loves *dance an entry.*
Venus. But, above all human blessing,
Take a warlike loyal brother,
Never prince had such another;
Conduct, courage, truth expressing,
All heroic worth possessing.
[*Here the* Heroes' *dance is performed.*
Chorus of all. But above all, etc. [*Ritor.*

Whilst a Symphony is playing, a very large, and a very glorious Machine descends; the figure of it oval, all the clouds shining with gold, abundance of Angels and Cherubins flying about them, and playing in them: in the midst of it sits APOLLO *on a throne of gold; he comes from the machine to* ALBION.

Phœd. From Jove's imperial court,
Where all the gods resort,

In awful counsel met,
Surprising news I bear;
Albion the great
Must change his seat,
For he's adopted there.

Venus. What stars above shall we displace?
Where shall he fill a room divine?

Nept. Descended from the sea-gods' race,
Let him by my Orion shine.

Phœb. No, not by that tempestuous sign;
Betwixt the Balance and the Maid,
The just,
August,
And peaceful shade,
Shall shine in heaven with beams displayed,
While great Albanius is on earth obeyed.

Venus. Albanius, lord of land and main,
Shall with fraternal virtues reign;
And add his own,
To fill the throne;
Adored and feared, and loved no less;
In war victorious, mild in peace,
The joy of man, and Jove's increase.

Acac. O thou! who mountest the ethereal throne,
Be kind and happy to thy own;
Now Albion is come,
The people of the sky
Run gazing, and cry,—
Make room, make room,
Make room for our new deity!

Here ALBION *mounts the Machine, which moves upward slowly.*

A full Chorus of all that ACACIA *sung.*

Ven. Behold what triumphs are prepared to grace

Thy glorious race,
Where love and honour claim an equal place;
Already they are fixed by fate,
And only ripening ages wait.

The Scene changes to a Walk of very high trees; at the end of the Walk is a view of that part of Windsor which faces Eton; in the midst of it is a row of small trees, which lead to the Castle-Hill. In the first scene, part of the Town and part of the Hill. In the next, the Terrace Walk, the King's *lodgings, and the upper part of St George's Chapel; then the Keep; and lastly, that part of the Castle beyond the Keep.*

In the air is a vision of the Honours of the Garter; the Knights *in procession, and the* King *under a canopy; beyond this, the upper end of St George's Hall.*

FAME *rises out of the middle of the Stage, standing on a Globe, on which is the Arms of England: the Globe rests on a Pedestal; on the front of the Pedestal is drawn a* Man *with a long, lean, pale face, with fiend's wings, and snakes twisted round his body; he is encompassed by several fanatical rebellious heads, who suck poison from him, which runs out of a tap in his side.*[1]

Fame. Renown, assume thy trumpet!
From pole to pole resounding
Great Albion's name;
Great Albion's name shall be
The theme of Fame, shall be great Albion's name,
Great Albion's name, great Albion's name.
Record the Garter's glory;
A badge for heroes, and for kings to bear;
For kings to bear!
And swell the immortal story,
With songs of gods, and fit for gods to hear;

[1] Shaftesbury, who had an issue in his side.

And swell the immortal story,
With songs of gods, and fit for gods to hear;
For gods to hear.

A full Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments. Trumpets and hautboys make Ritornelloes of all FAME *sings; and twenty-four* Dancers *are all the time in a chorus, and dance to the end of the Opera.*

EPILOGUE

AFTER our Æsop's fable shown to-day,
I come to give the moral of the play.
Feigned Zeal, you saw, set out the speedier pace;
But, the last heat, Plain Dealing won the race:
Plain Dealing for a jewel has been known;
But ne'er till now the jewel of a crown.
When heaven made man, to show the work divine,
Truth was his image, stamped upon the coin:
And when a king is to a god refined,
On all he says and does he stamps his mind:
This proves a soul without alloy, and pure;
Kings, like their gold, should every touch endure.
To dare in fields is valour; but how few
Dare be so throughly valiant,—to be true!
The name of great, let other kings affect:
He's great indeed, the prince that is direct.
His subjects know him now, and trust him more
Than all their kings, and all their laws before.
What safety could their public acts afford?
Those he can break; but cannot break his word.
So great a trust to him alone was due;
Well have they trusted whom so well they knew.
The saint, who walked on waves, securely trod,
While he believed the beck'ning of his God;
But when his faith no longer bore him out,
Began to sink, as he began to doubt.
Let us our native character maintain;
'Tis of our growth, to be sincerely plain.
To excel in truth we loyally may strive,
Set privilege against prerogative:
He plights his faith, and we believe him just;
His honour is to promise, ours to trust.
Thus Britain's basis on a word is laid.
As by a word the world itself was made.

DON SEBASTIAN

A TRAGEDY

—— Nec tarda senectus
Debilitat vires animi, mutatque vigorem. VIRG.

DON SEBASTIAN

THE very great length of this play is explained by, and also explains, the fact that it was much "cu." after the first representation (1690), and that the author replaced the omitted passages in the printed text. Scott pronounces it the dramatic *chef d'œuvre* of Dryden, and the scene between Sebastian and Dorax won the unbounded admiration of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as well as more moderate praises since; while that between Sebastian and Almeyda has been only less popular. But the comic parts have been reprobated—rather surprisingly perhaps, seeing that some of the vituperators are among the greatest admirers of *The Spanish Friar*. Dryden evidently took unusual pains both with the arrangement and the writing, and his efforts were interpreted by a very strong cast—Kynaston, Williams and Betterton being among the actors, and Mrs Barry and Mrs Montfort among the actresses.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP, EARL OF LEICESTER, ETC.

FAR be it from me, my most noble lord, to think that anything which my meanness can produce should be worthy to be offered to your patronage; or that aught which I can say of you should recommend you further to the esteem of good men in this present age, or to the veneration which will certainly be paid you by posterity. On the other side, I must acknowledge it a great presumption in me to make you this address; and so much the greater, because by the common suffrage even of contrary parties, you have been always regarded as one of the first persons of the age, and yet not one writer has dared to tell you so; whether we have been all conscious to ourselves that it was a needless labour to give this notice to mankind, as all men are ashamed to tell stale news; or that we were justly diffident of our own performances, as even Cicero is observed to be in awe when he writes to Atticus; where, knowing himself overmatched in good sense, and truth of knowledge, he drops the gaudy train of words, and is no longer the vainglorious orator. From whatever reason it may be, I am the first bold offender of this kind: I have broken down the fence, and ventured into the holy grove. How I may be punished for my profane attempt, I know not; but I wish it may not be of ill omen to your lordship: and that a crowd of bad writers do not rush into the quiet of your recesses after me. Every man in all changes of government which have been, or may possibly arrive, will agree, that I could not have offered my incense where it could be so well deserved. For you, my lord, are secure in your own merit; and all parties, as they rise uppermost, are sure to court you in their turns; it is a tribute which has ever been paid

your virtue. The leading men still bring their bullion to your mint, to receive the stamp of their intrinsic value, that they may afterwards hope to pass with human-kind. They rise and fall in the variety of revolutions, and are sometimes great, and therefore wise in men's opinions, who must court them for their interest. But the reputation of their parts most commonly follows their success; few of them are wise, but as they are in power; because indeed, they have no sphere of their own, but, like the moon in the Copernican system of the world, are whirled about by the motion of a greater planet. This it is to be ever busy; neither to give rest to their fellow-creatures, nor, which is more wretchedly ridiculous, to themselves; though, truly, the latter is a kind of justice, and giving mankind a due revenge, that they will not permit their own hearts to be at quiet, who disturb the repose of all beside them. Ambitious meteors! how willing they are to set themselves upon the wing, and taking every occasion of drawing upward to the sun, not considering that they have no more time allowed them for their mounting, than the short revolution of a day; and that when the light goes from them, they are of necessity to fall. How much happier is he, (and who he is I need not say, for there is but one phœnix in an age,) who, centring on himself, remains immovable, and smiles at the madness of the dance about him? he possesses the midst, which is the portion of safety and content. He will not be higher, because he needs it not; but by the prudence of that choice, he puts it out of fortune's power to throw him down. It is confessed, that if he had not so been born, he might have been too high for happiness; but not endeavouring to ascend, he secures the native height of his station from envy, and cannot descend from what he is, because he depends not on another. What a glorious character was this once in Rome! I should say, in Athens; when, in the disturbances of a state as mad as ours, the wise Pomponius transported all the remaining wisdom and virtue to his country into the sanctuary of peace and learning. But I would ask the world, (for you, my lord, are too nearly concerned to judge this cause,) whether there may not yet be found a character of a noble Englishman, equally shining with that illustrious Roman? Whether I need to name a second Atticus? or whether the

world has not already prevented me, and fixed it there, without my naming? Not a second, with a *longo sed proximus intervallo;* not a young Marcellus, flattered by a poet into the resemblance of the first, with a *frons læta parum, et dejecto lumina vultu,* and the rest that follows, *si qua fata aspera rumpas, tu Marcellus eris;* but a person of the same stamp and magnitude, who owes nothing to the former, besides the word Roman, and the superstition of reverence, devolving on him by the precedency of eighteen hundred years; one who walks by him with equal paces and shares the eyes of beholders with him; one who had been first, had he first lived; and, in spite of doting veneration, is still his equal: both of them born of noble families, in unhappy ages of change and tumult; both of them retiring from affairs of state; yet not leaving the commonwealth, till it had left itself: but never returning to public business, when they had once quitted it, though courted by the heads of either party. But who would trust the quiet of their lives with the extravagancies of their countrymen, when they are just in the giddiness of their turning; when the ground was tottering under them at every moment; and none could guess whether the next heave of the earthquake would settle them on the first foundation, or swallow it? Both of them knew mankind exactly well, for both of them began that study in themselves, and there they found the best part of human composition; the worst they learnt by long experience of the folly, ignorance, and immorality of most beside them. Their philosophy, on both sides, was not wholly speculative, for that is barren, and produces nothing but vain ideas of things which cannot possibly be known, or, if they could, yet would only terminate in the understanding; but it was a noble, vigorous, and practical philosophy, which exerted itself in all the offices of pity, to those who were unfortunate, and deserved not so to be. The friend was always more considered by them than the cause; and an Octavius or in Antony in distress, were relieved by them, as well as a Brutus or a Cassius; for the lowermost party, to a noble mind, is ever the fittest object of goodwill. The eldest of them, I will suppose, for his honour, to have been of the academic sect, neither dogmatist nor stoic: if he were not, I am sure he ought, in

common justice, to yield the precedency to his younger brother. For stiffness of opinion is the effect of pride, and not of philosophy; it is a miserable presumption of that knowledge which human nature is too narrow to contain; and the ruggedness of a stoic is only a silly affectation of being a god,—to wind himself up by pulleys to an insensibility of suffering, and, at the same time, to give the lie to his own experience, by saying he suffers not what he knows he feels. True philosophy is certainly of a more pliant nature, and more accommodated to human use; *Homo sum, humani à me nihil alienum puto.* A wise man will never attempt an impossibility; and such it is to strain himself beyond the nature of his being, either to become a deity, by being above suffering, or to debase himself into a stock or stone, by pretending not to feel it. To find in ourselves the weaknesses and imperfections of our wretched kind, is surely the most reasonable step we can make towards the compassion or our fellow-creatures. I could give examples of this kind in the second Atticus. In every turn of state, without meddling on either side, he has always been favourable and assisting to oppressed merit. The praises which were given by a great poet to the late queen-mother, on her rebuilding Somerset Palace, one part of which was fronting to the mean houses on the other side of the water, are as justly his—

> For the distressed and the afflicted lie
> Most in his thoughts, and always in his eye.

Neither has he so far forgotten a poor inhabitant of his suburbs, whose best prospect is on the garden of Leicester House, but that more than once he has been offering him his patronage, to reconcile him to a world of which his misfortunes have made him weary. There is another Sidney still remaining, though there can never be another Spenser to deserve the favour. But one Sidney gave his patronage to the applications of a poet; the other offered it unasked. Thus, whether as a second Atticus, or a second Sir Philip Sidney, the latter in all respects will not have the worse of the comparison; and if he will take up with the second place, the world will not so far flatter his modesty, as to seat him there, unless it be out of a deference of

manners, that he may place himself where he pleases at his own table.

I may therefore safely conclude, that he, who, by the consent of all men, bears so eminent a character, will out of his inborn nobleness forgive the presumption of this address. It is an unfinished picture, I confess, but the lines and features are so like that it cannot be mistaken for any other; and, without writing any name under it, every beholder must cry out, at first sight,—this was designed for Atticus, but the bad artist has cast too much of him into shades. But I have this excuse, that even the greatest masters commonly fall short of the best faces. They may flatter an indifferent beauty; but the excellences of nature can have no right done to them, for there both the pencil and pen are overcome by the dignity of the subject; as our admirable Waller has expressed it—

The hero's race transcends the poet's thought.

There are few in any age who can bear the load of a dedication; for where praise is undeserved, it is satire; though satire on folly is now no longer a scandal to any one person, where a whole age is dipt together. Yet I had rather undertake a multitude one way, than a single Atticus the other; for it is easier to descend than it is to climb. I should have gone ashamed out of the world, if I had not at least attempted this address, which I have long thought owing: and if I had never attempted, I might have been vain enough to think I might have succeeded in it. Now I have made the experiment, and have failed through my unworthiness, I may rest satisfied, that either the adventure is not to be achieved, or that it is reserved for some other hand.

Be pleased, therefore, since the family of the Attici is and ought to be above the common forms of concluding letters that I may take my leave in the words of Cicero to the first of them: *Me, O Pomponi, valdè pœnitet vivere: tantùm te oro, ut quoniam me ipse semper amâsti, ut eodem amore sis; ego nimirum idem sum. Inimici mei mea mihi non meipsum ademerunt. Cura, Attice, ut valeas.*

Dabam. Cal.
Jan. 1690.

PREFACE

WHETHER it happened through a long disuse of writing, that I forgot the usual compass of a play, or that, by crowding it with characters and incidents, I put a necessity upon myself of lengthening the main action, I know not; but the first day's audience sufficiently convinced me of my error, and that the poem was insupportably too long. It is an ill ambition of us poets, to please an audience with more than they can bear; and supposing that we wrote as well as vainly we imagine ourselves to write, yet we ought to consider that no man can bear to be long tickled. There is a nauseousness in a city-feast, when we are to sit four hours after we are cloyed. I am therefore, in the first place, to acknowledge, with all manner of gratitude, their civility, who were pleased to endure it with so much patience, to be weary with so much good-nature and silence, and not to explode an entertainment which was designed to please them, or discourage an author, whose misfortunes have once more brought him, against his will, upon the stage. While I continue in these bad circumstances, (and, truly, I see very little probability of coming out), I must be obliged to write; and if I may still hope for the same kind usage, I shall the less repent of that hard necessity. I write not this out of any expectation to be pitied, for I have enemies enow to wish me yet in a worse condition; but give me leave to say, that if I can please by writing, as I shall endeavour it, the town may be somewhat obliged to my misfortunes for a part of their diversion. Having been longer acquainted with the stage than any poet now living, and having observed how difficult it was to please; that the humours of comedy were almost spent; that love and honour (the mistaken topics of tragedy) were quite worn

out; that the theatres could not support their charges; that the audience forsook them; that young men, without learning, set up for judges, and that they talked loudest who understood the least; all these discouragements had not only weaned me from the stage, but had also given me a loathing of it. But enough of this: the difficulties continue; they increase; and I am still condemned to dig in those exhausted mines.

Whatever fault I next commit, rest assured it shall not be that of too much length: Above twelve hundred lines have been cut off from this tragedy since it was first delivered to the actors. They were indeed so judiciously lopped by Mr Betterton, to whose care and excellent action I am equally obliged, that the connection of the story was not lost; but, on the other side, it was impossible to prevent some part of the action from being precipitated, and coming on without that due preparation which is required to all great events: as, in particular, that of raising the mobile,[1] in the beginning of the fourth act, which a man of Benducar's cool character could not naturally attempt, without taking all those precautions which he foresaw would be necessary to render his design successful. On this consideration, I have replaced those lines through the whole poem, and thereby restored it to that clearness of conception, and (if I may dare to say it) that lustre and masculine vigour in which it was first written. It is obvious to every understanding reader, that the most poetical parts, which are descriptions, images similitudes and moral sentences, are those which of neces sity were to be pared away. when the body was swollen into too large a bulk for the representation of the stage. But there is a vast difference betwixt a public entertainment on the theatre, and a private reading in the closet: in the first, we are confined to time; and though we talk not by the hour-glass, yet the watch often drawn out of the pocket warns the actors that their audience is weary: in the last, every reader is judge of his own convenience; he can take up the book and lay it down at his pleasure, and find out those beauties of propriety in thought and writing which escaped him in the tumult and hurry of representing. And I dare boldly promise for this play, that in the roughness of the numbers

[1] The "mob."

and cadences, (which I assure was not casual, but so designed) you will see somewhat more masterly arising to your view, than in most, if not any, of my former tragedies. There is a more noble daring in the figures, and more suitable to the loftiness of the subject; and, besides this, some newnesses of English, translated from the beauties of modern tongues, as well as from the elegancies of the Latin: and here and there some old words are sprinkled, which, for their significance and sound, deserved not to be antiquated; such as we often find in Sallust amongst the Roman authors, and in Milton's *Paradise* amongst ours; though perhaps the latter, instead of sprinkling, has dealt them with too free a hand, even sometimes to the obscuring of his sense.

As for the story, or plot, of the tragedy, it is purely fiction; for I take it up where the history has laid it down. We are assured by all writers of those times, that Sebastian, a young prince of great courage and expectation, undertook that war, partly upon a religious account, partly at the solicitation of Muley-Mahomet, who had been driven out of his dominions by Abdelmelech, or, as others call him, Muley-Moluch, his nigh kinsman, who descended from the same family of Xeriffs, whose fathers, Hamet and Mahomet, had conquered that empire with joint forces, and shared it betwixt them after their victory; that the body of Don Sebastian was never found in the field of battle, which gave occasion for many to believe that he was not slain; that some years after, when the Spaniards, with a pretended title, by force of arms, had usurped the crown of Portugal from the house of Braganza, a certain person, who called himself Don Sebastian and had all the marks of his body and features of his face, appeared at Venice, where he was owned by some of his countrymen; but being seized by the Spaniards, was first imprisoned, then sent to the galleys, and at last put to death in private. It is most certain that the Portuguese expected his return for almost an age together after that battle, which is at least a proof of their extreme love to his memory; and the usage they had from their new conquerors might possibly make them so extravagant in their hopes and wishes for their old master.

This ground-work the history afforded me, and I desire no better to build a play upon ; for where the event of a great action is left doubtful, there the poet is left master. He may raise what he pleases on that foundation, provided he makes it of a piece, and according to the rule of probability. From hence I was only obliged, that Sebastian should return to Portugal no more; but at the same time I had him at my own disposal, whether to bestow him in Afric, or in any other corner of the world, or to have closed the tragedy with his death ; and the last of these was certainly the most easy, but for the same reason the least artful ; because, as I have somewhere said, the poison and the dagger are still at hand to butcher a hero when a poet wants the brains to save him. It being therefore only necessary, according to the laws of the drama, that Sebastian should no more be seen upon the throne, I leave it for the world to judge, whether or no, I have disposed of him according to art, or have bungled up the conclusion of his adventure. In the drawing of his character, I forgot not piety, which any one may observe to be one principal ingredient of it, even so far as to be a habit in him ; though I show him once to be transported from it by the violence of a sudden passion, to endeavour a self-murder. This being presupposed that he was religious, the horror of his incest, though innocently committed, was the best reason which the stage could give for hindering his return. It is true, I have no right to blast his memory with such a crime ; but declaring it to be fiction, I desire my audience to think it no longer true, than while they are seeing it represented ; for that once ended, he may be a saint, for aught I know, and we have reason to presume he is. On this supposition, it was unreasonable to have killed him ; for the learned Mr Rymer has well observed, that in all punishments we are to regulate ourselves by poetical justice ; and according to those measures, an involuntary sin deserves not death ; from whence it follows that to divorce himself from the beloved object, to retire into a desert, and deprive himself of a throne, was the utmost punishment which a poet could inflict, as it was also the utmost reparation which Sebastian could make. For what relates to Almeyda, her part is wholly fictitious. I know it is the surname of a noble family in Portugal,

which was very instrumental in the restoration of Don John de Braganza, father to the most illustrious and most pious princess, our queen-dowager. The French author of a novel, called *Don Sebastian*, has given that name to an African lady of his own invention, and makes her sister to Muley-Mahomet; but I have wholly changed the accidents, and borrowed nothing but the supposition that she was beloved by the King of Portugal. Though, if I had taken the whole story, and wrought it up into a play, I might have done it exactly according to the practice of almost all the ancients, who were never accused of being plagiaries for building their tragedies on known fables. Thus, Augustus Cæsar wrote an *Ajax*, which was not the less his own because Euripides had written a play before him on that subject. Thus, of late years, Corneille writ an *Œdipus* after Sophocles; and I have designed one after him, which I wrote with Mr Lee; yet neither the French poet stole from the Greek, nor we from the Frenchman. It is the contrivance, the new turn, and new characters, which alter the property, and makes it ours. The *materia poetica* is as common to all writers as the *materia medica* to all physicians. Thus in our Chronicles, Daniel's history is still his own, though Matthew Paris, Stow, and Hollingshed writ before him; otherwise we must have been content with their dull relations, if a better pen had not been allowed to come after them and writ his own account after a new and better manner.

I must further declare freely, that I have not exactly kept to the three mechanic rules of unity. I knew them, and had them in my eye, but followed them only at a distance; for the genius of the English cannot bear too regular a play: we are given to variety, even to a debauchery of pleasure. My scenes are therefore sometimes broken, because my underplot required them so to be, though the general scene remains—of the same castle; and I have taken the time of two days, because the variety of accidents which are here represented could not naturally be supposed to arrive in one: but to gain a greater beauty, it is lawful for a poet to supersede a less.

I must likewise own, that I have somewhat deviated from the known history, in the death of Muley-Moluch, who,

by all relations, died of a fever in the battle, before his army had wholly won the field; but if I have allowed him another day of life, it was because I stood in need of so shining a character of brutality as I have given him; which is indeed the same with that of the present Emperor Muley-Ishmael, as some of our English officers, who have been in his court, have credibly informed me.

I have been listening what objections had been made against the conduct of the play; but found them all so trivial, that if I should name them, a true critic would imagine that I played booty, and only raised up phantoms for myself to conquer. Some are pleased to say—the writing is dull; but *ætatem habet, de se loquatur.* Others, that the double poison is unnatural; let the common received opinion, and Ausonius his famous epigram, answer that. Lastly, a more ignorant sort of creatures than either of the former, maintain that the character of Dorax is not only unnatural, but inconsistent with itself: let them read the play, and think again; and if yet they are not satisfied, cast their eyes on that chapter of the wise Montaigne, which is entitled, *De l'Inconstance des Actions humaines.* A longer reply is what those cavillers deserve not; but I will give them and their fellows to understand that the Earl of Dorset was pleased to read the tragedy twice over before it was acted, and did me the favour to send me word, that I had written beyond any of my former plays, and that he was displeased anything should be cut away. If I have not reason to prefer his single judgment to a whole faction, let the world be judge; for the opposition is the same with that of Lucan's hero against an army; *concurrere bellum, atque virum.*

I think I may modestly conclude, that whatever errors there may be, either in the design or writing of this play, they are not those which have been objected to it. I think also, that I am not yet arrived to the age of doting; and that I have given so much application to this poem, that I could not probably let it run into many gross absurdities; which may caution my enemies from too rash a censure, and may also encourage my friends, who are many more than I could reasonably have expected, to believe their kindness has not been very undeservedly bestowed on me.

This is not a play that was huddled up in haste; and, to show it was not, I will own, that, besides the general moral of it, which is given in the four last lines, there is also another moral, couched under every one of the principal parts and characters, which a judicious critic will observe, though I point not to it in this Preface. And there may be also some secret beauties in the decorum of parts, and uniformity of design, which my puny judges will not easily find out: let them consider in the last scene of the fourth act, whether I have not preserved the rule of decency, in giving all the advantage to the royal character, and in making Dorax first submit. Perhaps too they may have thought, that it was through indigence of characters that I have given the same to Sebastian and Almeyda, and consequently made them alike in all things but their sex. But let them look a little deeper into the matter, and they will find that this identity of character in the greatness of their souls was intended for a preparation of the final discovery, and that the likeness of their nature was a fair hint to the proximity of their blood.

To avoid the imputation of too much vanity, (for all writers, and especially poets, will have some,) I will give but one other instance, in relation to the uniformity of the design. I have observed, that the English will not bear a thorough tragedy; but are pleased that it should be lightened with underparts of mirth. It had been easy for me to have given my audience a better course of comedy, I mean a more diverting, than that of Antonio and Morayma; but I dare appeal, even to my enemies, if I, or any man, could have invented one, which had been more of a piece, and more depending on the serious part of the design. For what could be more uniform than to draw from out of the members of a captive court the subject of a comical entertainment. To prepare this episode, you see Dorax giving the character of Antonio, in the beginning of the play, upon the first sight of him at the lottery; and to make the dependence, Antonio is engaged, in the fourth act, for the deliverance of Almeyda; which is also prepared by his being first made a slave to the captain of the rabble.

I should beg pardon for these instances; but perhaps they may be of use to future poets in the conduct of their

plays; at least, if I appear too positive, I am growing old, and thereby in possession of some experience, which men in years will always assume for a right of talking. Certainly if a man can ever have reason to set a value on himself, it is when his ungenerous enemies are taking the advantage of the times upon him, to ruin him in his reputation. And therefore, for once, I will make bold to take the counsel of my old master, Virgil—

Tu ne cede malis, sed contrà audentior ito.

PROLOGUE

Sent to the Author by an unknown hand, and proposed to be spoken by Mrs Mountford, dressed like an officer.

BRIGHT beauties, who in awful circle sit,
And you, grave synod of the dreadful pit,
And you the upper-tire [1] of popgun wit,

Pray ease me of my wonder, if you may;
Is all this crowd barely to see the play;
Or is't the poet's execution day?

His breath is in your hands, I will presume,
But I advise you to defer his doom,
Till you have got a better in his room;

And don't maliciously combine together,
As if in spite and spleen you were come hither;
For he has kept the pen, tho' lost the feather.[2]

And, on my honour, ladies, I avow,
This play was writ in charity to you;
For such a dearth of wit who ever knew?

Sure 'tis a judgment on this sinful nation,
For the abuse of so great dispensation;
And, therefore, I resolve to change vocation.

For want of petticoat, I've put on buff,
To try what may be got by lying rough:
How think you, sirs? is it not well enough?

Of bully-critics I a troop would lead; [3]
But, one replied,—Thank you, there's no such need,
I at Groom-Porter's, [4] sir, can safer bleed.

[1] "Tier" [2] The laureateship.
[3] All this refers to volunteering for William's Irish campaign.
[4] Where gambling tables were privileged.

Another, who the name of danger loaths,
Vow'd he would go, and swore me forty oaths,
But that his horses were in body-clothes.

A third cried,—Damn my blood, I'll be content
To push my fortune, if the Parliament
Would but recall claret from banishment.

A fourth (and I have done) made this excuse—
I'd draw my sword in Ireland, sir, to choose ;
Had not their women gouty legs, and wore no shoes.

Well, I may march, thought I, and fight, and trudge,
But, of these blades, the devil a man will budge ;
They there would fight, e'en just as here they judge.

Here they will pay for leave to find a fault ;
But, when their honour calls, they can't be bought ;
Honour in danger, blood, and wounds is sought.

Lost virtue, whither fled? or where's thy dwelling
Who can reveal? at least, 'tis past my telling,
Unless thou art embarked for Inniskilling.

On carrion-tits those sparks denounce their rage,
In boot of wisp and Leinster frise engage ;
What would you do in such an equipage?

The siege of Derry does you gallants threaten ;
Not out of errant shame of being beaten,
As fear of wanting meat, or being eaten.

Were wit like honour, to be won by fighting,
How few just judges would there be of writing !
Then you would leave this villainous backbiting.

Your talents lie how to express your spite ;
But, where is he who knows to praise aright?
You praise like cowards, but like critics fight.

Ladies, be wise, and wean these yearling calves,
Who, in your service too, are mere *faux-braves ;*
They judge, and write, and fight, and love—by halves.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY A WOMAN

THE judge removed, though he's no more my lord,
May plead at bar, or at the council-board:
So may cast poets write; there's no pretension
To argue loss of wit from loss of pension.
Your looks are cheerful; and in all this place
I see not one that wears a damning face.
The British nation is too brave, to show
Ignoble vengeance on a vanquished foe.
At least be civil to the wretch imploring:
And lay your paws upon him, without roaring.
Suppose our poet was your foe before,
Yet now, the business of the field is o'er;
'Tis time to let your civil wars alone,
When troops are into winter-quarters gone.
Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian;
And you well know, a play's of no religion.
Take good advice, and please yourselves this day;
No matter from what hands you have the play.
Among good fellows every health will pass,
That serves to carry round another glass:
When with full bowls of Burgundy you dine,
Though at the mighty monarch you repine,
You grant him still most Christian in his wine.
Thus far the poet; but his brains grow addle,
And all the rest is purely from this noddle.
You have seen young ladies at the senate-door,
Prefer petitions, and your grace implore;
However grave the legislators were,
Their cause went ne'er the worse for being fair.
Reasons as weak as theirs, perhaps, I bring;
But I could bribe you with as good a thing.

I heard him make advances of good-nature ;
That he, for once, would sheath his cutting satire.
Sign but his peace, he vows he'll ne'er again
The sacred names of fops and beaus profane.
Strike up the bargain quickly ; for I swear,
As times go now, he offers very fair.
Be not too hard on him with statutes neither ;
Be kind ; and do not set your teeth together,
To stretch the laws, as cobblers do their leather.
Horses by Papists are not to be ridden,
But sure the Muses' horse was ne'er forbidden ;
For in no rate-book it was ever found
That Pegasus was valued at five pound : [1]
Fine him to daily drudging and inditing ;
And let him pay his taxes out in writing.

[1] The act for disarming the Catholics (1 William and Mary, c. 15), enacted, "that no Papist, or reputed Papist, shall, or may have, any horse or horses, which shall be above the value of £5."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal.
MULEY-MOLUCH, Emperor of Barbary.
DORAX, a noble Portuguese, now a renegade; formerly Don ALONZO DE SYLVERA, Alcade or Governor of Alcazar
BENDUCAR, Chief Minister and favourite to the Emperor.
The Mufti ABDALLA.
MULEY-ZEYDAN, brother to the Emperor.
Don ANTONIO, a young, noble, amorous Portuguese; now a slave.
Don ALVAREZ, an old counsellor to Don Sebastian; now a slave also.
MUSTAPHA, Captain of the Rabble.
Two Merchants.
Rabble.
A Servant to Benducar.
A Servant to the Mufti.

ALMEYDA, a captive Queen of Barbary.
MORAYMA, daughter to the Mufti.
JOHAYMA, chief wife to the Mufti.

SCENE—IN THE CASTLE OF ALCAZAR.

ACT I

SCENE I

The Scene at Alcazar, representing a Market-place under the Castle.

Enter MULEY-ZEYDAN *and* BENDUCAR.

MUL.-ZEY. Now Africa's long wars are at an end,
And our parched earth is drenched in Christian blood;
My conquering brother will have slaves enow,
To pay his cruel vows for victory.—
What hear you of Sebastian, King of Portugal!

Bend. He fell among a heap of slaughtered Moors,
Though yet his mangled carcass is not found.
The rival of our threatened empire, Mahomet,
Was hot pursued, and, in the general rout,
Mistook a swelling current for a ford,
And in Mucazar's flood was seen to rise:
Thrice was he seen: At length his courser plunged,
And threw him off; the waves whelmed over him,
And, helpless, in his heavy arms he drowned.

M.-Zey. Thus, then, a doubtful title is extinguished;
Thus Moluch, still the favourite of fate,
Swims in a sanguine torrent to the throne,
As if our prophet only worked for him:
The heavens, and all the stars, are his hired servants;
As Muley-Zeydan were not worth their care,
And younger brothers but the draff of nature.

Bend. Be still, and learn the soothing arts of court:

Adore his fortune, mix with flattering crowds;
And, when they praise him most, be you the loudest.
Your brother is luxurious, close, and cruel;
Generous by fits, but permanent in mischief.
The shadow of a discontent would ruin us;
We must be safe, before we can be great.
These things observed, leave me to shape the rest.

M.-Zey. You have the key; he opens inward to you.

Bend. So often tried, and ever found so true,
Has given me trust; and trust has given me means
Once to be false for all. I trust not him;
For, now his ends are served, and he grown absolute,
How am I sure to stand, who served those ends?
I know your nature open, mild, and grateful:
In such a prince the people may be blest,
And I be safe.

M.-Zey. My father! [*Embracing him.*

Bend. My future king, auspicious Muley-Zeydan!
Shall I adore you?—No, the place is public:
I worship you within; the outward act
Shall be reserved till nations follow me,
And heaven shall envy you the kneeling world.—
You know the alcade of Alcazar, Dorax?

M.-Zey. The gallant renegade, you mean?

Bend. The same.
That gloomy outside, like a rusty chest,
Contains the shining treasure of a soul,
Resolved and brave: he has the soldiers' hearts,
And time shall make him ours.

M.-Zey. He's just upon us.

Bend. I know him from afar,
By the long stride, and by the sullen port.—
Retire, my lord.
Wait on your brother's triumph; yours is next:
His growth is but a wild and fruitless plant;
I'll cut his barren branches to the stock,
And graft you on to bear.

M.-Zey. My oracle! [*Exit* MULEY-ZEYDAN.

Bend. Yes, to delude your hopes,—Poor credulous fool!
To think that I would give away the fruit
Of so much toil, such guilt, and such damnation!
If I am damned, it shall be for myself.
This easy fool must be my stale, set up
To catch the people's eyes: He's tame and merciful;
Him I can manage, till I make him odious
By some unpopular act; and then dethrone him.

Enter DORAX.

Now, Dorax.

Dor. Well, Benducar.

Bend. Bare Benducar!

Dor. Thou wouldst have titles; take them, then,—chief minister,
First hangman of the state.

Bend. Some call me, Favourite.

Dor. What's that?—his minion?—
Thou art too old to be a catamite!—
Now pr'ythee tell me, and abate thy pride,
Is not Benducar, bare, a better name
In a friend's mouth, than all those gaudy titles,
Which I disdain to give the man I love?

Bend. But always out of humour——

Dor. I have cause:
Though all mankind is cause enough for satire.

Bend. Why, then, thou hast revenged thee on mankind.
They say, in fight, thou hadst a thirsty sword,
And well 'twas glutted there.

Dor. I spitted frogs; I crushed a heap of emmets;
A hundred of them to a single soul,
And that but scanty weight, too. The great devil
Scarce thanked me for my pains; he swallows vulgar
Like whipped cream,—feels them not in going down.

Bend. Brave renegade?—Couldst thou not meet
Sebastian?
Thy master had been worthy of thy sword.
Dor. My master!—By what title?
Because I happened to be born where he
Happened to be a king?—And yet I served him:
Nay, I was fool enough to love him, too.—
You know my story, how I was rewarded
For fifteen hard campaigns, still hooped in iron,
And why I turned Mahometan. I'm grateful;
But whosoever dares to injure me,
Let that man know, I dare to be revenged.
Bend. Still you run off from bias:—Say, what
moves
Your present spleen?
Dor. You marked not what I told you.
I killed not one that was his maker's image;
I met with none but vulgar two-legged brutes.
Sebastian was my aim; he was a man:
Nay,—though he hated me, and I hate him,
Yet I must do him right,—he was a man,
Above man's height, even towering to divinity:
Brave, pious, generous, great, and liberal;
Just as the scales of heaven, that weigh the seasons.
He loved his people; him they idolised;
And thence proceeds my mortal hatred to him;
That, thus unblamable to all besides,
He erred to me alone:
His goodness was diffused to humankind,
And all his cruelty confined to me.
Bend. You could not meet him, then?
Dor. No, though I sought
Where ranks fell thickest.—'Twas indeed the place
To seek Sebastian.—Through a track of death
I followed him, by groans of dying foes;
But still I came too late; for he was flown,
Like lightning swift, before me to new slaughters.

I mowed across, and made irregular harvest,
Defaced the pomp of battle: but in vain;
For he was still supplying death elsewhere.
This mads me, that perhaps ignoble hands
Have overlaid him,—for they could not conquer:
Murdered by multitudes, whom I alone
Had right to slay: I too would have been slain;
That, catching hold upon his flitting ghost,
I might have robbed him of his opening heaven,
And dragged him down with me, spite of predestination.

Bend. 'Tis of as much import as Afric's worth,
To know what came of him, and of Almeyda,
The sister of the vanquished Mahomet,
Whose fatal beauty to her brother drew
The land's third part, as Lucifer did heaven's.

Dor. I hope she died in her own female calling,
Choked up with man, and gorged with circumcision.
As for Sebastian, we must search the field;
And, where we see a mountain of the slain,
Send one to climb, and, looking down below,
There he shall find him at his manly length,
With his face up to heaven, in the red monument,
Which his true sword has digged.

Bend. Yet we may possibly hear further news;
For, while our Africans pursued the chase,
The captain of the rabble issued out,
With a black, shirtless train, to spoil the dead,
And seize the living.

Dor. Each of them an host,
A million strong of vermin every villain:
No part of government, but lords of anarchy,
Chaos of power, and privileged destruction.

Bend. Yet I must tell you, friend, the great must use them
Sometimes, as necessary tools of tumult.

Dor. I would use them
Like dogs in times of plague; outlaws of nature,

Fit to be shot and brained, without a process,
To stop infection; that's their proper death.
Bend. No more;—
Behold the emperor coming to survey
The slaves, in order to perform his vow.

Enter MULEY-MOLUCH *the Emperor, with* Attendants; *the* Mufti, *and* MULEY-ZEYDAN.

M.-Mol. Our armours now may rust; our idle scimitars
Hang by our sides for ornament, not use:
Children shall beat our atabals and drums,
And all the noisy trades of war no more
Shall wake the peaceful morn; the Xeriff's blood
No longer in divided channels runs,
The younger house took end in Mahomet:
Nor shall Sebastian's formidable name
Be longer used to lull the crying babe.
Muf. For this victorious day, our mighty prophet
Expects your gratitude, the sacrifice
Of Christian slaves, devoted, if you won.
M.-Mol. The purple present shall be richly paid;
That vow performed, fasting shall be abolished;
None e'er served heaven well with a starved face:
Preach abstinence no more; I tell thee, Mufti,
Good feasting is devout; and thou, our head,
Hast a religious, ruddy countenance.
We will wave[1] learned luxury; our lean faith
Gives scandal to the Christians; they feed high:
Then look for shoals of converts, when thou hast
Reformed us into feasting.
Muf. Fasting is but the letter of the law,
Yet it shows well to preach it to the vulgar;
Wine is against our law; that's literal too,
But not denied to kings and to their guides;
Wine is a holy liquor for the great.

[1] So folio, *ab.* "have."

Dor. [*aside*]. This Mufti, in my conscience, is some English renegade, he talks so savourly of toping.

M.-Mol. Bring forth the unhappy relics of the war.

Enter MUSTAPHA, *Captain of the Rabble, with his followers of the* Black Guard, *etc., and other* Moors; *with them a Company of* Portuguese Slaves, *without any of the chief persons.*

M.-Mol. These are not fit to pay an emperor's vow;
Our bulls and rams had been more noble victims:
These are but garbage, not a sacrifice.

Muf. The prophet must not pick and choose his offerings;
Now he has given the day, 'tis past recalling,
And he must be content with such as these.

M.-Mol. But are these all? Speak you, who are their masters.

Must. All, upon my honour; if you will take them as their fathers got them, so; if not, you must stay till they get a better generation. These Christians are mere bunglers; they procreate nothing but out of their own wives, and these have all the looks of eldest sons.

M.-Mol. Pain of your lives, let none conceal a slave.

Must. Let every man look to his own conscience; I am sure mine shall never hang me.

Bend. Thou speak'st as if thou wert privy to concealments; then thou art an accomplice.

Must. Nay, if accomplices must suffer, it may go hard with me; but here's the devil on't, there's a great man, and a holy man too, concerned with me; now, if I confess, he'll be sure to scape between his greatness and his holiness, and I shall be murdered, because of my poverty and rascality.

Muf. [*winking at him*]. Then, if thy silence save the great and holy,
'Tis sure thou shalt go straight to paradise.

Must. 'Tis a fine place, they say; but, doctor, I am

not worthy on't. I am contented with this homely world; 'tis good enough for such a poor, rascally Mussulman as I am; besides, I have learnt so much good manners, doctor, as to let my betters be served before me.

M.-Mol. Thou talk'st as if the Mufti were concerned.

Must. Your majesty may lay your soul on't. But, for my part, though I am a plain fellow, yet I scorn to be tricked into paradise; I would he should know it. The truth on't is, an't like you, his reverence bought of me the flower of all the market; these—these are but dogs' meat to them; and a round price he paid me, too, I'll say that for him; but not enough for me to venture my neck for. If I get paradise when my time comes, I can't help myself; but I'll venture nothing beforehand, upon a blind bargain.

M.-Mol. Where are those slaves? produce them.

Muf. They are not what he says.

M.-Mol. No more excuses. [*One goes out to fetch them.*
Know, thou may'st better dally
With a dead prophet than a living king.

Muf. I but reserved them to present thy greatness
An offering worthy thee.

Must. By the same token there was a dainty virgin, (virgin, said I! but I won't be too positive of that, neither,) with a roguish leering eye! he paid me down for her upon the nail a thousand golden sultanins, or he had never had her, I can tell him that; now, is it very likely he would pay so dear for such a delicious morsel, and give it away out of his own mouth, when it had such a farewell with it too?

Enter SEBASTIAN, *conducted in mean habit, with* ALVAREZ, ANTONIO, *and* ALMEYDA, *her face veiled with a barnus.*

M.-Mol. Ay: these look like the workmanship of heaven;

This is the porcelain clay of humankind,
And therefore cast into these noble moulds.
Dor. [*aside, while the* Emperor *whispers* BENDUCAR].
By all my wrongs,
'Tis he! damnation seize me, but 'tis he!
My heart heaves up and swells; he's poison to me;
My injured honour, and my ravished love,
Bleed at their murderer's sight.
Ben. [*aside to* DOR.]. The emperor would learn these prisoners' names;
You know them.
Dor. Tell him, no;
And trouble me no more—I will not know them.
Shall I trust heaven, that heaven which I renounced,
With my revenge? Then, where's my satisfaction?
No; it must be my own, I scorn a proxy. [*Aside.*
M.-Mol. 'Tis decreed;
These of a better aspect, with the rest,
Shall share one common doom, and lots decide it.
For every numbered captive, put a ball
Into an urn; three only black be there,
The rest, all white, are safe.
Muf. Hold, sir; the woman must not draw.
M.-Mol. O Mufti,
We know your reason; let her share the danger.
Muf. Our law says plainly, women have no souls.
M.-Mol. 'Tis true; their souls are mortal, set her by;
Yet, were Almeyda here, though fame reports her
The fairest of her sex, so much, unseen,
I hate the sister of our rival-house,
Ten thousand such dry notions of our Alcoran
Should not protect her life, if not immortal;
Die as she could, all of a piece, the better
That none of her remain.
[*Here an Urn is brought in; the* Prisoners *approach with great concernment, and*

among the rest, SEBASTIAN, ALVAREZ, *and* ANTONIO, *who come more cheerfully.*

Dor. Poor abject creatures, how they fear to die!
These never knew one happy hour in life,
Yet shake to lay it down. Is load so pleasant?
Or has heaven hid the happiness of death,
That men may dare to live?—Now for our heroes.
[*The three approach.*
Oh, these come up with spirits more resolved.
Old venerable Alvarez;—well I know him,
The favourite once of this Sebastian's father;
Now minister, (too honest for his trade).
Religion bears him out; a thing taught young,
In age ill practised, yet his prop in death.
Oh, he has drawn a black; and smiles upon't,
As who should say,—My faith and soul are white,
Though my lot swarthy; Now, if there be hereafter,
He's blest; if not, well cheated, and dies pleased.

Anton. [*holding his lot in his clenched hand*]. Here I have thee;
Be what thou wilt, I will not look too soon:
Thou hast a colour: if thou prov'st not right,
I have a minute good ere I behold thee.
Now, let me roll and grubble thee:
Blind men say white feels smooth, and black feels rough;
Thou hast a rugged skin, I do not like thee.

Dor. There is the amorous airy spark, Antonio,
The wittiest woman's toy in Portugal:
Lord, what a loss of treats and serenades!
The whole she-nation will be in mourning for him.

Anton. I've a most sweaty palm; the more's my sin:
If it be black, yet only dyed, not odious,
Damned natural ebony, there's hope, in rubbing,
To wash this Ethiop white.—[*Looks.*] Pox o' the proverb!
As black as hell;—another lucky saying!

I think the devil's in me; good again!
I cannot speak one syllable, but tends
To death or to damnation. [*Holds up his ball.*

Dor. He looks uneasy at his future journey, [*Aside.*
And wishes his boots off again, for fear
Of a bad road, and a worse inn at night.
Go to bed, fool, and take secure repose,
For thou shalt wake no more.

[SEBASTIAN *comes up to draw.*

M.-Mol. [*to* BEN.]. Mark him who now approaches to the lottery:
He looks secure of death, superior greatness,
Like Jove, when he made Fate, and said, Thou art
The slave of my creation—I admire him.

Bend. He looks as man was made; with face erect,
That scorns his brittle corpse, and seems ashamed
He's not all spirit; his eyes, with a dumb pride,
Accusing fortune that he fell not warm;
Yet now disdains to live. [SEBAST. *draws a black.*

M.-Mol. He has his wish;
And I have failed of mine.

Dor. Robbed of my vengeance by a trivial chance!
[*Aside.*
Fine work above, that their anointed care
Should die such little death! or did his genius
Know mine the stronger dæmon, feared the grapple,
And looking round him found this nook of fate,
To skulk behind my sword?—Shall I discover him?—
Still he would not die mine; no thanks to my
Revenge; reserved but to more royal shambles.
'Twere base, too, and below those vulgar souls,
That shared his danger, yet not one disclosed him,
But, struck with reverence, kept an awful silence.
I'll see no more of this;—dog of a prophet!
[*Exit* DORAX.

M.-Mol. One of these three is a whole hecatomb,

And therefore only one of them shall die;
The rest are but mute cattle; and, when death
Comes like a rushing lion, couch like spaniels,
With lolling tongues, and tremble at the paw;
Let lots again decide it.

[*The three draw again; and the lot falls on* SEBASTIAN.

Sebast. Then there's no more to manage; if I fall,
It shall be like myself; a setting sun
Should leave a track of glory in the skies.—
Behold Sebastian, King of Portugal.

M.-Mol. Sebastian! ha! it must be he; no other
Could represent such suffering majesty.
I saw him, as he terms himself, a sun
Struggling in dark eclipse, and shooting day
On either side of the black orb that veiled him.

Sebast. Not less even in this despicable now,
Than when my name filled Afric with affrights,
And froze your hearts beneath your torrid zone.

Bend. [*to* M.-MOL.]. Extravagantly brave! even to an impudence
Of greatness.

Sebast. Here satiate all your fury;
Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me;
I have a soul, that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
I would have conquered you: and ventured only
A narrow neck of land for a third world,
To give my loosened subjects room to play.
Fate was not mine,
Nor am I fate's. Now I have pleased my longing,
And trod the ground which I beheld from far,
I beg no pity for this mouldering clay;
For, if you give it burial, there it takes
Possession of your earth;
If burnt and scattered in the air, the winds,
That strow my dust, diffuse my royalty,

And spread me o'er your clime; for where one atom
Of mine shall light, know, there Sebastian reigns.
M.-Mol. What shall I do to conquer thee?
Sebast. Impossible!
Souls know no conquerors.
M.-Mol. I'll show thee for a monster through my Afric.
Sebast. No, thou canst only show me for a man:
Afric is stored with monsters; man's a prodigy
Thy subjects have not seen.
M.-Mol. Thou talk'st as if
Still at the head of battle.
Sebast. Thou mistakest,
For then I would not talk.
Bend. Sure he would sleep.
Sebast. Till doomsday, when the trumpet sounds to rise;
For that's a soldier's call.
M.-Mol. Thou'rt brave too late;
Thou shouldst have died in battle, like a soldier.
Sebast. I fought and fell like one, but death deceived me;
I wanted weight of feeble Moors upon me,
To crush my soul out.
M.-Mol. Still untamable!
In what a ruin has thy headstrong pride,
And boundless thirst of empire, plunged thy people!
Sebast. What say'st thou? ha! no more of that.
M.-Mol. Behold.
What carcasses of thine thy crimes have strewed,
And left our Afric vultures to devour.
Bend. Those souls were those thy God entrusted with thee,
To cherish, not destroy.
Sebast. Witness, O heaven, how much
This sight concerns me! would I had a soul
For each of these; how gladly would I pay
The ransom down! But since I have but one,

'Tis a king's life, and freely 'tis bestowed.
Not your false prophet, but eternal justice
Has destined me the lot, to die for these:
'Tis fit a sovereign so should pay such subjects;
For subjects such as they are seldom seen,
Who not forsook me at my greatest need,
Nor for base lucre sold their loyalty,
But shared my dangers to the last event,
And fenced them with their own. These thanks I pay you; [*Wipes his eyes.*
And know, that, when Sebastian weeps, his tears
Come harder than his blood.

M.-Mol. They plead too strongly
To be withstood. My clouds are gathering too,
In kindly mixture with this royal shower.
Be safe; and owe thy life, not to my gift,
But to the greatness of thy mind, Sebastian.
Thy subjects too shall live; a due reward
For their untainted faith, in thy concealment.

Muf. Remember, sir, your vow. [*A general shout.*

M.-Mol. Do thou remember
Thy function, mercy, and provoke not blood.

M.-Zeyd. One of his generous fits, too strong to last. [*Aside to* BENDUCAR.

Bend. The Mufti reddens; mark that holy cheek. [*To him.*
He frets within, froths treason at his mouth,
And churns it through his teeth; leave me to work him.

Sebast. A mercy unexpected, undesired,
Surprises more; you've learnt the art to vanquish.
You could not,—give me leave to tell you, sir,—
Have given me life but in my subjects' safety;
Kings, who are fathers, live but in their people.

M.-Mol. Still great, and grateful; that's thy character.—
Unveil the woman; I would view the face,
That warmed our Mufti's zeal:

These pious parrots peck the fairest fruit:
Such tasters are for kings.
[Officers *go to* ALMEYDA *to unveil her.*
Alm. Stand off, ye slaves! I will not be unveiled.
M.-Mol. Slave is thy title:—force her.
Sebast. On your lives, approach her not.
M.-Mol. How's this?
Sebast. Sir, pardon me,
And hear me speak.—
Alm. Hear me; I will be heard.
I am no slave; the noblest blood of Afric
Runs in my veins; a purer stream than thine:
For, though derived from the same scource, thy current
Is puddled and defiled with tyranny,
M.-Mol. What female fury have we here!
Alm. I should be one,
Because of kin to thee. Wouldst thou be touched
By the presuming hands of saucy grooms?
The same respect, nay, more, is due to me:
More for my sex; the same for my descent.
These hands are only fit to draw the curtain.
Now, if thou dar'st, behold Almeyda's face.
[*Unveils herself.*
Bend. Would I had never seen it! [*Aside.*
Alm. She whom thy Mufti taxed to have no soul;
Let Afric now be judge.
Perhaps thou think'st I meanly hope to scape,
As did Sebastian, when he owned his greatness.
But to remove that scruple, know, base man,
My murdered father, and my brother's ghost,
Still haunt this breast and prompt it to revenge.
Think not I could forgive, nor dare thou pardon.
M.-Mol. Wouldst thou revenge thee, traitress, hadst thou power?
Alm. Traitor, I would; the name's more justly thine:
Thy father was not, more than mine, the heir

Of this large empire: but with arms united
They fought their way, and seized the crown by force;
And equal as their danger was their share:
For where was eldership, where none had right
But that which conquest gave? 'Twas thy ambition
Pulled from my peaceful father what his sword
Helped thine to gain; surprised him and his kingdom,
No provocation given, no war declared.

M.-Mol. I'll hear no more.

Alm. This is the living coal, that, burning in me,
Would flame to vengeance, could it find a vent;
My brother too, that lies yet scarcely cold
In his deep watery bed;—
My wandering mother, who in exile died—
O that I had the fruitful heads of Hydra,
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still would I give thee work; still, still, thou tyrant,
And hiss thee with the last.

M.-Mol. Something, I know not what, comes over me:
Whether the toils of battle, unrepaired
With due repose, or other sudden qualm.—
Benducar, do the rest. [*Goes off; the* Court *follows him.*

Bend. Strange; in full health! this pang is of the soul;
The body's unconcerned: I'll think hereafter.—
Conduct these royal captives to the castle;
Bid Dorax use them well, till further order.
[*Going off, stops.*
The inferior captives their first owners take,
To sell, or to dispose.—You, Mustapha,
Set ope the market for the sale of slaves.
[*Exit* BENDUCAR.

[*The* Masters *and* Slaves *come forward, and* Buyers *of several qualities come in, and chaffer about the several* Owners, *who make their slaves do tricks.*

Must. My chattels are come into my hands again,

and my conscience will serve me to sell them twice over; any price now before the Mufti come to claim them.

1st Mer. [*to* MUST.]. What dost hold that old fellow at?—[*Pointing to* ALVAR.]. He's tough, and has no service in his limbs.

Must. I confess he's somewhat tough; but I suppose you would not boil him. I ask for him a thousand crowns.

1st Mer. Thou mean'st a thousand maravedis.

Must. Pr'ythee, friend, give me leave to know my own meaning.

1st Mer. What virtues has he to deserve that price?

Must. Marry come up, sir! virtues, quotha! I took him in the king's company; he's of a great family, and rich; what other virtues wouldst thou have in a nobleman?

1st Mer. I buy him with another man's purse, that's my comfort. My lord Dorax, the governor, will have him at any rate:—There's handsel. Come, old fellow, to the castle.

Alvar. To what is miserable age reserved! [*Aside.*
But O the king! and O the fatal secret!
Which I have kept thus long to time it better,
And now I would disclose, 'tis past my power.
[*Exit with his* Master.

Must. Something of a secret, and of the king, I heard him mutter: a pimp, I warrant him, for I am sure he is an old courtier. Now, to put off t'other remnant of my merchandise.—Stir up, sirrah! [*To* ANTONIO.

Ant. Dog, what wouldst thou have?

Must. Learn better manners, or I shall serve you a dog-trick; come down upon all-four immediately; I'll make you know your rider.

Ant. Thou wilt not make a horse of me?

Must. Horse or ass, that's as thy mother made thee: but take earnest, in the first place, for thy sauciness.—[*Lashes him with his whip*].—Be advised, friend, and

buckle to thy gears: Behold my ensign of royalty displayed over thee.

Ant. I hope one day to use thee worse in Portugal.

Must. Ay, and good reason, friend; if thou catchest me a-conquering on thy side of the water, lay on me lustily; I will take it as kindly as thou dost this.—

[*Holds up his whip.*

Ant. [*lying down*]. Hold, my dear Thrumcap: I obey thee cheerfully.—I see the doctrine of non-resistance is never practised thoroughly, but when a man can't help himself.

Enter a second Merchant.

2d Mer. You, friend, I would see that fellow do his postures.

Must. [*bridling* ANT.]. Now, sirrah, follow, for you have rope enough: To your paces, villain, amble, trot, and gallop:—Quick about, there.—Ycap! the more money's bidden for you, the more your credit.

[ANTONIO *follows, at the end of the bridle, on his hands and feet, and does all his postures.*

2d Mer. He is well chined, and has a tolerable good back; that is half in half.—[*To* MUST.]. I would see him strip; has he no discases about him?

Must. He is the best piece of man's flesh in the market, not an eye-sore in his whole body. Feel his legs, master; neither splint, spavin, nor windgall.

[*Claps him on the shoulder.*

Mer. [*feeling about him, and then putting his hand on his side*]. Out upon him, how his flank heaves! The whoreson is broken-winded.

Must. Thick-breathed a little; nothing but a sorry cold with lying out a-nights in trenches; but sound, wind and limb, I warrant him.—Try him at a loose trot a little.

[*Puts the bridle into his hand; he strokes him.*

Ant. For heaven's sake, owner, spare me: you know I am but new broken.

2d Mer. 'Tis but a washy jade, I see: what do you ask for this bauble?

Must. Bauble, do you call him? he is a substantial true-bred beast; bravely forehanded. Mark but the cleanness of his shapes too: his dam may be a Spanish gennet, but a true barb by the sire, or I have no skill in horseflesh:—Marry, I ask six hundred xeriffs for him.

Enter MUFTI.

Muf. What is that you are asking, sirrah?

Must. Marry, I ask your reverence six hundred pardons; I was doing you a small piece of service here putting off your cattle for you.

Muf. And putting the money into your own pocket.

Must. Upon vulgar reputation, no, my lord; it was for your profit and emolument. What! wrong the head of my religion? I was sensible you would have damned me, or any man, that should have injured you in a single farthing; for I knew that was sacrifice.

Muf. Sacrilege, you mean, sirrah,—and damning shall be the least part of your punishment: I have taken you in the manner, and will have the law upon you.

Must. Good, my lord, take pity upon a poor man in this world, and damn me in the next.

Muf. No, sirrah, so you may repent and escape punishment: Did not you sell this very slave amongst the rest to me, and take money for him?

Must. Right, my lord.

Muf. And selling him again? take money twice for the same commodity? O villain! but did you not know him to be my slave, sirrah?

Must. Why should I lie to your honour? I did know him; and thereupon, seeing him wander about, took him up for a stray, and impounded him, with intention to restore him to the right owner.

Muf. And yet at the same time was selling him to another: How rarely the story hangs together!

Must. Patience, my lord. I took him up, as your heriot, with intention to have made the best of him, and then have brought the whole product of him in a purse to you; for I know you would have spent half of it upon your pious pleasures, have hoarded up the other half, and given the remainder in charities to the poor.

Muf. And what's become of my other slave? Thou hast sold him too, I have a villainous suspicion.

Must. I know you have, my lord; but while I was managing this young robustious fellow, that old spark, who was nothing but skin and bone, and by consequence very nimble, slipt through my fingers like an eel, for there was no hold-fast of him, and ran away to buy himself a new master.

Muf. [*to* ANT.]. Follow me home, sirrah:—[*To* MUST.] I shall remember you some other time.

[*Exit* MUFTI *with* ANTONIO.

Must. I never doubted your lordship's memory for an ill turn: And I shall remember him too in the next rising of the mobile for this act of resumption; and more especially for the ghostly counsel he gave me before the emperor, to have hanged myself in silence to have saved his reverence The best on't is, I am beforehand with him for selling one of his slaves twice over; and if he had not come just in the nick, I might have pocketed up the other; for what should a poor man do that gets his living by hard labour, but pray for bad times when he may get it easily? Oh, for some incomparable tumult! Then should I naturally wish that the beaten party might prevail; because we have plundered the other side already, and there is nothing more to get of them.

Both rich and poor for their own interest pray,
'Tis ours to make our fortune while we may;
For kingdoms are not conquered every day. [*Exit.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Supposed to be a Terrace Walk, on the side of the Castle of Alcazar.*

Enter Emperor *and* BENDUCAR.

EMP. And think'st thou not it was discovered?
Bend. No:
The thoughts of kings are like religious groves,
The walks of muffled gods: Sacred retreat,
Where none, but whom they please to admit, approach.
Emp. Did not my conscious eyes flash out a flame,
To lighten those brown horrors, and disclose
The secret path I trod?
Bend. I could not find it, till you lent a clue
To that close labyrinth; how then should they?
Emp. I would be loth they should: it breeds contempt
For herds to listen, or presume to pry,
When the hurt lion groans within his den:
But is't not strange?
Bend. To love? not more than 'tis to live; a tax
Imposed on all by nature, paid in kind,
Familiar as our being.
Emp. Still 'tis strange
To me: I know my soul as wild as winds,
That sweep the deserts of our moving plains;
Love might as well be sowed upon our sands,
As in a breast so barren.
To love an enemy, the only one
Remaining, too, whom yester sun beheld

Mustering her charms, and rolling, as she past
By every squadron, her alluring eyes,
To edge her champions' swords, and urge my ruin.
The shouts of soldiers, and the burst of cannon,
Maintain even still a deaf and murmuring noise;
Nor is heaven yet recovered of the sound,
Her battle roused: Yet, spite of me, I love.
Bend. What then controls you?
Her person is as prostrate as her party.
Emp. A thousand things control this conqueror:
My native pride to own the unworthy passion,
Hazard of interest, and my people's love.
To what a storm of fate am I exposed!—
What if I had her murdered!—'tis but what
My subjects all expect, and she deserves,—
Would not the impossibility
Of ever, ever seeing, or possessing,
Calm all this rage, this hurricane of soul?
Bend. That *ever, ever,*—
I marked the double,—shows extreme reluctance
To part with her for ever.
Emp. Right, thou hast me.
I would, but cannot kill: I must enjoy her:
I must, and what I must, be sure I will.
What's royalty, but power to please myself?
And if I dare not, then am I the slave,
And my own slaves the sovereigns:—'tis resolved.
Weak princes flatter, when they want the power
To curb their people; tender plants must bend:
But when a government is grown to strength,
Like some old oak, rough with its armed bark,
It yields not to the tug, but only nods,
And turns to sullen state.
Bend. Then you resolve
To implore her pity, and to beg relief?
Emp. Death! must I beg the pity of my slave?
Must a king beg?—Yes; love's a greater king;

A tyrant, nay, a devil, that possesses me:
He tunes the organs of my voice, and speaks,
Unknown to me, within me; pushes me,
And drives me on by force.—
Say I should wed her, would not my wise subjects
Take check, and think it strange? perhaps revolt?

Bend. I hope they would not.

Emp. Then thou doubt'st they would?

Bend. To whom?

Emp. To her,
Perhaps,—or to my brother,—or to thee.

Bend. [*in disorder*]. To me! me, did you mention? how I tremble!
The name of treason shakes my honest soul.
If I am doubted, sir,
Secure yourself this moment, take my life.

Emp No more: If I suspected thee—I would.

Bend. I thank your kindness.— Guilt had almost lost me. [*Aside.*

Emp. But clear my doubts: think'st thou they may rebel?

Bend. This goes as I would wish.— [*Aside.*
'Tis possible:
A secret party still remains, that lurks
Like embers raked in ashes,—wanting but
A breath to blow aside the involving dust,
And then they blaze abroad.

Emp. They must be trampled out.

Bend. But first be known.

Emp. Torture shall force it from them.

Bend. You would not put a nation to the rack?

Emp. Yes, the whole world; so I be safe, I care not.

Bend. Our limbs and lives
Are yours; but mixing friends with foes is hard.

Emp. All may be foes: or how to be distinguished,
If some be friends?

Bend. They may with ease be winnowed.

Suppose some one, who has deserved your trust,
Some one, who knows mankind, should be employed
To mix among them, seem a malcontent,
And dive into their breasts, to try how far
They dare oppose your love?

Emp. I like this well; 'tis wholesome wickedness.

Bend. Whomever he suspects, he fastens there,
And leaves no cranny of his soul unsearched;
Then like a bee bagged with his honeyed venom,
He brings it to your hive;—if such a man,
So able and so honest, may be found;
If not, my project dies.

Emp. By all my hopes, thou hast described thyself:
Thou, thou alone, art fit to play that engine,
Thou only couldst contrive.

Bend. Sure I could serve you:
I think I could:—but here's the difficulty;
I am so entirely yours,
That I should scurvily dissemble hate;
The cheat would be too gross.

Emp. Art thou a statesman,
And canst not be a hypocrite? Impossible.
Do not distrust thy virtues.

Bend. If I must personate this seeming villain,
Remember 'tis to serve you.

Emp. No more words:
Love goads me to Almeyda, all affairs
Are troublesome but that; and yet that most. [*Going.*
Bid Dorax treat Sebastian like a king;
I had forgot him;—but this love mars all,
And takes up my whole breast. [*Exit* Emperor.

Bend. [*to the* Emp.]. Be sure I'll tell him—
With all the aggravating circumstances [*Alone.*
I can, to make him swell at that command.
The tyrant first suspected me;
Then with a sudden gust he whirled about,
And trusted me too far:—Madness of power:

Now, by his own consent, I ruin him.
For, should some feeble soul, for fear or gain,
Bolt out to accuse me, even the king is cozened,
And thinks he's in the secret.
How sweet is treason, when the traitor's safe!

Sees the Mufti *and* DORAX *entering, and seeming to confer.*

The Mufti, and with him my sullen Dorax.
That first is mine already:
'Twas easy work to gain a covetous mind,
Whom rage to lose his prisoners had prepared:
Now caught himself,
He would seduce another. I must help him:
For churchmen, though they itch to govern all,
Are silly, woful, awkward politicians:
They make lame mischief, though they mean it well:
Their interest is not finely drawn, and hid,
But seams are coarsely bungled up, and seen.
Muf. He'll tell you more.
Dor. I have heard enough already,
To make me loathe thy morals.
Bend. [*to* DOR.]. You seem warm;
The good man's zeal perhaps has gone too far.
Dor. Not very far; not further than zeal goes;
Of course a small day's journey short of treason.
Muf. By all that's holy, treason was not named:
I spared the emperor's broken vows, to save
The slaves from death, though it was cheating heaven;
But I forgave him that.
Dor. And slighted o'er
The wrongs himself sustained in property;
When his bought slaves were seized by force, no loss
Of his considered, and no cost repaid. [*Scornfully.*
Muf. Not wholly slighted o'er, not absolutely.—
Some modest hints of private wrongs I urged.

Two-thirds of all he said: there he began
To show the fulness of his heart; there ended.
Some short excursions of a broken vow
He made indeed, but flat insipid stuff;
But, when he made his loss the theme, he flourished,
Relieved his fainting rhetoric with new figures,
And thundered at oppressing tyranny.

Muf. Why not, when sacrilegious power would seize
My property? 'tis an affront to heaven.
Whose person, though unworthy, I sustain.

Dor. You've made such strong alliances above,
That 'twere profaneness in us laity
To offer earthly aid.
I tell thee, Mufti, if the world were wise,
They would not wag one finger in your quarrels.
Your heaven you promise, but our earth you covet;
The Phaethons of mankind, who fire that world,
Which you were sent by preaching but to warm.

Bend. This goes beyond the mark.

Muf. No, let him rail;
His prophet works within him;
He's a rare convert.

Dor. Now his zeal yearns
To see me burned; he damns me from his church
Because I would restrain him to his duty —
Is not the care of souls a load sufficient?
Are not your holy stipends paid for this?
Were you not bred apart from worldly noise,
To study souls, their cures and their diseases?
If this be so, we ask you but our own:
Give us your whole employment, all your care.
The province of the soul is large enough
To fill up every cranny of your time,
And leave you much to answer, if one wretch
Be damned by your neglect.

Bend. [*to the* Mufti]. He speaks but reason.

Dor. Why, then, these foreign thoughts of state-employments,
Abhorrent to your function and your breedings?
Poor droning truants of unpractised cells,
Bred in the fellowship of bearded boys,
What wonder is it if you know not men?
Yet there you live demure, with downcast eyes,
And humble as your discipline requires;
But, when let loose from thence to live at large,
Your little tincture of devotion dies:
Then luxury succeeds, and, set agog
With a new scene of yet untasted joys,
You fall with greedy hunger to the feast.
Of all your college virtues, nothing now
But your original ignorance remains;
Bloated with pride, ambition, avarice,
You swell to counsel kings, and govern kingdoms.

Muf. He prates as if kings had not consciences,
And none required directors but the crowd.

Dor. As private men they want you, not as kings;
Nor would you care to inspect their public conscience.
But that it draws dependencies of power
And earthly interest, which you long to sway,
Content you with monopolising heaven,
And let this little hanging ball alone:
For, give you but a foot of conscience there,
And you, like Archimedes, toss the globe.
We know your thoughts of us that laymen are,
Lag souls, and rubbish of remaining clay,
Which heaven, grown weary of more perfect work,
Set upright with a little puff of breath,
And bid us pass for men.

Muf. I will not answer.
Base, foul-mouthed renegade; but I'll pray for thee,
To show my charity. [*Exit* Mufti.

Dor. Do; but forget not him who needs it most:
Allow thyself some share.—He's gone too soon;

I had to tell him of his holy jugglings;
Things that would startle faith, and make us deem
Not this, or that, but all religions false.
Bend. Our holy orator has lost the cause. [*Aside.*
But I shall yet redeem it.—[*To* DORAX.] Let him go;
For I have secret orders from the emperor,
Which none but you must hear: I must confess,
I could have wished some other hand had brought them.
When did you see your prisoner, great Sebastian?
Dor. You might as well have asked me, when I saw
A crested dragon, or a basilisk;
Both are less poison to my eyes and nature.
He knows not I am I; nor shall he see me,
Till time has perfected a labouring thought,
That rolls within my breast.
Bend. 'Twas my mistake.
I guessed indeed that time, and his misfortunes,
And your returning duty, had effaced
The memory of past wrongs; they would in me,
And I judged you as tame, and as forgiving.
Dor. Forgive him! no: I left my foolish faith,
Because it would oblige me to forgiveness.
Bend. I can but grieve to find you obstinate,
For you must see him; 'tis our emperor's will,
And strict command.
Dor. I laugh at that command.
Bend. You must do more than see; serve, and respect him.
Dor. See, serve him, and respect! and after all.
My yet uncancelled wrongs, I must do this!—
But I forget myself.
Bend. Indeed you do.
Dor. The emperor is a stranger to my wrongs;
I need but tell my story, to revoke
This hard commission.
Bend. Can you call me friend,

And think I could neglect to speak, at full,
The affronts you had from your ungrateful master?
Dor. And yet enjoined my service and attendance!
Bend. And yet enjoined them both: would that were all!
He screwed his face into a hardened smile,
And said, Sebastian knew to govern slaves.
Dor. Slaves are the growth of Afric, not of Europe.—
By heaven! I will not lay down my commission;
Not at his foot, I will not stoop so low:
But if there be a part in all his face
More sacred than the rest, I'll throw it there.
Bend. You may; but then you lose all future means
Of vengeance on Sebastian, when no more
Alcalde of this fort.
Dor. That thought escaped me.
Bend. Keep your command, and be revenged on both:
Nor soothe yourself: you have no power to affront him;
The emperor's love protects him from insults;
And he, who spoke that proud, ill-natured word,
Following the bent of his impetuous temper,
May force your reconcilement to Sebastian;
Nay, bid you kneel, and kiss the offending foot,
That kicked you from his presence.—
But think not to divide their punishment;
You cannot touch a hair of loathed Sebastian;
While Muley-Moluch lives.
Dor. What means this riddle?
Bend. 'Tis out;—there needs no Œdipus to solve it.
Our emperor is a tyrant, feared and hated;
I scarce remember, in his reign, one day
Pass guiltless o'er his execrable head.
He thinks the sun is lost, that sees not blood:
When none is shed, we count it holiday.
We, who are most in favour, cannot call
This hour our own.—You know the younger brother,
Mild Muley-Zeydan?

Dor. Hold, and let me think.
Bend. The soldiers idolise you;
He trusts you with the castle,
The key of all his kingdom.
Dor. Well; and he trusts you too.
Bend. Else I were mad,
To hazard such a daring enterprise.
Dor. He trusts us both; mark that!—Shall we betray him;
A master, who reposes life and empire
On our fidelity?—I grant he is a tyrant,
That hated name my nature most abhors:
More,—as you say,—has loaded me with scorn,
Even with the last contempt, to serve Sebastian;
Yet more, I know he vacates [1] my revenge,
Which, but by this revolt, I cannot compass:
But, while he trusts me, 'twere so base a part,
To fawn, and yet betray,—I should be hissed,
And whooped in hell for that ingratitude.
Bend. Consider well what I have done for you.
Dor. Consider thou, what thou wouldst have me do.
Bend. You've too much honour for a renegade.
Dor. And thou too little faith to be a favourite.
Is not the bread thou eat'st, the robe thou wear'st,
Thy wealth, and honours, all the pure indulgence
Of him thou wouldst destroy?
And would his creature, nay, his friend, betray him?
Why then, no bond is left on humankind!
Distrusts, debates, immortal strifes ensue;
Children may murder parents, wives their husbands;
All must be rapine, wars, and desolation,
When trust and gratitude no longer bind.
Bend. Well have you argued in your own defence;
You, who have burst asunder all those bonds,
And turned a rebel to your native prince.
Dor. True, I rebelled: But when did I betray?—

[1] "Neutralises," "frustrates."

Indignities, which man could not support,
Provoked my vengeance to this noble crime;
But he had stripped me first of my command,
Dismissed my service, and absolved my faith;
And, with disdainful language, dared my worst:
I but accepted war, which he denounced.
Else had you seen, not Dorax, but Alonzo,
With his couched lance, against your foremost Moors;
Perhaps, too, turned the fortune of the day,
Made Afric mourn, and Portugal triumph.

Bend. Let me embrace thee!

Dor. Stand off, sycophant,
And keep infection distant.

Bend. Brave and honest!

Dor. In spite of thy temptations.

Bend. Call them trials;
They were no more. Thy faith was held in balance,
And nicely weighed by jealousy of power.
Vast was the trust of such a royal charge;
And our wise emperor might justly fear,
Sebastian might be freed and reconciled,
By new obligements, to thy former love.

Dor. I doubt thee still: Thy reasons were too strong,
And driven too near the head, to be but artince:
And, after all, I know thou art a statesman,
Where truth is rarely found.

Bend. Behold the emperor:—

Enter Emperor, SEBASTIAN, *and* ALMEYDA.

Ask him, I beg thee,—to be justified,—
If he employed me not to ford thy soul,
And try the footing, whether false or firm.

Dor. Death to my eyes, I see Sebastian with him!
Must he be served?—Avoid him: If we meet,
It must be like the crush of heaven and earth,
To involve us both in ruin. [*Exit.*

Bend. 'Twas a bare saving game I made with Dorax;
But better so than lost. He cannot hurt me;
That I precautioned: I must ruin him.—
But now this love; ay, there's the gathering storm!
The tyrant must not wed Almeyda: No!
That ruins all the fabric I am raising.
Yet, seeming to approve it gave me time;
And gaining time gains all. [*Aside.*

[BENDUCAR *goes and waits behind the* Emperor. *The* Emperor, SEBASTIAN, *and* ALMEYDA, *advance to the front of the stage:* Guards *and* Attendants.

Emp. [*to* SEB.]. I bade them serve you; and, if they obey not,
I keep my lions keen within their dens,
To stop their maws with disobedient slaves.

Sebast. If I had conquered,
They could not have with more observance waited:
Their eyes, hands, feet,
Are all so quick, they seem to have but one motion,
To catch my flying words. Only the alcade
Shuns me; and, with a grim civility,
Bows, and declines my walks.

Emp. A renegade:
I know not more of him, but that he's brave,
And hates your Christian sect. If you can frame
A farther wish, give wing to your desires,
And name the thing you want.

Sebast. My liberty;
For were even paradise itself my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.

Emp. Sure our two souls have somewhere been acquainted
In former beings; or, struck out together,
One spark to Afric flew, and one to Portugal.
Expect a quick deliverance: Here's a third,

[*Turning to* ALMEYDA.

Of kindred soul to both : pity our stars
Have made us foes ! I should not wish her death.
Alm. I ask no pity ; if I thought my soul
Of kin to thine, soon would I rend my heart-strings,
And tear out that alliance ; but thou, viper,
Hast cancelled kindred, made a rent in nature,
And through her holy bowels gnawed thy way,
Through thy own blood, to empire.
Emp. This again !
And yet she lives, and only lives to upbraid me !
Sebast. What honour is there in a woman's death !
Wronged, as she says, but helpless to revenge ;
Strong in her passion, impotent of reason,
Too weak to hurt, too fair to be destroyed.
Mark her majestic fabric ; she's a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine ;
Her soul's the deity that lodges there ;
Nor is the pile unworthy of the god.
Emp. She's all that thou canst say, or I can think ;
But the perverseness of her clamorous tongue
Strikes pity deaf.
Sebast. Then only hear her eyes !
Though they are mute, they plead ; nay, more, command ;
For beauteous eyes have arbitrary power.
All females have prerogative of sex ;
The she's even of the savage herd are safe ;
And when they snarl or bite, have no return
But courtship from the male.
Emp. Were she not she, and I not Muley-Moluch,
She's mistress of inevitable charms,
For all but me ; nor am I so exempt,
But that—I know not what I was to say—
But I am too obnoxious [1] to my friends,
And swayed by your advice.
Sebast. Sir, I advised not ;
By heaven, I never counselled love, but pity.

[1] *I.e.* "subject."

Emp. By heaven thou didst; deny it not, thou didst:
For what was all that prodigality
Of praise, but to inflame me?
Sebast. Sir——
Emp. No more;
Thou hast convinced me that she's worth my love.
Sebast. Was ever man so ruined by himself?
[*Aside.*
Alm. Thy love! That odious mouth was never framed
To speak a word so soft:
Name death again, for that thou canst pronounce
With horrid grace, becoming of a tyrant.
Love is for human hearts, and not for thine,
Where the brute beast distinguishes the man.
Emp. Such if I were, yet rugged lions love,
And grapple, and compel their savage dames.—
Mark, my Sebastian, how that sullen frown,
[*She frowns.*
Like flashing lightning, opens angry heaven,
And, while it kills, delights!—But yet, insult not
Too soon, proud beauty! I confess no love.
Sebast. No, sir; I said so, and I witness for you,
Not love, but noble pity, moved your mind:
Interest might urge you too to save her life;
For those, who wish her party lost, might murmur
At shedding royal blood.
Emp. Right, thou instruct'st me:
Interest of state requires not death, but marriage,
To unite the jarring titles of our line.
Sebast. Let me be dumb for ever; all I plead,
[*Aside.*
Like wildfire thrown against the winds, returns
With double force to burn me.
Emp. Could I but bend, to make my beauteous foe
The partner of my throne, and of my bed——
Alm. Still thou dissemblest; but, I read thy heart,

And know the power of my own charms; thou lov'st,
And I am pleased, for my revenge, thou dost.
Emp. And thou hast cause.
Alm. I have, for I have power to make thee wretched.
Be sure I will, and yet despair of freedom.
Emp. Well then, I love;
And 'tis below my greatness to disown it;
Love thee implacably, yet hate thee too;
Would hunt thee barefoot, in the midday sun,
Through the parched deserts and the scorching sands,
To enjoy thy love, and, once enjoyed, to kill thee.
Alm. 'Tis a false courage, when thou threaten'st me;
Thou canst not stir a hand to touch my life:
Do not I see thee tremble, while thou speak'st?
Lay by the lion's hide, vain conqueror,
And take the distaff; for thy soul's my slave.
Emp. Confusion! How thou view'st my very heart!
I could as soon
Stop a spring-tide, blown in, with my bare hand,
As this impetuous love:—Yes, I will wed thee;
In spite of thee, and of myself, I will.
Alm. For what? to people Afric with new monsters,
Which that unnatural mixture must produce?
No, were we joined, even though it were in death,
Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,
The prodigy of Thebes would be renewed,
And my divided flame should break from thine.
Emp. Serpent, I will engender poison with thee;
Join hate with hate, add venom to the birth:
Our offspring, like the seed of dragons' teeth,
Shall issue armed, and fight themselves to death.
Alm. I'm calm again; thou canst not marry me.
Emp. As gleams of sunshine soften storms to showers,
So, if you smile, the loudness of my rage
In gentle whispers shall return but this—
That nothing can divert my love but death.

Alm. See how thou art deceived; I am a Christian.
'Tis true, unpractised in my new belief,
Wrongs I resent, nor pardon yet with ease;
Those fruits come late, and are of slow increase
In haughty hearts, like mine: Now, tell thyself
If this one word destroy not thy designs:
Thy law permits thee not to marry me.
Emp. 'Tis but a specious tale, to blast my hopes,
And baffle my pretensions.—Speak, Sebastian,
And, as a king, speak true.
Sebast. Then, thus adjured,
On a king's word 'tis truth, but truth ill-timed;
For her dear life is now exposed anew,
Unless you wholly can put on divinity,
And graciously forgive.
Alm. Now learn, by this,
The little value I have left for life,
And trouble me no more.
Emp. I thank thee, woman;
Thou hast restored me to my native rage,
And I will seize my happiness by force.
Sebast. Know, Muley-Moluch, when thou dar'st attempt——
Emp. Beware! I would not be provoked to use
A conqueror's right, and therefore charge thy silence.
If thou wouldst merit to be thought my friend,
I leave thee to persuade her to compliance:
If not, there's a new gust in ravishment,
Which I have never tried.
Bend. They must be watched; [*Aside.*
For something I observed creates a doubt.
[*Exeunt* Emperor *and* BENDUCAR.
Sebast. I've been too tame, have basely borne my wrongs,
And not exerted all the king within me:
I heard him, O sweet heavens! he threatened rape;
Nay, insolently urged me to persuade thee,

Even thee, thou idol of my soul and eyes,
For whom I suffer life, and drag this being.
Alm. You turn my prison to a paradise;
But I have turned your empire to a prison:
In all your wars good-fortune flew before you;
Sublime you sat in triumph on her wheel,
Till in my fatal cause your sword was drawn;
The weight of my misfortunes dragged you down.
Sebast. And is't not strange, that heaven should bless my arms
In common causes, and desert the best?
Now in your greatest, last extremity,
When I would aid you most, and most desire it,
I bring but sighs, the succours of a slave.
Alm. Leave then the luggage of your fate behind;
To make your flight more easy, leave Almeyda:
Nor think me left a base, ignoble prey,
Exposed to this inhuman tyrant's lust;
My virtue is a guard beyond my strength,
And death, my last defence, within my call.
Sebast. Death may he called in vain, and cannot come;
Tyrants can tie him up from your relief;
Nor has a Christian privilege to die.
Alas! thou art too young in thy new faith:
Brutus and Cato might discharge their souls,
And give them furloughs for another world;
But we, like sentries, are obliged to stand
In starless nights, and wait the 'pointed hour.
Alm. If shunning ill be good
To those, who cannot shun it but by death,
Divines but peep on undiscovered worlds,
And draw the distant landscape as they please;
But who has e'er returned from those bright regions,
To tell their manners, and relate their laws?
I'll venture landing on that happy shore
With an unsullied body and white mind;

If I have erred, some kind inhabitant
Will pity a strayed soul, and take me home.
Sebast. Beware of death! thou canst not die unperjured,
And leave an unaccomplished love behind.
Thy vows are mine; nor will I quit my claim:
The ties of minds are but imperfect bonds,
Unless the bodies join to seal the contract.
Alm. What joys can you possess, or can I give,
Where groans of death succeed the sighs of love?
Our Hymen has not on his saffron robe;
But, muffled up in mourning, downward holds
His drooping torch, extinguished with his tears.
Sebast. The god of love stands ready to revive it,
With his ethereal breath.
Alm. 'Tis late to join, when we must part so soon.
Sebast. Nay, rather let us haste it, ere we part;
Our souls, for want of that acquaintance here,
May wander in the starry walks above,
And, forced on worse companions, miss ourselves.
Alm. The tyrant will not long be absent hence;
And soon I shall be ravished from your arms.
Sebast. Wilt thou thyself become the greater tyrant,
And give not love, while thou hast love to give?
In dangerous days, when riches are a crime,
The wise betimes make over their estates:
Make o'er thy honour, by a deed of trust,
And give me seizure of the mighty wealth.
Alm. What shall I do? Oh, teach me to refuse!
I would,—and yet I tremble at the grant;
For dire presages fright my soul by day,
And boding visions haunt my nightly dreams;
Sometimes, methinks, I hear the groans of ghosts,
Thin, hollow sounds, and lamentable screams;
Then, like a dying echo, from afar,
My mother's voice, that cries,—Wed not, Almeyda!
Forewarned, Almeyda, marriage is thy crime.

Sebast. Some envious demon to delude our joys;
Love is not sin, but where 'tis sinful love.
Alm. Mine is a flame so holy and so clear,
That the white taper leaves no soot behind;
No smoke of lust; but chaste as sisters' love,
When coldly they return a brother's kiss,
Without the zeal that meets at lovers' mouths.
Sebast. Laugh, then, at fond presages. I had some;—
Famed Nostradamus, when he took my horoscope,
Foretold my father I should wed with incest.
Ere this unhappy war my mother died,
And sisters I had none;—vain augury!
A long religious life, a holy age,
My stars assigned me too;—impossible!
For how can incest suit with holiness,
Or priestly orders with a princely state?
Alm. Old venerable Alvarez—— [*Sighing.*
Sebast. But why that sigh in naming that good man?
Alm. Your father's counsellor and confidant—
Sebast. He was; and, if he lives, my second father.
Alm. Marked our farewell, when, going to the fight
You gave *Almeyda* for the word of battle.
'Twas in that fatal moment he discovered
The love that long we laboured to conceal.
I know it; though my eyes stood full of tears,
Yet through the mist I saw him steadfast gaze;
Then knocked his aged breast, and inward groaned,
Like some sad prophet, that foresaw the doom
Of those whom best he loved, and could not save.
Sebast. It startles me! and brings to my remembrance,
That, when the shock of battle was begun,
He would have much complained (but had not time)
Of our hid passion: then, with lifted hands,
He begged me, by my father's sacred soul,
Not to espouse you, if he died in fight;

For, if he lived, and we were conquerors,
He had such things to urge against our marriage,
As, now declared, would blunt my sword in battle,
And dastardise my courage.
Alm. My blood curdles,
And cakes about my heart.
Sebast. I'll breathe a sigh so warm into thy bosom,
Shall make it flow again. My love, he knows not
Thou art a Christian: that produced his fear,
Lest thou shouldst soothe my soul with charms so strong,
That heaven might prove too weak.
Alm. There must be more:
This could not blunt your sword.
Sebast. Yes, if I drew it, with a curst intent
To take a misbeliever to my bed:
It must be so.
Alm. Yet——
Sebast. No, thou shalt not plead,
With that fair mouth, against the cause of love.
Within this castle is a captive priest,
My holy confessor, whose free access
Not even the barbarous victors have refused;
This happy hour his hands shall make us one.
Alm. I go, with love and fortune, two blind guides,
To lead my way, half loth, and half consenting.
If, as my soul forebodes, some dire event
Pursue this union, or some crime unknown,
Forgive me, heaven! and, all ye blest above,
Excuse the frailty of unbounded love! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Supposed a Garden, with lodging rooms behind it, or on the sides.*

Enter Mufti, ANTONIO *as a slave, and* JOHAYMA, *the* Mufti's *wife.*

Muf. And how do you like him? look upon him well; he is a personable fellow of a Christian dog. Now, I think you are fitted for a gardener. Ha, what sayest thou, Johayma?

Joh. He may make a shift to sow lettuce, raise melons, and water a garden-plot; but otherwise, a very filthy fellow: how odiously he smells of his country garlic! faugh, how he stinks of Spain.

Muf. Why, honey-bird, I bought him on purpose for thee: didst thou not say thou longedst for a Christian slave?

Joh. Ay, but the sight of that loathsome creature has almost cured me; and how can I tell that he is a Christian? an he were well searched, he may prove a Jew, for ought I know. And, besides, I have always longed for an eunuch; for they say that's a civil creature, and almost as harmless as yourself, husband. —Speak, fellow, are not you such a kind of peaceable thing?

Ant. I was never taken for one in my own country; and not very peaceable neither, when I am well provoked.

Muf. To your occupation, dog; bind up the jessamines in yonder arbour, and handle your pruning-knife with dexterity: tightly, I say, go tightly to your business; you have cost me much, and must earn it in your work. Here's plentiful provision for you, rascal; salading in the garden, and water in the tank, and on holidays the licking of a platter of rice, when you deserve it.

Joh. What have you been bred up to, sirrah? and

what can you perform, to recommend you to my service?

Ant. [*making legs*]. Why, madam, I can perform as much as any man, in a fair lady's service. I can play upon the flute, and sing; I can carry your umbrella, and fan your ladyship, and cool you when you are too hot; in fine, no service, either by day or by night, shall come amiss to me; and, besides, I am of so quick an apprehension, that you need but wink upon me at any time to make me understand my duty.—[*She winks at him.*] Very fine, she has tipt the wink already. [*Aside.*

Joh. The whelp may come to something in time, when I have entered him into his business.

Muf. A very malapert cur, I can tell him that; I do not like his fawning. You must be taught your distance, sirrah. [*Strikes him.*

Joh. Hold, hold! He has deserved it, I confess; but, for once, let his ignorance plead his pardon; we must not discourage a beginner. Your reverence has taught us charity, even to birds and beasts:—here, you filthy brute, you, take this little alms to buy you plasters.

[*Gives him a piece of money.*

Ant. Money, and a love-pinch in the inside of my palm into the bargain. [*Aside.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my lord Benducar is coming to wait on you, and is already at the palace gate.

Muf. Come in, Johayma; regulate the rest of my wives and concubines, and leave the fellow to his work.

Joh. How stupidly he stares about him, like a calf new come into the world! I shall teach you, sirrah, to know your business a little better. This way, you awkward rascal; here lies the arbour: must I be showing you eternally? [*Turning him about.*

Muf. Come away, minion; you shall show him nothing.

Joh. I'll but bring him into the arbour, where a rose-tree and a myrtle-tree are just falling for want of a prop; if they were bound together, they would help to keep up one another. He's a raw gardener, and 'tis but charity to teach him.

Muf. No more deeds of charity to-day; come in, or I shall think you a little better disposed than I could wish you.

Joh. Well, go before, I will follow my pastor.

Muf. So you may cast a sheep's eye behind you? in before me;—and you, sauciness, mind your pruning-knife, or I may chance to use it for you.

[*Exeunt* Mufti *and* JOHAYMA.

Ant. [*alone*]. Thank you for that, but I am in no haste to be made a Mussulman. For his wedlock, for all her haughtiness, I find her coming. How far a Christian should resist, I partly know; but how far a lewd young Christian can resist, is another question. She's tolerable, and I am a poor stranger, far from better friends, and in a bodily necessity. Now have I a strange temptation to try what other females are belonging to this family: I am not far from the women's apartment, I am sure; and if these birds are within distance, here's that will chuckle them together. [*Pulls out his flute.*] If there be variety of Moor's flesh in this holy market, 'twere madness to lay out all my money upon the first bargain. [*He plays. A grate opens, and* MORAYMA, *the Mufti's daughter, appears at it.*] Ay, there's an apparition! This is a morsel worthy of a Mufti; this is the relishing bit in secret; this is the mystery of his Alcoran, that must be reserved from the knowledge of the profane vulgar; this is his holiday devotion.—See, she beckons, too. [*She beckons to him.*

Mor. Come a little nearer, and speak softly.

Ant. I come, I come, I warrant thee; the least

twinkle had brought me to thee; such another kind syllable or two would turn me to a meteor, and draw me up to thee.

Mor. I dare not speak, for fear of being overheard; but if you think my person worth your hazard, and can deserve my love, the rest this note shall tell you. [*Throws down a handkerchief.*] No more, my heart goes with you. [*Exit from the grate.*

Ant. O thou pretty little heart, art thou flown hither? I'll keep it warm, I warrant it, and brood upon it in the new nest.—But now for my treasure trove, that's wrapt up in the handkerchief; no peeping here, though I long to be spelling her Arabic scrawls and pot-hooks. But I must carry off my prize as robbers do, and not think of sharing the booty before I am free from danger, and out of eye-shot from the other windows. If her wit be as poignant as her eyes, I am a double slave. Our northern beauties are mere dough to these; insipid white earth, mere tobacco-pipe clay, with no more soul and motion in them than a fly in winter.

Here the warm planet ripens and sublimes
The well-baked beauties of the southern climes.
Our Cupid's but a bungler in his trade;
His keenest arrows are in Afric made. [*Exit.*



ACT III

SCENE I.—*A Terrace Walk, or some other public place in the Castle of Alcazar.*

Enter Emperor MULEY-MOLUCH, *and* BENDUCAR.

Emp. Married! I'll not believe it; 'tis imposture;
Improbable they should presume to attempt,
Impossible they should effect their wish.
Bend. Have patience, till I clear it.
Emp. I have none:
Go bid our moving plains of sand lie still,
And stir not, when the stormy south blows high:
From top to bottom thou hast tossed my soul,
And now 'tis in the madness of the whirl,
Requir'st a sudden stop? unsay thy lie;
That may in time do somewhat.
Bend. I have done:
For, since it pleases you it should be forged,
'Tis fit it should: far be it from your slave
To raise disturbance in your sacred breast.
Emp. Sebastian is my slave as well as thou;
Nor durst offend my love by that presumption.
Bend. Most sure he ought not.
Emp. Then all means were wanting:
No priest, no ceremonies of their sect;
Or, grant we these defects could be supplied,
How could our prophet do an act so base,
So to resume his gifts, and curse my conquests,
By making me unhappy? No, the slave,
That told thee so absurd a story, lied.

Bend. Yet till this moment I have found him faithful:
He said he saw it, too.

Emp. Despatch; what saw he?

Bend. Truth is, considering with what earnestness
Sebastian pleaded for Almeyda's life,
Enhanced her beauty, dwelt upon her praise——

Emp. Oh, stupid, and unthinking as I was!
I might have marked it too; 'twas gross and palpable.

Bend. Methought I traced a lover ill disguised,
And sent my spy, a sharp observing slave,
To inform me better, if I guessed aright.
He told me, that he saw Sebastian's page
Run cross the marble square, who soon returned,
And after him there lagged a puffing friar;
Close wrapt he bore some secret instrument
Of Christian superstition in his hand:
My servant followed fast, and through a chink
Perceived the royal captives hand in hand;
And heard the hooded father mumbling charms,
That make those misbelievers man and wife;
Which done, the spouses kissed with such a fervour,
And gave such furious earnest of their flames,
That their eyes sparkled, and their mantling blood
Flew flushing o'er their faces.

Emp. Hell confound them!

Bend. The reverend father, with a holy leer,
Saw he might well be spared, and soon withdrew:
This forced my servant to a quick retreat,
For fear to be discovered.—Guess the rest.

Emp. I do: My fancy is too exquisite,
And tortures me with their imagined bliss.
Some earthquake should have risen and rent the ground,
Have swallowed him, and left the longing bride
In agony of unaccomplished love. [*Walks disorderly.*

Enter the Mufti.

Bend. In an unlucky hour

That fool intrudes, raw in this great affair,
And uninstructed how to stem the tide. [*Aside.*
[*Coming up to the* Mufti,—*aside.*] The emperor must not marry, nor enjoy :—
Keep to that point : stand firm, for all's at stake.
Emp. [*seeing him*]. You druggerman[1] of heaven, must I attend
Your droning prayers? Why came you not before?
Dost thou not know the captive king has dared
To wed Almeyda? Cancel me that marriage,
And make her mine : about the business, quick!—
Expound thy Mahomet ; make him speak my sense,
Or he's no prophet here, and thou no Mufti ;
Unless thou know'st the trick of thy vocation,
To wrest and rend the law to please thy prince.
Muf. Why, verily, the law is monstrous plain :
There's not one doubtful text in all the Alcoran,
Which can be wrenched in favour to your project.
Emp. Forge one, and foist it into some by-place
Of some old rotten roll : Do't, I command thee!
Must I teach thee thy trade?
Muf. It cannot be ;
For matrimony being the dearest point
Of law, the people have it all by heart :
A cheat on procreation will not pass.
Besides,—[*in a higher tone*]—the offence is so exorbitant,
To mingle with a misbelieving race,
That speedy vengeance would pursue your crime,
And holy Mahomet launch himself from heaven,
Before the unready thunderbolts were formed.
[Emperor, *taking him by the throat with one hand, snatches out his sword with the other, and points it to his breast.*
Emp. Slave, have I raised thee to this pomp and power,
To preach against my will?—Know, I am law ;

[1] *I.e.* "dragoman."

And thou, not Mahomet's messenger, but mine!
Make it, I charge thee, make my pleasure lawful;
Or, first, I strip thee of thy ghostly greatness,
Then send thee post to tell thy tale above,
And bring thy vain memorials to thy prophet,
Of justice done below for disobedience.

Muf. For heaven's sake, hold!—The respite of a moment!—
To think for you——

Emp And for thyself.

Muf. For both.

Bend. Disgrace, and death, and avarice, have lost him! [*Aside.*

Muf. 'Tis true, our law forbids to wed a Christian;
But it forbids you not to ravish her.
You have a conqueror's right upon your slave;
And then the more despite you do a Christian,
You serve the prophet more, who loathes that sect.

Emp. Oh, now it mends; and you talk reason, Mufti.—
But, stay! I promised freedom to Sebastian:
Now, should I grant it, his revengeful soul
Would ne'er forgive his violated bed.

Muf. Kill him; for then you give him liberty:
His soul is from his earthly prison freed.

Emp. How happy is the prince who has a churchman,
So learned and pliant, to expound his laws!

Bend. Two things I humbly offer to your prudence.

Emp. Be brief, but let not either thwart my love.

Bend. First, since our holy man has made rape lawful,
Fright her with that; proceed not yet to force:
Why should you pluck the green distasteful fruit
From the unwilling bough,
When it may ripen of itself, and fall?

Emp. Grant her a day; though that's too much to give
Out of a life which I devote to love.

Bend. Then, next, to bar
All future hopes of her desired Sebastian,
Let Dorax be enjoined to bring his head.
Emp. [*to the* Mufti]. Go, Mufti, call him to receive his orders.— [*Exit* Mufti.
I taste thy counsel; her desires new roused,
And yet unslaked, will kindle in her fancy,
And make her eager to renew the feast.
Bend. [*aside*]. Dorax, I know before, will disobey:
There's a foe's head well cropped.—
But this hot love precipitates my plot,
And brings it to projection ere its time.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ALMEYDA, *hand in hand; upon sight of the* Emperor, *they separate, and seem disturbed.*

Alm. He breaks at unawares upon our walks,
And, like a midnight wolf, invades the fold.
Make speedy preparation of your soul,
And bid it arm apace: He comes for answer,
And brutal mischief sits upon his brow.
Sebast. Not the last sounding could surprise me more,
That summons drowsy mortals to their doom,
When called in haste they fumble for their limbs,
And tremble, unprovided for their charge:
My sense has been so deeply plunged in joys,
The soul outslept her hour; and, scarce awake,
Would think too late, and cannot: but brave minds,
At worst, can dare their fate. [*Aside.*
Emp. [*coming up to them*]. Have you performed
Your embassy, and treated with success?
Sebast. I had no time.
Emp. No, not for my affairs;
But, for your own too much.
Sebast. You talk in clouds; explain your meaning, sir.
Emp. Explain yours first.—What meant you, hand in hand?

And, when you saw me, with a guilty start,
You loosed your hold, affrighted at my presence.
Sebast. Affrighted!
Emp. Yes, astonished, and confounded.
Sebast. What mak'st thou of thyself, and what of me?
Art thou some ghost, some demon, or some god,
That I should stand astonished at thy sight?
If thou couldst deem so meanly of my courage,
Why didst thou not engage me man for man,
And try the virtue of that Gorgon face
To stare me into statue?
Emp. Oh, thou art now recovered; but by heaven,
Thou wert amazed at first, as if surprised
At unexpected baseness brought to light.
For know, ungrateful man, that kings, like gods,
Are everywhere; walk in the abyss of minds,
And view the dark recesses of the soul.
Sebast. Base and ungrateful never was I thought;
Nor, till this turn of fate, durst thou have called me:
But, since thou boast'st the omniscience of a god,
Say in what cranny of Sebastian's soul,
Unknown to me, so loathed a crime is lodged?
Emp. Thou hast not broke my trust, reposed in thee?
Sebast. Imposed, but not received. — Take back that falsehood.
Emp. Thou art not married to Almeyda?
Sebast. Yes.
Emp. And own'st the usurpation of my love?
Sebast. I own it, in the face of heaven and thee;
No usurpation, but a lawful claim,
Of which I stand possessed.
Emp. She has chosen well,
Betwixt a captive and a conqueror.
Alm. Betwixt a monster and the best of men;—
He was the envy of his neighbouring kings;
For him their sighing queens despised their lords;

And virgin daughters blushed when he was named.
To share his noble chains is more to me
Than all the savage greatness of thy throne.
Sebast. Were I to choose again, and knew my fate,
For such a night I would be what I am.
The joys I have possessed are ever mine;
Out of thy reach behind eternity;
Hid in the sacred treasure of the past;
But blest remembrance brings them hourly back,
Emp. Hourly indeed, who hast but hours to live.
O mighty purchase of a boasted bliss!
To dream of what thou hadst one fugitive night,
And never shalt have more!
Sebast. Barbarian, thou canst part us but a moment!
We shall be one again in thy despite.
Life is but air,
That yields a passage to the whistling sword,
And closes when 'tis gone.
Alm. How can we better die than close embraced,
Sucking each other's souls while we expire?
Which, so transfused, and mounting both at once,
The saints deceived, shall, by a sweet mistake,
Hand up thy soul for mine, and mine for thine.
Emp. No, I'll untwist you:
I have occasion for your stay on earth.
Let him mount first, and beat upon the wing,
And wait an age for what I here detain;
Or sicken at immortal joys above,
And languish for the heaven he left below.
Alm. Thou wilt not dare to break what heaven has joined?
Emp. Not break the chain: but change a rotten link,
And rivet one to last.
Think'st thou I come to argue right and wrong?—
Why lingers Dorax thus? Where are my guards,
[BENDUCAR *goes out for the* Guards *and returns.*
To drag that slave to death? [*Pointing to* SEBAST.

Now storm and rage;
Call vainly on thy prophet, then defy him
For wanting power to save thee.

Sebast. That were to gratify thy pride. I'll show thee
How a man should, and how a king dare die!
So even, that my soul shall walk with ease
Out of its flesh, and shut out life as calmly
As it does words; without a sign to note
One struggle, in the smooth dissolving frame.

Alm. [*to the* Emp.]. Expect revenge from heaven, inhuman wretch!
Nor hope to ascend Sebastian's holy bed.
Flames, daggers, poisons, guard the sacred steps:
Those are the promised pleasures of my love.

Emp. And these might fright another, but not me;
Or me, if I designed to give you pleasure.
I seek my own; and while that lasts, you live.—

Enter two of the Guards.

Go, bear the captive to a speedy death,
And set my soul at ease.

Alm. I charge you, hold, ye ministers of death!—
Speak, my Sebastian;
Plead for thy life! Oh, ask it of the tyrant;
'Tis no dishonour; trust me, love, 'tis none.
I would die for thee, but I cannot plead;
My haughty heart disdains it, even for thee.—
Still silent! Will the King of Portugal
Go to his death like a dumb sacrifice?
Beg him to save my life in saving thine.

Sebast. Farewell; my life's not worth another word.

Emp. [*to the* Guards]. Perform your orders.

Alm. Stay, take my farewell too!
Farewell the greatness of Almeyda's soul!—
Look, tyrant, what excess of love can do;
It pulls me down thus low as to thy feet; [*Kneels to him.*
Nay, to embrace thy knees with loathing hands,

Which blister when they touch thee: yet even thus,
Thus far I can, to save Sebastian's life.
Emp. A secret pleasure trickles through my veins:
It works about the inlets of my soul,
To feel thy touch, and pity tempts the pass:
But the tough metal of my heart resists;
'Tis warmed with the soft fire, not melted down.
Alm. A flood of scalding tears will make it run.
Spare him, oh spare! Can you pretend to love,
And have no pity? Love and that are twins.
Here will I grow;
Thus compass you with the supplanting cords,
And pull so long till the proud fabric falls.
Emp. Still kneel, and still embrace: 'tis double pleasure,
So to be hugged, and see Sebastian die.
Alm. Look, tyrant, when thou nam'st Sebastian's death,
Thy very executioners turn pale.
Rough as they are, and hardened in their trade
Of death, they start at an anointed head,
And tremble to approach.—He hears me not,
Nor minds the impression of a god on kings;
Because no stamp of heaven was on his soul,
But the resisting mass drove back the seal.—
Say, though thy heart be rock of adamant,
Yet rocks are not impregnable to bribes:
Instruct me how to bribe thee; name thy price;
Lo, I resign my title to the crown;
Send me to exile with the man I love,
And banishment is empire.
Emp. Here's my claim, [*Clapping his hand to his sword.*
And this extinguished thine; thou giv'st me nothing.
Alm. My father's, mother's, brother's death, I pardon;
That's somewhat, sure; a mighty sum of murder,
Of innocent and kindred blood struck off.
My prayers and penance shall discount for these,

And beg of heaven to charge the bill on me:
Behold what price I offer, and how dear,
To buy Sebastian's life!

Emp. Let after-reckonings trouble fearful fools;
I'll stand the trial of those trivial crimes.
But, since thou begg'st me to prescribe my terms,
The only I can offer are thy love,
And this one day of respite to resolve.
Grant, or deny; for thy next word is fate,
And fate is deaf to prayer.

Alm. May heaven be so, [*Rising up.*
At thy last breath, to thine! I curse thee not;
For, who can better curse the plague or devil,
Than to be what they are? That curse be thine.
Now, do not speak, Sebastian, for you need not;
But die, for I resign your life.—Look, heaven,
Almeyda dooms her dear Sebastian's death!
But is there heaven? for I begin to doubt;
The skies are hushed, no grumbling thunders roll.
Now take your swing, ye impious; sin unpunished:
Eternal Providence seems overwatched,
And with a slumbering nod assents to murder.

Enter DORAX, *attended by three* Soldiers.

Emp. Thou mov'st a tortoise-pace to my relief.
Take hence that once a king; that sullen pride,
That swells to dumbness: lay him in the dungeon,
And sink him deep with irons, that, when he would,
He shall not groan to hearing; when I send,
The next commands are death.

Alm. Then prayers are vain as curses.

Emp. Much at one
In a slave's mouth, against a monarch's power.
This day thou hast to think;
At night, if thou wilt curse, thou shalt curse kindly;
Then I'll provoke thy lips, lay siege so close,

That all thy sallying breath shall turn to blessings.
Make haste, seize, force her, bear her hence.
Alm. Farewell, my last[1] Sebastian!
I do not beg, I challenge justice now.—
O Powers, if kings be your peculiar care,
Why plays this wretch with your prerogative?
Now flash him dead, now crumble him to ashes,
Or henceforth live confined in your own palace;
And look not idly out upon a world
That is no longer yours.

[*She is carried off struggling;* Emperor *and* BENDUCAR *follow.* SEBASTIAN *struggles in his* Guards' *arms, and shakes off one of them; but two others come in and hold him; he speaks not all the while.*

Dor. I find I'm but a half-strained villain yet;
But mongrel-mischievous; fi my blood boiled
To view this brutal act; and my stern soul
Tugged at my arm, to draw in her defence. [*Aside.*
Down, thou rebelling Christian in my heart!
Redeem thy fame on this Sebastian first; [*Walks a turn.*
Then think on other wrongs, when thine are righted.
But how to right them? on a slave disarmed,
Defenceless, and submitted to my rage?
A base revenge is vengeance on myself:—
[*Walks again.*
I have it, and I thank thee, honest head,
Thus present to me at my great necessity. —
[*Comes up to* SEBASTIAN.
You know me not?
Sebast. I hear men call thee Dorax.
Dor. 'Tis well; you know enough for once:—you speak, too;
You were struck mute before.
Sebast. Silence became me then.
Dor. Yet we may talk hereafter.

[1] So both in 1st edit. and folio.

Sebast. Hereafter is not mine:
Despatch thy work, good executioner.
Dor. None of my blood were hangmen; add that falsehood
To a long bill, that yet remains unreckoned.
Sebast. A king and thou can never have a reckoning.
Dor. A greater sum, perhaps, than you can pay.
Meantime, I shall make bold to increase your debt;
[*Gives him his sword.*
Take this, and use it at your greatest need.
Sebast. This hand and this have been acquainted well: [*Looks on it.*
It should have come before into my grasp,
To kill the ravisher.
Dor. Thou heard'st the tyrant's orders; guard thy life
When 'tis attacked, and guard it like a man.
Sebast. I'm still without thy meaning, but I thank thee.
Dor. Thank me when I ask thanks; thank me with that.
Sebast. Such surly kindness did I never see.
Dor. [*to the* Captain *of his Guards*]. Musa, draw out a file; pick man by man.
Such who dare die, and dear will sell their death.
Guard him to the utmost; now conduct him hence,
And treat him as my person.
Sebast. Something like
That voice, methinks, I should have somewhere heard;
But floods of woes have hurried it far off,
Beyond my ken of soul.
[*Exit* SEBASTIAN, *with the* Soldiers.
Dor. But I shall bring him back, ungrateful man!
I shall, and set him full before thy sight.
When I shall front thee, like some staring ghost,
With all my wrongs about me.—What, so soon
Returned? this haste is boding.

Enter to him Emperor, BENDUCAR, *and* Mufti.

Emp. She's still inexorable, still imperious,
And loud, as if, like Bacchus, born in thunder.
Be quick, ye false physicians of my mind;
Bring speedy death, or cure.

Bend. What can be counselled, while Sebastian lives?
The vine will cling, while the tall poplar stands;
But, that cut down, creeps to the next support,
And twines as closely there.

Emp. That's done with ease; I speak him dead:—
proceed.

Muf. Proclaim your marriage with Almeyda next,
That civil wars may cease; this gains the crowd:
Then you may safely force her to your will;
For people side with violence and injustice,
When done for public good.

Emp. Preach thou that doctrine.

Bend. The unreasonable fool has broached a truth,
That blasts my hopes; but, since 'tis gone so far,
He shall divulge Almeyda is a Christian.
If that produce no tumult, I despair. [*Aside.*

Emp. Why speaks not Dorax?

Dor. Because my soul abhors to mix with him.
Sir, let me bluntly say, you went too far,
To trust the preaching power on state affairs
To him, or any heavenly demagogue:
'Tis a limb lopt from your prerogative,
And so much of heaven's image blotted from you.

Muf. Sure thou hast never heard of holy men
(So Christians call them) famed in state affairs!
Such as in Spain, Ximenes, Albornoz;
In England, Wolsey; match me these with laymen.

Dor. How you triumph in one or two of these,
Born to be statesmen, happening to be churchmen!
Thou call'st them holy; so their function was:
But tell me, Mufti, which of them were saints?—

Next, sir, to you: the sum of all is this,—
Since he claims power from heaven, and not from kings,
When 'tis his interest, he can interest heaven
To preach you down; and ages oft depend
On hours, uninterrupted, in the chair.
Emp. I'll trust his preaching, while I rule his pay;
And I dare trust my Africans to hear
Whatever he dare preach.
Dor. You know them not.
The genius of your Moors is mutiny;
They scarcely want a guide to move their madness;
Prompt to rebel on every weak pretence;
Blustering when courted, crouching when opprest;
Wise to themselves, and fools to all the world;
Restless in change, and perjured to a proverb.
They love religion sweetened to the sense;
A good, luxurious, palatable faith.
Thus vice and godliness,—preposterous pair!—
Ride cheek by jowl, but churchmen hold the reins:
And whene'er kings would lower clergy-greatness,
They learn too late what power the preachers have,
And whose the subjects are; the Mufti knows it,
Nor dares deny what passed betwixt us two.
Emp. No more; whate'er he said was by command.
Dor. Why, then, no more, since you will hear no more;
Some kings are resolute to their own ruin.
Emp. Without your meddling where you are not asked,
Obey your orders, and despatch Sebastian.
Dor. Trust my revenge; be sure I wish him dead.
Emp. What mean'st thou? What's thy wishing to my will?
Despatch him; rid me of the man I loathe.
Dor. I hear you, sir; I'll take my time and do't.
Emp. Thy time! What's all thy time? What's thy whole life

To my one hour of ease? No more replies,
But see thou dost it; or——

Dor. Choke in that threat; I can say *or* as loud.

Emp. 'Tis well: I see my words have no effect,
But I may send a message to dispose you. [*Is going off.*

Dor. Expect an answer worthy of that message.

Muf. The prophet owed him this;
And, thanked be heaven, he has it. [*Aside.*

Bend. By holy Allah, I conjure you stay,
And judge not rashly of so brave a man.
[*Draws the* Emperor *aside, and whispers him.*
I'll give you reasons why he cannot execute
Your orders now, and why he will hereafter.

Muf. Benducar is a fool, to bring him off;
I'll work my own revenge, and speedily. [*Aside.*

Bend. The fort is his, the soldiers' hearts are his;
A thousand Christian slaves are in the castle,
Which he can free to reinforce his power;
Your troops far off, beleaguering Larache,
Yet in the Christians' hands.

Emp. I grant all this;
But grant me he must die.

Bend. He shall, by poison;
'Tis here, the deadly drug, prepared in powder,
Hot as hell-fire: Then, to prevent his soldiers
From rising to revenge their general's death,
While he is struggling with his mortal pangs,
The rabble on the sudden may be raised
To seize the castle.

Emp. Do't; 'tis left to thee.

Bend. Yet more;—but clear your brow, for he observes. [*They whisper again.*

Dor. What, will the favourite prop my falling fortunes?
O prodigy of court! [*Aside.*

[Emperor *and* BENDUCAR *return to* DORAX.

Emp. Your friend has fully cleared your innocence;

I was too hasty to condemn unheard,
And you, perhaps, too prompt in your replies.
As far as fits the majesty of kings,
I ask excuse.

Dor. I'm sure I meant it well.

Emp. I know you did:—This to our love renewed.—
[Emperor *drinks.*
Benducar, fill to Dorax.
[BENDUCAR *turns, and mixes a powder in it.*

Dor. Let it go round, for all of us have need
To quench our heats: 'Tis the king's health, Benducar,
[*He drinks.*
And I would pledge it, though I knew 'twere poison.

Bend. Another bowl; for what the king has touched,
And you have pledged, is sacred to your loves.
[*Drinks out of another bowl.*

Muf. Since charity becomes my calling, thus
Let me provoke your friendship; and heaven bless it.
As I intend it well.
[*Drinks; and, turning aside, pours some drops out of a little vial into the bowl; then presents it to* DORAX.

Dor. Heaven make thee honest;
On that condition we shall soon be friends. [*Drinks.*

Muf. Yes, at our meeting in another world;
For thou hast drunk thy passport out of this.
Not the Nonacrian fount, nor Lethe's lake,
Could sooner numb thy nimble faculties,
Than this, to sleep eternal. [*Aside.*

Emp. Now farewell, Dorax; this was our first quarrel,
And, I dare prophesy, will prove our last.
[*Exeunt* Emperor, BENDUCAR, *and the* Mufti.

Dor. It may be so.—I'm strangly discomposed;
Quick shootings through my limbs, and pricking pains,
Qualms at my heart, convulsions in my nerves,
Shiverings of cold, and burnings of my entrails,
Within my little world make medley-war,

Lose and regain, beat, and are beaten back,
As momentary victors quit their ground.—
Can it be poison! Poison's of one tenor,
Or hot, or cold; this neither, and yet both.
Some deadly draught, some enemy of life,
Boils in my bowels, and works out my soul.
Ingratitude's the growth of every clime;
Afric, the scene removed, is Portugal.
Of all court service, learn the common lot,—
To-day 'tis done, to-morrow 'tis forgot.
Oh, were that all! my honest corpse must lie
Exposed to scorn, and public infamy;
My shameful death will be divulged alone;
The worth and honour of my soul unknown. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A night-scene of the* Mufti's *Garden, where an Arbour is discovered.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. She names herself Morayma; the Mufti's only daughter, and a virgin! This is the time and place that she appointed in her letter, yet she comes not. Why, thou sweet delicious creature, why torture me with thy delay! Dar'st thou be false to thy assignation? What, in the cool and silence of the night, and to a new lover?—Pox on the hypocrite, thy father, for instructing thee so little in the sweetest point of his religion.—Hark, I hear the rustling of her silk mantle. Now she comes, now she comes:—no, hang it, that was but the whistling of the wind through the orange-trees.—Now, again, I hear the pit-a-pat of a pretty foot through the dark alley:—No, 'tis the son of a mare that's broken loose, and munching upon the melons.—O the misery of an expecting lover! Well, I'll e'en despair, go into my

arbour, and try to sleep; in a dream I shall enjoy her, in despite of her. [*Goes into the Arbour, and lies down.*

Enter JOHAYMA, *wrapt up in a Moorish mantle.*

Joh. Thus far my love has carried me, almost without my knowledge whither I was going. Shall I go on? shall I discover myself?—What an injury am I doing to my old husband! Yet what injury, since he's old, and has three wives, and six concubines, besides me! 'tis but stealing my own tithe from him.

[*She comes a little nearer the Arbour.*

Ant. [*raising himself a little, and looking*]. At last 'tis she; this is no illusion, I am sure; 'tis a true she-devil of flesh and blood, and she could never have taken a fitter time to tempt me.

Joh. He's young and handsome——

Ant. Yes, well enough, I thank nature. [*Aside.*

Joh. And I am yet neither old nor ugly: Sure he will not refuse me.

Ant. No; thou may'st pawn thy maidenhead upon't, he won't.

Joh. The Mufti would feast himself upon other women, and keep me fasting.

Ant. O the holy curmudgeon! [*Aside.*

Joh. Would preach abstinence, and practise luxury! but, I thank my stars, I have edified more by his example than his precept.

Ant. [*aside*]. Most divinely argued; she's the best casuist in all Afric. [*He rushes out, and embraces her.*] I can hold no longer from embracing thee, my dear Morayma; the old unconscionable whoreson, thy father, could he expect cold chastity from a child of his begetting?

Joh. What nonsense do you talk? do you take me for the Mufti's daughter?

Ant. Why, are you not, madam?

[*Throwing off her barnus.*

Joh. I find you had an appointment with Morayma.

Ant. By all that's good, the nauseous wife! [*Aside.*

Joh. What! you are confounded, and stand mute?

Ant. Somewhat nonpluss'd, I confess, to hear you deny your name so positively. Why, are not you Morayma, the Mufti's daughter? Did not I see you with him! did not he present me to you? were you not so charitable as to give me money? ay, and to tread upon my foot, and squeeze my hand, too, if I may be so bold to remember you of past favours?

Joh. And you see I am come to make them good; but I am neither Morayma, nor the Mufti's daughter.

Ant. Nay, I know not that; but I am sure he is old enough to be your father; and either father, or reverend father, I heard you call him.

Joh. Once again, how came you to name Morayma?

Ant. Another damned mistake of mine; for, asking one of my fellow-slaves, who were the chief ladies about the house, he answered me, Morayma, and Johayma; but she, it seems, is his daughter, with a pox to her, and you are his beloved wife.

Joh. Say your beloved mistress, if you please; for that's the title I desire. This moonshine grows offensive to my eyes; come, shall we walk into the arbour? there we may rectify all mistakes.

Ant. That's close and dark.

Joh. And are those faults to lovers?

Ant. But there I cannot please myself with the sight of your beauty.

Joh. Perhaps you may do better.

Ant. But there's not a breath of air stirring.

Joh. The breath of lovers is the sweetest air; but you are fearful.

Ant. I am considering indeed, that, if I am taken with you——

Joh. The best way to avoid it is to retire, where we may not be discovered.

Ant. Where lodges your husband?

Joh. Just against the face of this open walk.

Ant. Then he has seen us already, for aught I know.

Joh. You make so many difficulties, I fear I am displeasing to you.

Ant. [*aside*]. If Morayma comes, and takes me in the arbour with her, I have made a fine exchange of that diamond for this pebble.

Joh. You are much fallen off, let me tell you, from the fury of your first embrace.

Ant. I confess I was somewhat too furious at first, but you will forgive the transport of my passion; now I have considered it better, I have a qualm of conscience.

Joh. Of conscience! why, what has conscience to do with two young lovers that have opportunity?

Ant. Why, truly, conscience is something to blame for interposing in our matters; but how can I help it, if I have a scruple to betray my master?

Joh. There must be something more in't; for your conscience was very quiet when you took me for Morayma.

Ant. I grant you, madam, when I took you for his daughter; for then I might have made you an honourable amends by marriage.

Joh. You Christians are such peeking sinners! you tremble at a shadow in the moonshine.

Ant. And you Africans are such termagants, you stop at nothing. I must be plain with you,—you are married, and to a holy man, the head of your religion: go back to your chamber, go back, I say, and consider of it for this night, as I will do on my part: I will be true to you, and invent all the arguments I can to comply with you; and who knows but at our next meeting the sweet devil may have more power over me? I am true flesh and blood, I can tell you that for your comfort.

Joh. Flesh without blood, I think thou art; or, if any, it is as cold as that of fishes. But I'll teach thee, to thy cost, what vengeance is in store for refusing a lady who has offered thee her love.—Help, help, there! will nobody come to my assistance?

Ant. What do you mean, madam? for heaven's sake, peace; your husband will hear you; think of your own danger, if you will not think of mine.

Joh. Ungrateful wretch, thou deservest no pity!—Help, help, husband, or I shall be ravished! the villain will be too strong for me! Help, help, for pity of a poor distressed creature!

Ant. Then I have nothing but impudence to assist me; I must drown her clamour, whatever comes on't.

[*He takes out his flute, and plays as loud as he can possibly, and she continues crying out.*

Enter the Mufti, *in his nightgown, and two* Servants.

Muf. O thou villain, what horrible impiety art thou committing! what, ravishing the wife of my bosom!—Take him away; ganch him,[1] impale him, rid the world of such a monster! [Servants *seize him.*

Ant. Mercy, dear master, mercy! hear me first, and after, if I have deserved hanging, spare me not. What have you seen to provoke you to this cruelty?

Muf. I have heard the outcries of my wife; the bleatings of the poor innocent lamb.—Seen nothing, say'st thou? If I see the lamb lie bleeding, and the butcher by her with his knife drawn, and bloody, is not that evidence sufficient of the murder? I come too late, and the execution is already done.

Ant. Pray, think in reason, sir; is a man to be put to death for a similitude? No violence has been

[1] "A horrid Moorish punishment. The criminal was precipitated from a high tower upon iron scythes and hooks, which projected from its side. This scene Settle introduces in one of his tragedies." —*Scott's note.*

committed; none intended; the lamb's alive; and if I durst tell you so, no more a lamb than I am a butcher.

Joh. How's that, villain, dar'st thou accuse me?

Ant. Be patient, madam, and speak but truth, and I'll do anything to serve you; I say again, and swear it too, I'll do anything to serve you. [*Aside.*

Joh. [*aside.*] I understand him; but I fear it is now too late to save him:—Pray, hear him speak, husband; perhaps he may say something for himself; I know not.

Muf. Speak thou, has he not violated my bed, and thy honour?

Joh. I forgive him freely, for he has done nothing. What he will do hereafter to make me satisfaction, himself best knows.

Ant. Anything, anything, sweet madam: I shall refuse no drudgery.

Muf. But did he mean no mischief? was he endeavouring nothing?

Joh. In my conscience, I begin to doubt he did not.

Muf. It's impossible:—then what meant all those outcries?

Joh. I heard music in the garden, and at an unseasonable time of night; and I stole softly out of my bed, as imagining it might be he.

Muf. How's that, Johayma? imagining it was he, and yet you went?

Joh. Why not, my lord? am not I the mistress of the family? and is it not my place to see good order kept in it? I thought he might have allured some of the she-slaves to him, and was resolved to prevent what might have been betwixt him and them; when, on the sudden, he rushed out upon me, caught me in his arms with such a fury——

Muf. I have heard enough.—Away with him!

Joh. Mistaking me, no doubt, for one of his fellow-slaves. With that, affrighted as I was, I discovered

myself, and cried aloud; but as soon as ever he knew me, the villain let me go; and I must needs say, he started back as if I were some serpent; and was more afraid of me than I of him.

Muf. O thou corrupter of my family, that's cause enough of death!—once again, away with him.

Joh. What, for an intended trespass? No harm has been done, whatever may be. He cost you five hundred crowns, I take it.

Muf. Thou say'st true, a very considerable sum: he shall not die, though he had committed folly with a slave; it is too much to lose by him.

Ant. My only fault has ever been to love playing in the dark; and the more she cried, the more I played, that it might be seen I intended nothing to her.

Muf. To your kennel, sirrah; mortify your flesh, and consider in whose family you are.

Joh. And one thing more,—remember from henceforth to obey better.

Muf. [*aside*]. For all her smoothness, I am not quite cured of my jealousy; but I have thought of a way that will clear my doubts.

[*Exit* Mufti *with* JOHAYMA *and* Servants.

Ant. I am mortified sufficiently already, without the help of his ghostly counsel. Fear of death has gone farther with me in two minutes, than my conscience would have gone in two months. I find myself in a very dejected condition, all over me; poor sin lies dormant; concupiscence is retired to his winter-quarters; and if Morayma should now appear,—I say no more; but, alas for her and me!

[MORAYMA *comes out of the Arbour, she steals behind him, and claps him on the back.*

Mor. And if Morayma should appear, as she does appear, alas! you say, for her and you.

Ant. Art thou there, my sweet temptation! my eyes, my life, my soul, my all!

Mor. A mighty compliment! when all these, by your own confession, are just nothing.

Ant. Nothing, till thou camest to new create me; thou dost not know the power of thy own charms: Let me embrace thee, and thou shalt see how quickly I can turn wicked.

Mor. [*stepping back*]. Nay, if you are so dangerous, it is best keeping you at a distance; I have no mind to warm a frozen snake in my bosom; he may chance to recover, and sting me for my pains.

Ant. Consider what I have suffered for thy sake already, and make me some amends; two disappointments in a night: O cruel creature!

Mor. And you may thank yourself for both. I came eagerly to the charge before my time, through the back-walk behind the arbour; and you, like a fresh-water soldier, stood guarding the pass before. If you missed the enemy, you may thank your own dulness.

Ant. Nay, if you will be using stratagems, you shall give me leave to make use of my advantages, now I have you in my power: we are fairly met; I'll try it out, and give no quarter.

Mor. By your favour, sir, we meet upon treaty now, and not upon defiance.

Ant. If that be all, you shall have *carte blanche* immediately; for I long to be ratifying.

Mor. No; now I think on't, you are already entered into articles with my enemy Johayma:—"Anything to serve you, madam: I shall refuse no drudgery:"—Whose words were those, gentleman? was that like a cavalier of honour?

Ant. Not very heroic; but self-preservation is a point above honour, and religion too. Antonio was a rogue, I must confess; but you must give me leave to love him.

Mor. To beg your life so basely, and to present your sword to your enemy; O recreant!

Ant. If I had died honourably, my fame indeed would have sounded loud, but I should never have heard the blast:—Come, don't make yourself worse-natured than you are; to save my life, you would be content I should promise anything.

Mor. Yes, if I were sure you would perform nothing.

Ant. Can you suspect I would leave you for Johayma?

Mor. No; but I can expect you would have both of us. Love is covetous; I must have all of you; heart for heart is an equal truck. In short, I am younger, I think handsomer, and am sure I love you better. She has been my step-mother these fifteen years: You think that is her face you see, but it is only a daubed vizard; she wears an armour of proof upon it; an inch thick of paint, besides the wash. Her face is so fortified, that you can make no approaches to it without a shovel; but, for her constancy, I can tell you for your comfort she will love till death, I mean till yours; for when she has worn you out, she will certainly despatch you to another world, for fear of telling tales, as she has already served three slaves, your predecessors, of happy memory, in her favours. She has made my pious father a three-piled cuckold to my knowledge; and now she would be robbing me of my single sheep too.

Ant. Pr'ythee, prevent her, then; and at least take the shearing of me first.

Mor. No; I'll have a butcher's penn'orth of you; first secure the carcass, and then take the fleece into the bargain.

Ant. Why, sure, you did not put yourself and me to all this trouble for a dry come-off; by this hand——

[*Taking it.*

Mor. Which you shall never touch, but upon better assurances than you imagine. [*Pulling her hand away.*

Ant. I'll marry thee, and make a Christian of thee, thou pretty damned infidel.

Mor. I mean you shall; but no earnest till the bargain

be made before witness: there is love enough to be had, and as much as you can turn to, never doubt; but all upon honourable terms.

Ant. I vow and swear by Love: and he's a deity in all religions.

Mor. But never to be trusted in any: he has another name, too, of a worse sound. Shall I trust an oath, when I see your eyes languishing, your cheeks flushing, and can hear your heart throbbing? No, I'll not come near you; he's a foolish physician, who will feel the pulse of a patient that has the plague-spots upon him.

Ant. Did one ever hear a little moppet argue so perversely against so good a cause! Come, pr'ythee, let me anticipate a little of my revenue.

Mor. You would fain be fingering your rents beforehand; but that makes a man an ill husband ever after. Consider, marriage is a painful vocation, as you shall prove it; manage your incomes as thriftily as you can, you shall find a hard task on't to make even at the year's end, and yet to live decently.

Ant. I came with a Christian intention to revenge myself upon thy father, for being the head of a false religion.

Mor. And so you shall; I offer you his daughter for your second. But since you are so pressing, meet me under my window to-morrow night, body for body, about this hour; I'll slip down out of my lodging, and bring my father in my hand.

Ant. How, thy father!

Mor. I mean, all that's good of him; his pearls and jewels, his whole contents, his heart and soul; as much as ever I can carry! I'll leave him his Alcoran, that's revenue enough for him; every page of it is gold and diamonds. He has the turn of an eye, a demure smile, and a godly cant, that are worth millions to him. I forgot to tell you, that I will have a slave prepared at the postern gate, with two horses ready saddled.—No

more, for I fear I may be missed; and think I hear them calling for me.—If you have constancy and courage——

Ant. Never doubt it; and love in abundance, to wander with thee all the world over.

Mor. The value of twelve hundred thousand crowns in a casket!——

Ant. A heavy burden, heaven knows! but we must pray for patience to support it.

Mor. Besides a willing tit, that will venture her corps[1] with you. Come, I know you long to have a parting blow with me; and therefore, to show I am in charity—

[*He kisses her.*

Ant. Once more for pity, that I may keep the flavour upon my lips till we meet again.

Mor. No, frequent charities make bold beggars; and besides, I have learned of a falconer, never to feed up a hawk when I would have him fly. That's enough: but, if you would be nibbling, here's a hand to stay your stomach. [*Kissing her hand.*

Ant. Thus conquered infidels, that wars may cease,
Are forced to give their hands, and sign the peace.

Mor. Thus Christians are outwitted by the foe;
You had her in your power, and let her go.
If you release my hand, the fault's not mine;
You should have made me seal, as well as sign.

[*She runs off; he follows her to the door, then comes back again, and goes out at the other.*

[1] Dryden commonly uses this form of the *living* body.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—BENDUCAR'S *Palace, in the Castle of Alcazar.*

BENDUCAR *solus.*

BEN. My future fate, the colour of my life,
My all, depends on this important hour:
This hour my lot is weighing in the scales,
And heaven, perhaps, is doubting what to do.
Almeyda and a crown have pushed me forward:
'Tis fixed, the tyrant must not ravish her;
He and Sebastian stand betwixt my hopes;
He most, and therefore first to be despatched.
These, and a thousand things, are to be done
In the short compass of this rolling night;
And nothing yet performed,
None of my emissaries yet returned.

Enter HALY, *first Servant.*

O Haly, thou has held me long in pain.
What hast thou learnt of Dorax? is he dead?
Haly. Two hours I warily have watched his palace;
All doors are shut, no servant peeps abroad;
Some officers, with striding haste, passed in,
While others outward went on quick despatch.
Sometimes hushed silence seemed to reign within;
Then cries confused, and a joint clamour, followed;
Then lights went gliding by, from room to room,
And shot like thwarting meteors, 'cross the house.

Not daring further to inquire, I came
With speed, to bring you this imperfect news.
Bend. Hence I conclude him either dead, or dying.
His mournful friends, summoned to take their leaves,
Are thronged about his couch, and sit in council.
What those caballing captains may design,
I must prevent, by being first in action.—
To Muley-Zeydan fly with speed, desire him
To take my last instructions; tell the importance,
And haste his presence here.— [*Exit* HALY.
How has this poison lost its wonted way?
It should have burnt its passage, not have lingered
In the blind labyrinths and crooked turnings
Of human composition; now it moves
Like a slow fire, that works against the wind,
As if his stronger stars had interposed.—

Enter HAMET.

Well, Hamet, are our friends, the rabble, raised?
From Mustapha what message?
Ham. What you wish.
The streets are thicker in this noon of night,
Than at the midday sun: a drowsy horror
Sits on their eyes, like fear, not well awake;
All crowd in heaps, as, at a night alarm,
The bees drive out upon each other's backs,
To emboss their hives in clusters; all ask news;
Their busy captain runs the weary round,
To whisper orders; and commanding silence,
Makes not noise cease, but deafens it to murmurs.
Bend. Night wastes apace; when, when will he appear!
Ham. He only waits your summons.
Bend. Haste their coming.
Let secrecy and silence be enjoined
In their close march. What news from the lieutenant?

Ham. I left him at the gate, firm to your interest.
To admit the townsmen at their first appearance.
Bend. Thus far 'tis well: Go, hasten Mustapha.
[*Exit* HAMET.

Enter ORCHAN, *the third Servant.*

O Orchan, did I think thy diligence
Would lag behind the rest?—What from the Mufti?
Orc. I sought him round his palace; made inquiry
Of all the slaves; in short, I used your name,
And urged the importance home; but had for answer,
That, since the shut of evening, none had seen him.
Bend. O the curst fate of all conspiracies!
They move on many springs; if one but fail,
The restive machine stops. In an ill hour he's absent;
'Tis the first time, and sure will be the last,
That e'er a Mufti was not in the way,
When tumults and rebellion should be broached.
Stay by me; thou art resolute and faithful;
I have employment worthy of thy arm. [*Walks.*

Enter MULEY-ZEYDAN.

M.-Zey. You see me come, impatient of my hopes,
And eager as the courser for the race:
Is all in readiness?
Bend. All but the Mufti.
M.-Zey. We must go on without him.
Bend. True, we must;
For 'tis ill stopping in the full career,
Howe'er the leap be dangerous and wide.
Orc. [*looking out*]. I see the blaze of torches from afar,
And hear the trampling of thick-beating feet;
This way they move.
Bend. No doubt, the emperor.
We must not be surprised in conference.
Trust to my management the tyrant's death,

And haste yourself to join with Mustapha.
The officer, who guards the gate, is yours:
When you have gained that pass, divide your force;
Yourself in person head one chosen half,
And march to oppress the faction in consult
With dying Dorax. Fate has driven them all
Into the net! you must be bold and sudden:
Spare none; and if you find him struggling yet
With pangs of death, trust not his rolling eyes
And heaving gasps; for poison may be false,—
The home-thrust of a friendly sword is sure.

M.-Zey. Doubt not my conduct; they shall be surprised.

Mercy may wait without the gate one night,
At morn I'll take her in.

Bend. Here lies your way;
You meet your brother there.

M.-Zey. May we ne'er meet!
For, like the twins of Leda, when I mount,
He gallops down the skies. [*Exit* MUL.-ZEYD.

Bend. He comes:—Now, heart,
Be ribbed with iron for this one attempt;
Set ope thy sluices, send the vigorous blood
Through every active limb for my relief;
Then take thy rest within thy quiet cell,
For thou shalt drum no more.

Enter Emperor, *and* Guards *attending him.*

Emp. What news of our affairs, and what of Dorax?
Is he no more? say that, and make me happy.

Bend. May all your enemies be like that dog,
Whose parting soul is labouring at the lips.

Emp. The people, are they raised?

Bend. And marshalled too;
Just ready for the march.

Emp. Then I'm at ease.

Bend. The night is yours; the glittering host of heaven

Shines but for you; but most the star of love,
That twinkles you to fair Almeyda's bed.
Oh, there's a joy to melt in her embrace,
Dissolve in pleasure,
And make the gods curse immortality,
That so they could not die.
But haste, and make them yours.

Emp. I will; and yet
A kind of weight hangs heavy at my heart;
My flagging soul flies under her own pitch,
Like fowl in air too damp, and lugs along,
As if she were a body in a body,
And not a mounting substance made of fire.
My senses, too, are dull and stupefied,
Their edge rebated:—sure some ill approaches,
And some kind spirit knocks softly at my soul,
To tell me, fate's at hand.

Bend. Mere fancies all.
Your soul has been beforehand with your body,
And drunk so deep a draught of promised bliss,
She slumbers o'er the cup; no danger's near,
But of a surfeit at too full a feast.

Emp. It may be so; it looks so like the dream
That overtook me, at my waking hour,
This morn; and dreams, they say, are then divine,
When all the balmy vapours are exhaled,
And some o'erpowering god continues sleep.
'Twas then, methought, Almeyda, smiling, came,
Attended with a train of all her race,
Whom, in the rage of empire, I had murdered:
But now, no longer foes, they gave me joy
Of my new conquest, and, with helping hands,
Heaved me into our holy prophet's arms,
Who bore me in a purple cloud to heaven.

Bend. Good omen, sir; I wish you in that heaven
Your dream portends you,—
Which presages death. [*Aside.*

Emp. Thou too wert there;
And thou, methought, didst push me from below,
With thy full force, to Paradise.
Bend. Yet better.
Emp. Ha! what's that grisly fellow, that attends thee?
Bend. Why ask you, sir?
Emp. For he was in my dream,
And helped to heave me up.
Bend. With prayers and wishes;
For I dare swear him honest.
Emp. That may be;
But yet he looks damnation.
Bend. You forget
The face would please you better. Do you love,
And can you thus forbear?
Emp. I'll head my people,
Then think of dalliance when the danger's o'er.
My warlike spirits work now another way,
And my soul's tuned to trumpets.
Bend. You debase yourself,
To think of mixing with the ignoble herd;
Let such perform the servile work of war,
Such who have no Almeyda to enjoy.
What, shall the people know their godlike prince
Skulked in a nightly skirmish? Stole a conquest,
Headed a rabble, and profaned his person,
Shouldered with filth, borne in a tide of ordure,
And stifled with their rank offensive sweat?
Emp. I am off again; I will not prostitute
The regal dignity so far, to head them.
Bend. There spoke a king.
Dismiss your guards, to be employed elsewhere
In ruder combats; you will want no seconds
In those alarms you seek.
Emp. Go, join the crowd;— [*To the* Guards.
Benducar, thou shalt lead them in my place.
[*Exeunt* Guards.

The god of love once more has shot his fires
Into my soul, and my whole heart receives him.
Almeyda now returns with all her charms;
I feel her as she glides along my veins,
And dances in my blood. So when our prophet
Had long been hammering, in his lonely cell,
Some dull, insipid, tedious Paradise,
A brisk Arabian girl came tripping by;
Passing she cast at him a sidelong glance,
And looked behind, in hopes to be pursued:
He took the hint, embraced the flying fair,
And, having found his heaven, he fixed it there.

[*Exit* Emperor.

Bend. That Paradise thou never shalt possess.
His death is easy now, his guards are gone,
And I can sin but once to seize the throne;
All after-acts are sanctified by power.

Orc. Command my sword and life.

Bend. I thank thee, Orchan,
And shall reward thy faith. This master-key
Frees every lock, and leads us to his person;
And, should we miss our blow,—as heaven forbid!—
Secures retreat. Leave open all behind us;
And first set wide the Mufti's garden gate,
Which is his private passage to the palace;
For there our mutineers appoint to meet,
And thence we may have aid.—Now sleep, ye stars,
That silently o'erwatch the fate of kings!
Be all propitious influences barred,
And none but murderous planets mount the guard.

[*Exit with* ORCHAN

SCENE II.—*A Night-Scene of the* Mufti's *Garden.*

Enter the Mufti *alone, in a Slave's habit, like that of* ANTONIO.

Muf. This it is to have a sound head-piece; by this I have got to be chief of my religion; that is, honestly speaking, to teach others what I neither know nor believe myself. For what's Mahomet to me, but that I get by him? Now for my policy of this night: I have mewed up my suspected spouse in her chamber;—no more embassies to that lusty young stallion of a gardener. Next, my habit of a slave; I have made myself as like him as I can, all but his youth and vigour; which when I had, I passed my time as well as any of my holy predecessors. Now, walking under the windows of my seraglio, if Johayma look out, she will certainly take me for Antonio, and call to me; and by that I shall know what concupiscence is working in her. She cannot come down to commit iniquity, there's my safety; but if she peep, if she put her nose abroad, there's demonstration of her pious will; and I'll not make the first precedent for a churchman to forgive injuries.

Enter MORAYMA, *running to him with a Casket in her hand, and embracing him.*

Mor. Now I can embrace you with a good conscience; here are the pearls and jewels, here's my father.

Muf. I am indeed thy father; but how the devil didst thou know me in this disguise? and what pearls and jewels dost thou mean?

Mor. [*going back*]. What have I done, and what will now become of me!

Muf. Art thou mad, Morayma!

Mor. I think you'll make me so.

Muf. Why, what have I done to thee? Recollect thyself, and speak sense to me.

Mor. Then give me leave to tell you, you are the worst of fathers.

Muf. Did I think I had begotten such a monster!—Proceed, my dutiful child, proceed, proceed.

Mor. You have been raking together a mass of wealth, by indirect and wicked means: the spoils of orphans are in these jewels, and the tears of widows in these pearls.

Muf. Thou amazest me!

Mor. I would do so. This casket is loaded with your sins; 'tis the cargo of rapines, simony, and extortions; the iniquity of thirty years' muftiship converted into diamonds.

Muf. Would some rich railing rogue would say as much to me, that I might squeeze his purse for scandal!

Mor. No, sir, you get more by pious fools than railers, when you insinuate into their families, manage their fortunes while they live, and beggar their heirs, by getting legacies, when they die. And do you think I'll be the receiver of your theft? I discharge my conscience of it: Here, take again your filthy mammon, and restore it, you had best, to the true owners.

Muf. I am finely documented by my own daughter!

Mor. And a great credit for me to be so: Do but think how decent a habit you have on, and how becoming your function to be disguised like a slave, and eavesdropping under the women's windows, to be saluted, as you deserve it richly, with a piss-pot. If I had not known you casually by your shambling gait, and a certain reverend awkwardness that is natural to all of your function, here you had been exposed to the laughter of your own servants; who have been in search of you through the whole seraglio, peeping under every petticoat to find you.

Muf. Pr'ythee, child, reproach me no more of human failings; they are but a little of the pitch and spots of the world, that are still sticking on me; but I hope to scour them out in time. I am better at bottom than thou thinkest; I am not the man thou takest me for.

Mor. No, to my sorrow, sir, you are not.

Muf. It was a very odd beginning though, methought, to see thee come running in upon me with such a warm embrace: pr'ythee, what was the meaning of that violent hot hug?

Mor. I am sure I meant nothing by it, but the zeal and affection which I bear to the man of the world, whom I may love lawfully.

Muf. But thou wilt not teach me, at this age, the nature of a close embrace?

Mor. No, indeed; for my mother-in-law complains, that you are past teaching: But if you mistook my innocent embrace for sin, I wish heartily it had been given where it would have been more acceptable.

Muf. Why this is as it should be now; take the treasure again, it can never be put into better hands.

Mor. Yes, to my knowledge, but it might. I have confessed my soul to you, if you can understand me rightly. I never disobeyed you till this night; and now, since, through the violence of my passion, I have been so unfortunate, I humbly beg your pardon, your blessing, and your leave, that, upon the first opportunity, I may go for ever from your sight; for heaven knows, I never desire to see you more.

Muf. [*wiping his eyes*]. Thou makest me weep at thy unkindness; indeed, dear daughter, we will not part.

Mor. Indeed, dear daddy, but we will.

Muf. Why, if I have been a little pilfering, or so, I take it bitterly of thee to tell me of it, since it was to make thee rich; and I hope a man may make bold with his own soul, without offence to his own child. Here, take the jewels again; take them, I charge thee, upon thy obedience.

Mor. Well then, in virtue of obedience, I will take them; but, on my soul, I had rather they were in a better hand.

Muf. Meaning mine, I know it.

Mor. Meaning his, whom I love better than my life.

Muf. That's me again.

Mor. I would have you think so.

Muf. How thy good nature works upon me! Well, I can do no less than venture damning for thee; and I may put fair for it, if the rabble be ordered to rise to-night.

Enter ANTONIO, *in a rich African habit.*

Ant. What do you mean, my dear, to stand talking in this suspicious place, just underneath Johayma's window?—[*to the* Mufti]. You are well met, comrade; I know you are the friend of our flight: are the horses ready at the postern gate?

Muf. Antonio, and in disguise! now I begin to smell a rat.

Ant. And I another, that outstinks it. False Morayma, hast thou thus betrayed me to thy father!

Mor. Alas! I was betrayed myself. He came disguised like you, and I, poor innocent, ran into his hands.

Muf. In good time you did so; I laid a trap for a bitch-fox, and a worse vermin has caught himself in it. You would fain break loose now, though you left a limb behind you; but I am yet in my own territories, and in call of company; that's my comfort.

Ant. [*taking him by the throat*]. No; I have a trick left to put thee past thy squeaking. I have given thee the quinsy; that ungracious tongue shall preach no more false doctrine.

Mor. What do you mean? you will not throttle him? consider he's my father.

Ant. Pr'ythee, let us provide first for our own safety; if I do not consider him, he will consider us, with a vengeance, afterwards.

Mor. You may threaten him for crying out; but, for

my sake, give him back a little cranny of his windpipe, and some part of speech.

Ant. Not so much as one single interjection.—Come away, father-in-law, this is no place for dialogues; when you are in the mosque, you talk by hours, and there no man must interrupt you. This is but like for like, good father-in-law; now I am in the pulpit, it is your turn to hold your tongue. [*He struggles.*] Nay, if you will be hanging back, I shall take care you shall hang forward.

[*Pulls him along the stage, with his sword at his reins.*

Mor. The other way to the arbour with him; and make haste, before we are discovered.

Ant. If I only bind and gag him there, he may commend me hereafter for civil usage; he deserves not so much favour by any action of his life.

Mor. Yes, pray bate him one,—for begetting your mistress.

Ant. I would, if he had not thought more of thy mother than of thee. Once more, come along in silence, my Pythagorean father-in-law.

Joh. [*at the balcony*]. A bird in a cage may peep at least, though she must not fly.—What bustle's there beneath my window? Antonio, by all my hopes! I know him by his habit. But what makes that woman with him, and a friend, a sword drawn, and hasting hence? This is no time for silence;—Who's within? call there, where are the servants? why, Omar, Abedin, Hassan, and the rest, make haste, and run into the garden; there are thieves and villains; arm all the family, and stop them.

Ant. [*turning back*]. Oh that screech-owl at the window! we shall be pursued immediately; which way shall we take?

Mor. [*giving him the Casket*]. 'Tis impossible to escape them; for the way to our horses lies back again by the house, and then we shall meet them full in the teeth.

Here, take these jewels; thou mayest leap the walls, and get away.

Ant. And what will become of thee, then, poor kind soul?

Mor. I must take my fortune. When you are got safe into your own country, I hope you will bestow a sigh on the memory of her who loved you.

Ant. It makes me mad to think how many a good night will be lost betwixt us! Take back thy jewels; 'tis an empty casket without thee: besides, I should never leap well with the weight of all thy father's sins about me; thou and they had been a bargain.

Mor. Pr'ythee take them, 'twill help me to be revenged on him.

Ant. No, they'll serve to make thy peace with him.

Mor. I hear them coming! shift for yourself, at least; remember I am yours for ever.

[Servants *crying*, "This way, this way," *behind the Scenes.*

Ant. And I but the empty shadow of myself without thee!—Farewell, father-in-law, that should have been, if I had not been cursed in my mother's belly.—Now, which way, Fortune?

[*Runs amazedly backwards and forwards.* Servants *within*, "Follow, follow; yonder are the villains."

Oh, here's a gate open; but it leads into the castle; yet I must venture it.

[*A shout behind the Scenes, where* ANTONIO *is going out.*

There's the rabble in a mutiny; what, is the devil up at midnight? However, 'tis good herding in a crowd.

[*Runs out.* Mufti *runs to* MORAYMA, *and lays hold on her, then snatches away the Casket.*

Muf. Now, to do things in order, first I seize upon the bag, and then upon the baggage; for thou art but my flesh and blood, but these are my life and soul.

Mor. Then let me follow my flesh and blood, and keep to yourself your life and soul.

Muf. Both, or none; come away to durance.

Mor. Well, if it must be so, agreed; for I have another trick to play you, and thank yourself for what shall follow.

Enter Servants.

Joh. [*from above*]. One of them took through the private way into the castle; follow him, be sure, for these are yours already.

Mor. Help here quickly, Omar, Abedin! I have hold on the villain that stole my jewels; but 'tis a lusty rogue, and he will prove too strong for me. What! help, I say; do you not know your master's daughter?

Muf. Now, if I cry out, they will know my voice, and then I am disgraced for ever. Oh, thou art a venomous cockatrice!

Mor. Of your own begetting.

[*The* Servants *seize him.*

1 *Serv.* What a glorious deliverance have you had, madam, from this bloody-minded Christian!

Mor. Give me back my jewels, and carry this notorious malefactor to be punished by my father. I'll hunt the other dry-foot.

[*Takes the jewels, and runs out after* ANTONIO *at the same passage.*

1 *Serv.* I long to be handselling his hide, before we bring him to my master.

2 *Serv.* Hang him, for an old covetous hypocrite; he deserves a worse punishment himself, for keeping us so hardly.

1 *Serv.* Ay, would he were in this villain's place! thus I would lay him on, and thus. [*Beats him.*

2 *Serv.* And thus would I revenge myself of my last beating. [*He beats him too, and then the rest.*

Muf. Oh, ho, ho!

1 *Serv.* Now, supposing you were the Mufti, sir.—

[*Beats him again.*

Muf. The devil's in that supposing rascal!—I can bear no more; and I am the Mufti. Now suppose yourselves my servants, and hold your hands: an anointed halter take you all!

1 *Serv.* My master!—You will pardon the excess of our zeal for you, sir: indeed we all took you for a villain, and so we used you.

Muf. Ay, so I feel you did; my back and sides are abundant testimonies of your zeal.—Run, rogues, and bring me back my jewels, and my fugitive daughter; run, I say.

[*They run to the gate, and the first* Servant *runs back again.*

1 *Serv.* Sir, the castle is in a most terrible combustion; you may hear them hither.

Muf. 'Tis a laudable commotion; the voice of the mobile is the voice of heaven.—I must retire a little, to strip me of the slave, and to assume the Mufti, and then I will return; for the piety of the people must be encouraged, that they may help me to recover my jewels and my daughter. [*Exeunt* Mufti *and* Servants.

SCENE III.—*Changes to the Castle Yard,*

And discovers ANTONIO, MUSTAPHA, *and the Rabble shouting. They come forward.*

Ant. And so at length, as I informed you, I escaped out of his covetous clutches; and now fly to your illustrious feet for my protection.

Must. Thou shalt have it, and now defy the Mufti. 'Tis the first petition that has been made to me since my

exaltation to tumult, in this second night of the month Abib, and in the year of the Hegira,—the Lord knows what year; but 'tis no matter; for when I am settled, the learned are bound to find it out for me; for I am resolved to find my authority over the rabble, like other monarchs.

Ant. I have always had a longing to be yours again, though I could not compass it before; and had designed you a casket of my master's jewels too; for I knew the custom, and would not have appeared before a great person, as you are, without a present: but he has defrauded my good intentions, and basely robbed you of them; 'tis a prize worth a million of crowns, and you carry your letters of marque about you.

Must. I shall make bold with his treasure, for the support of my new government.—[*The people gather about him.*]—What do these vile ragamuffins so near our person? your savour is offensive to us; bear back there and make room for honest men to approach us: These fools and knaves are always impudently crowding next to princes, and keeping off the more deserving: Bear back, I say.—[*They make a wider circle.*]—That's dutifully done! Now shout to show your loyalty.—[*A great shout.*]—Hear'st thou that, slave Antonio? These obstreperous villains shout, and know not for what they make a noise. You shall see me manage them, that you may judge what ignorant beasts they are.—For whom do you shout now? Who's to live and reign; tell me that, the wisest of you?

1 *Rabble.* Even who you please, captain.

Must. La, you there! I told you so.

2 *Rabble.* We are not bound to know who is to live and reign; our business is only to rise upon command, and plunder.

3 *Rabble.* Ay, the richest of both parties; for they are our enemies.

Must. This last fellow is a little more sensible than

the rest; he has entered somewhat into the merits of the cause.

1 *Rabble.* If a poor man may speak his mind, I think, captain, that yourself are the fittest to live and reign; I mean not over, but next, and immediately under, the people; and thereupon I say, *A Mustapha, a Mustapha!*

Omnes. A Mustapha, a Mustapha!

Must. I must confess the sound is pleasing, and tickles the ears of my ambition; but alas! good people, it must not be! I am contented to be a poor simple viceroy. But Prince Muley-Zeydan is to be the man: I shall take care to instruct him in the arts of government, and in his duty to us all; and, therefore, mark my cry, *A Muley-Zeydan, a Muley-Zeydan!*

Omnes. A Muley-Zeydan, a Muley-Zeydan!

Must. You see, slave Antonio, what I might have been?

Ant. I observe your modesty.

Must. But for a foolish promise, I made once to my lord Benducar, to set up any one he pleased.—

Re-enter the Mufti *with his* Servants.

Ant. Here's the old hypocrite again. Now stand your ground, and bate him not an inch. Remember the jewels, the rich and glorious jewels; they are designed to be yours, by virtue of prerogative.

Must. Let me alone to pick a quarrel; I have an old grudge to him upon thy account.

Muf. [*making up to the Mobile*]. Good people, here you are met together.

1 *Rabble.* Ay, we know that without your telling: but why are we met together, doctor? for that's it which nobody here can tell.

2 *Rabble.* Why, to see one another in the dark; and to make holiday at midnight.

Muf. You are met, as becomes good Mussulmen, to

settle the nation; for I must tell you, that, though your tyrant is a lawful emperor, yet your lawful emperor is but a tyrant.

Ant. What stuff he talks!

Must. 'Tis excellent fine matter, indeed, slave Antonio! He has a rare tongue! Oh, he would move a rock, or elephant!

Ant. What a block have I to work upon!—[*Aside.*]—But still, remember the jewels, sir; the jewels.

Must. Nay, that's true, on the other side; the jewels must be mine. But he has a pure fine way of talking; my conscience goes along with him, but the jewels have set my heart against him.

Muf. That your emperor is a tyrant, is most manifest; for you were born to be Turks, but he has played the Turk with you, and is taking your religion away.

2 *Rabble.* We find that in our decay of trade. I have seen, for these hundred years, that religion and trade always go together.

Muf. He is now upon the point of marrying himself, without your sovereign consent: and what are the effects of marriage?

3 *Rabble.* A scolding, domineering wife, if she prove honest; and, if a whore, a fine gaudy minx, that robs our counters every night, and then goes out. and spends it upon our cuckold-makers.

Muf. No; the natural effects of marriage are children: now, on whom would he beget these children? Even upon a Christian! Oh, horrible! how can you believe me, though I am ready to swear it upon the Alcoran! Yes, true believers, you may believe, that he is going to beget a race of misbelievers.

Must. That's fine, in earnest; I cannot forbear hearkening to his enchanting tongue.

Ant. But yet remember——

Must. Ay, ay, the jewels; Now again I hate him; but yet my conscience makes me listen to him

Muf. Therefore, to conclude all, believers, pluck up your hearts, and pluck down the tyrant. Remember the courage of your ancestors; remember the majesty of the people; remember yourselves, your wives and children; and, lastly, above all, remember your religion, and our holy Mahomet. All these require your timeous assistance:—shall I say, they beg it? No; they claim it of you, by all the nearest and dearest ties of these three P's, self-preservation, our property, and our prophet.—Now answer me with an unanimous cheerful cry, and follow me, who am your leader, to a glorious deliverance.

Omnes. A Mufti, a Mufti!

[*Following him off the stage.*

Ant. Now you see what comes of your foolish qualms of conscience; the jewels are lost, and they are all leaving you.

Must. What, am I forsaken of my subjects? Would the rogue purloin my liege people from me!—I charge you, in my own name, come back, ye deserters, and hear me speak.

1 *Rabble.* What, will he come with his balderdash, after the Mufti's eloquent oration?

2 *Rabble.* He's our captain, lawfully picked up, and elected upon a stall; we will hear him.

Omnes. Speak, captain, for we will hear you.

Must. Do you remember the glorious rapines and robberies you have committed? Your breaking open and gutting of houses, your rummaging of cellars, your demolishing of Christian temples, and bearing off, in triumph, the superstitious plate and pictures, the ornaments of their wicked altars, when all rich movables were sentenced for idolatrous, and all that was idolatrous was seized? Answer first, for your remembrance of all these sweetnesses of mutiny; for upon those grounds I shall proceed.

Omnes. Yes, we do remember, we do remember.

Must. Then make much of your retentive faculties.—And who led you to those honeycombs? Your Mufti? No, believers; he only preached you up to it, but durst not lead you: He was but your counsellor, but I was your captain; he only looed[1] you, but 'twas I that led you.

Omnes. That's true, that's true.

Ant. There you were with him for his figures.

Must. I think I was, slave Antonio. Alas! I was ignorant of my own talent.—Say then, believers, will you have a captain for your Mufti, or a Mufti for your captain? And, further, to instruct you how to cry, will you have *A Mufti*, or *No Mufti?*

Omnes. No Mufti, no Mufti!

Must. That I laid in for them, slave Antonio.—Do I then spit upon your faces? Do I discourage rebellion, mutiny, rapine, and plundering? You may think I do, believers; but, heaven forbid! No, I encourage you to all these laudable undertakings; you shall plunder, you shall pull down the government; but you shall do this upon my authority, and not by his wicked instigation.

3 *Rabble.* Nay, when his turn is served, he may preach up loyalty again, and restitution, that he might have another smack among us.

1 *Rabble.* He may indeed; for it is but his saying it is sin, and then we must restore; and therefore I would have a new religion, where half the commandments should be taken away, the rest mollified, and there should be little or no sin remaining.

Omnes. Another religion, a new religion, another religion!

Must. And that may easily be done, with the help of a little inspiration; for I must tell you, I have a pigeon at home, of Mahomet's own breed; and when I have learnt her to pick peas out of my ear, rest satisfied till then, and you shall have another. But, now I think

[1] *I.e.* "hallooed you on."

on't, I am inspired already, that 'tis no sin to depose the Mufti.

Ant. And good reason; for when kings and queens are to be discarded, what should knaves do any longer in the pack?

Omnes. He is deposed, he is deposed, he is deposed!

Must. Nay, if he and his clergy will needs be preaching up rebellion, and giving us their blessing, 'tis but justice they should have the first-fruits of it.—Slave Antonio, take him into custody; and dost thou hear, boy, be sure to secure the little transitory box of jewels. If he be obstinate, put a civil question to him upon the rack, and he squeaks, I warrant him.

Ant. [*seizing the* Mufti]. Come, my *quondam* master, you and I must change qualities.

Muf. I hope you will not be so barbarous to torture me; we may preach suffering to others, but, alas! holy flesh is too well pampered to endure martyrdom.

Must. Now, late Mufti, not forgetting my first quarrel to you, we will enter ourselves with the plunder of your palace: 'tis good to sanctify a work, and begin a-God's name.

1 *Rabble.* Our prophet let the devil alone with the last mob.

Mob. But he takes care of this himself.

As they are going out, enter BENDUCAR, *leading* ALMEYDA; *he with a sword in one hand:* BENDUCAR'S Slave *follows, with* MULEY-MOLUCH'S *head upon a spear.*

Must. Not so much haste, masters; come back again; you are so bent upon mischief, that you take a man upon the first word of plunder. Here is a sight for you; the emperor is come upon his head to visit you. [*Bowing.*] Most noble emperor, now I hope you will

not hit us in the teeth, that we have pulled you down; for we can tell you to your face, that we have exalted you. [*They all shout.*

Bend. Think what I am, and what yourself may be [*To* ALMEYDA *apart.*

In being mine: refuse not proffered love,
That brings a crown.

Alm. [*to him*]. I have resolved,
And these shall know my thoughts.

Bend. [*to her*]. On that I build.——

[*He comes up to the Rabble.*

Joy to the people for the tyrant's death!
Oppression, rapine, banishment, and blood,
Are now no more; but speechless as that tongue,
That lies for ever still.
How is my grief divided with my joy,
When I must own I killed him! Bid me speak;
For not to bid me, is to disallow
What for your sakes is done.

Must. In the name of the people, we command you speak: but that pretty lady shall speak first; for we have taken somewhat of a liking to her person.—Be not afraid, lady, to speak to these rude ragamuffins; there is nothing shall offend you, unless it be their stink, an't please you. [*Making a leg.*

Alm. Why should I fear to speak, who am your queen?
My peaceful father swayed the sceptre long,
And you enjoyed the blessings of his reign,
While you deserved the name of Africans.
Then, not commanded, but commanding you,
Fearless, I speak: know me for what I am.

Bend. How she assumes! I like not this beginning. [*Aside.*

Alm. I was not born so base to flatter crowds,
And move your pity by a whining tale.
Your tyrant would have forced me to his bed;

But in the attempt of that foul, brutal act,
These loyal slaves secured me by his death.
[*Pointing to* BENDUCAR.

Bend. Makes she no more of me than of a slave?—
[*Aside.*

Madam, I thought I had instructed you
[*To* ALMEYDA.

To frame a speech more suiting to the times:
The circumstances of that dire design,
Your own despair, my unexpected aid,
My life endangered by his bold defence,
And after all, his death, and your deliverance,
Were themes that ought not to be slighted o'er.

Must. She might have passed over all your petty businesses, and no great matter; but the raising of my rabble is an exploit of consequence, and not to be mumbled up in silence, for all her pertness.

Alm. When force invades the gift of nature, life,
The eldest law of nature bids defend;
And if in that defence a tyrant fall,
His death's his crime, not ours.
Suffice it that he's dead; all wrongs die with him;
When he can wrong no more, I pardon him;
Thus I absolve myself, and him excuse,
Who saved my life and honour, but praise neither.

Bend. 'Tis cheap to pardon, whom you would not pay.
But what speak I of payment and reward!
Ungrateful woman, you are yet no queen,
Nor more than a proud, haughty Christian slave:
As such I seize my right. [*Going to lay hold of her.*

Alm. [*drawing a dagger*]. Dare not to approach me!—
Now, Africans,
He shows himself to you; to me he stood
Confessed before, and owned his insolence
To espouse my person, and assume the crown,

Claimed in my right; for this, he slew your tyrant;
Oh no! he only changed him for a worse:
Embased your slavery by his own vileness,
And loaded you with more ignoble bonds.
Then think me not ungrateful, not to share
The imperial crown with a presuming traitor.
He says I am a Christian; true, I am,
But yet no slave: if Christians can be thought
Unfit to govern those of other faith,
'Tis left for you to judge.

Bend. I have not patience; she consumes the time
In idle talk, and owns her false belief:
Seize her by force, and bear her hence unheard.

Alm. [*to the* People]. No, let me rather die your sacrifice,
Than live his triumph,
I throw myself into my people's arms;
As you are men, compassionate my wrongs,
And, as good men, protect me.

Ant. Something must be done to save her.—[*Aside to* MUST.] This is all addressed to you, sir: she singled you out with her eye, as commander-in-chief of the mobility.

Must. Think'st thou so, slave Antonio?

Ant. Most certainly, sir; and you cannot, in honour, but protect her: now look to your hits, and make your fortune.

Must. Methought, indeed, she cast a kind leer towards me. Our prophet was but just such another scoundrel as I am, till he raised himself to power, and consequently to holiness, by marrying his master's widow. I am resolved I'll put forward for myself; for why should I be my lord Benducar's fool and slave, when I may be my own fool and his master?

Bend. Take her into possession, Mustapha.

Must. That's better counsel than you meant it: yes,

I do take her into possession, and into protection too. What say you, masters, will you stand by me?

Omnes. One and all, one and all.

Bend. Hast thou betrayed me, traitor?—Mufti, speak, and mind them of religion. [Mufti *shakes his head.*

Must. Alas! the poor gentleman has gotten a cold with a sermon of two hours long, and a prayer of four; and, besides, if he durst speak, mankind is grown wiser at this time of day than to cut one another's throats about religion. Our Mufti is a green-coat, and the Christian is a black-coat; and we must wisely go together by the ears, whether green or black shall sweep our spoils. [*Drums within, and shouts.*

Bend. Now we shall see whose numbers will prevail:
The conquering troops of Muley-Zeydan come,
To crush rebellion, and espouse my cause.

Must. We will have a fair trial of skill for it, I can tell him that. When we have despatched with Muley-Zeydan, your lordship shall march, in equal proportions of your body, to the four gates of the city, and every tower shall have a quarter of you.

[ANTONIO *draws them up, and takes* ALMEYDA *by the hand. Shouts again and drums.*

Enter DORAX *and* SEBASTIAN, *attended by* African Soldiers *and* Portuguese. ALMEYDA *and* SEBASTIAN *run into each other's arms, and both speak together.*

Sebast. and *Alm.* My Sebastian! My Almeyda!

Alm. Do you then live?

Sebast. And live to love thee ever.

Bend. How? Dorax and Sebastian still alive!
The Moors and Christians joined!—I thank thee, prophet.

Dor. The citadel is ours; and Muley-Zeydan
Safe under guard, but as becomes a prince.
Lay down your arms; such base plebeian blood

Would only stain the brightness of my sword,
And blunt it for some nobler work behind.

Must. I suppose you may put it up without offence to any man here present. For my part, I have been loyal to my sovereign lady, though that villain Benducar, and that hypocrite the Mufti, would have corrupted me; but if those two escape public justice, then I and all my late honest subjects here deserve hanging.

Bend. [*to* DOR.]. I'm sure I did my part to poison thee,
What saint soe'er has soldered thee again:
A dose less hot had burst through ribs of iron.

Muf. Not knowing that, I poisoned him once more,
And drenched him with a draught so deadly cold,
That, hadst not thou prevented, had congealed
The channel of his blood, and froze him dry.

Bend. Thou interposing fool, to mangle mischief,
And think to mend the perfect work of hell!

Dor. Thus, when heaven pleases, double poisons cure.[1]
I will not tax thee of ingratitude
To me, thy friend, who hast betrayed thy prince:
Death he deserved indeed, but not from thee.
But fate, it seems, reserved the worst of men
To end the worst of tyrants.—
Go, bear him to his fate,
And send him to attend his master's ghost.
Let some secure my other poisoning friend,
Whose double diligence preserved my life.

Ant. You are fallen into good hands, father-in-law; your sparkling jewels, and Morayma's eyes, may prove a better bail than you deserve.

Muf. The best that can come of me, in this condition, is, to have my life begged first, and then to be begged for a fool afterwards.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO, *with the* Mufti; *and, at the same time,* BENDUCAR *is carried off.*

[1] *Et quum fata volunt, bina venena juvant.*—AUSONIUS.

Dor. [*to* MUST.]. You, and your hungry herd, depart untouched;
For justice cannot stoop so low, to reach
The grovelling sin of crowds: but cursed be they
Who trust revenge with such mad instruments,
Whose blindfold business is but to destroy;
And, like the fire, commissioned by the winds,
Begins on sheds, but, rolling in a round,
On palaces returns. Away, ye scum,
That still rise upmost when the nation boils;
Ye mongrel work of heaven, with human shapes,
Not to be damned or saved, but breathe and perish,
That have but just enough of sense, to know
The master's voice, when rated, to depart.
[*Exeunt* MUSTAPHA *and* Rabble.

Alm. With gratitude as low as knees can pay
[*Kneeling to him.*
To those blest holy fires, our guardian angels,
Receive these thanks, till altars can be raised.

Dor. Arise, fair excellence, and pay no thanks,
[*Raising her up.*
Till time discover what I have deserved.

Sebast. More than reward can answer.
If Portugal and Spain were joined to Africa,
And the main ocean crusted into land,
If universal monarchy were mine,
Here should the gift be placed.

Dor. And from some hands I should refuse that gift.
Be not too prodigal of promises;
But stint your bounty to one only grant,
Which I can ask with honour.

Sebast. What I am
Is but thy gift; make what thou canst of me,
Secure of no repulse.

Dor. [*to* SEBAST.]. Dismiss your train.—
[*To* ALM.] You, madam, please one moment to retire.
[SEBASTIAN *signs to the* Portuguese *to go off;*

ALMEYDA, *bowing to him, goes off also. The* Africans *follow her.*

Dor. [*to the* Captain *of his Guard*]. With you one word in private. [*Goes out with the* Captain.

Sebast. [*solus*]. Reserved behaviour, open nobleness,
A long mysterious track of a stern bounty:
But now the hand of fate is on the curtain,
And draws the scene to sight.

Re-enter DORAX, *having taken off his turban and put on a peruke, hat, and cravat.*

Dor. Now, do you know me?

Sebast. Thou shouldst be Alonzo.

Dor. So you should be Sebastian:
But when Sebastian ceased to be himself,
I ceased to be Alonzo.

Sebast. As in a dream,
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs
And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?
Think not you dream; or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake,
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brushed their balmy wings
Over these eyes; but ever when they closed,
Your tyrant image forced them ope again,
And dried the dews they brought:
The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame;
And, that once cleared, eternal sleep is welcome.

Sebast. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs;
If I have wronged thee, charge me face to face;—
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.

Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me.
Then, though I loathe this woman's war of tongues,

Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear;
And, Honour, be thou judge.
Sebast. Honour befriend us both.—
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent, and haughty to superiors.
How often hast thou braved my peaceful court,
Filled it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts;
And with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproached even me, thy prince?
Dor. And well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of heaven in kings; for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.—
I must, and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant!—It irks me so to call my prince;
But just resentment, and hard usage, coined
The unwilling word; and, grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.
Sebast. How, tyrant?
Dor. Tyrant.
Sebast. Traitor!—that name thou canst not echo back;
That robe of infamy, that circumcision
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor;
And if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.
Dor. If I'm a traitor, think,—and blush, thou tyrant,—
Whose injuries betrayed me into treason,
Effaced my loyalty, unhinged my faith,
And hurried me, from hopes of heaven, to hell.
All these, and all my yet unfinished crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.
Sebast. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing.—
Once more be warned, and know me for thy king.

Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king no more.
This is not Lisbon; nor the circle this,
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieged
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gulled eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch, and first applaud,
The stuff of royal nonsense. When I spoke,
My honest homely words were carped and censured
For want of courtly style; related actions,
Though modestly reported, passed for boasts;
Secure of merit if I asked reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread snatched from pimps and parasites.
Henriquez answered, with a ready lie,
To save his king's,—The boon was begged before!

Sebast. What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now, by heaven,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmannered scurril taunts.

Dor. And therefore 'twas, to gall thee, that I named him;
That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and smile;
That woman, but more daubed; or, if a man,
Corrupted to a woman; thy man-mistress.

Sebast. All false as hell, or thou.

Dor. Yes; full as false
As that I served thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitched thy standard in these foreign fields:
By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it,
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.

Sebast. I see to what thou tend'st: but, tell me first
If those great acts were done alone for me?
If love produced not some, and pride the rest?

Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here below;
But all the advantage of that love was thine.

For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepared to ask my own,
(For Violante's vows were mine before:)
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke,
And asked me Violante for Henriquez.

Sebast. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.

Dor. Where justice wanted, could reward be hoped?
Could the robbed passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands, who stripped him first?

Sebast. He had my promise, ere I knew thy love.

Dor. My services deserved thou shouldst revoke it.

Sebast. Thy insolence had cancelled all thy service:
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
Even to my face, as done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty,
To strike the man I loved!

Dor. Even in the face of heaven, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man, who, propt by power,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love:
But, for a blow provoked by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refused to meet me in the field,
That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy own!

Sebast. He durst; nay more, desired, and begged with tears,
To meet thy challenge fairly: 'Twas thy fault
To make it public; but my duty, then,
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.

Dor. On pain of infamy,
He should have disobeyed.

Sebast. The indignity thou didst, was meant to me:
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say,—The blow was there intended;

But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power. So was I forced
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.
Dor. Thou hast dared
To tell me, what I durst not tell myself:
I durst not think that I was spurned, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my face.
All my long avarice of honour lost,
Heaped up in youth, and hoarded up for age!
Has honour's fountain then sucked back the stream?
He has; and hooting boys may dry-shod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.—
Give me my love, my honour; give them back—
Give me revenge, while I have breath to ask it!
Sebast. Now, by this honoured order which I wear,
More gladly would I give, than thou dar'st ask it;
Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urged, to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injured thee, that makes us equal;
The wrong, if done, debased me down to thee.
But thou hast charged me with ingratitude;
Hast thou not charged me? speak!
Dor. Thou know'st I have:
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.
Sebast. No; to disprove that lie, I must not draw.
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul,
What thou hast done this day in my defence.
To fight thee after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urgest?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas;
Which, mounting, view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.
Dor. I'll cut that isthmus.
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.

I saved thee out of honourable malice:
Now, draw;—I should be loth to think thou dar'st not:
Beware of such another vile excuse.
Sebast. Oh, patience, heaven!
Dor. Beware of patience, too;
That's a suspicious word. It had been proper
Before thy foot had spurned me; now 'tis base:
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security.
The only boon I begged was this fair combat:
Fight, or be perjured, now; that's all thy choice.
Sebast. Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst be thanked. [*Drawing.*
Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom, on his wedding night,
More gladly enters not the lists of love:
Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summoned thus.
Go, bear my message to Henriquez' ghost;
And say, his master and his friend revenged him.
Dor. His ghost! then is my hated rival dead?
Sebast. The question is beside our present purpose:
Thou seest me ready; we delay too long.
Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.
Sebast. He's dead; make haste, and thou may'st yet o'ertake him.
Dor. When I was hasty, thou delayed'st me longer.—
I pr'ythee, let me hedge[1] one moment more
Into thy promise: for thy life preserved,
Be kind; and tell me how that rival died,
Whose death, next thine, I wished.
Sebast. If it would please thee, thou shouldst never know;

[1] "Edge."

But thou, like jealousy, inquir'st a truth,
Which, found, will torture thee.—He died in fight;
Fought next my person; as in consort fought;
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heaved his shield in my defence,
And on his naked side received my wound.
Then, when he could no more, he fell at once;
But rolled his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

Dor. I never can forgive him such a death!

Sebast. I prophesied thy proud soul could not bear it.—

Now, judge thyself, who best deserved my love?
I knew you both; and (durst I say) as heaven
Foreknew, among the shining angel host,
Who would stand firm, who fall.

Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fallen;
And so, had I been favoured, had I stood.

Sebast. What had been, is unknown; what is appears.
Confess, he justly was preferred to thee.

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.—
O worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
And what has he acquired, by such a death!
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side,
My corps had been the bulwark of my king.
His glorious end was a patched work of fate,
Ill sorted with a soft, effeminate life;
It suited better with my life than his,
So to have died: Mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

Sebast. The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame to struggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate. Confess, proud spirit,
(For I will have it from thy very mouth,)
That better he deserved my love than thou?

Dor. Oh, whither would you drive me? I must grant,—
Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,—
Henriquez had your love with more desert.
For you he fought, and died: I fought against you;
Through all the mazes of the bloody field,
Hunted your sacred life; which that I missed
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul: my soul's a regicide.
Sebast. [*more calmly*]. Thou mightst have given it a more gentle name.
Thou mean'st to kill a tyrant, not a king:
Speak, didst thou not, Alonzo?
Dor. Can I speak!
Alas, I cannot answer to Alonzo!—
No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo;
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquered with your arms,
In that blest age, I was the man you named;
Till rage and pride debased me into Dorax,
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.
Sebast. Yet twice this day I owed my life to Dorax.
Dor. I saved you but to kill you: there's my grief.
Sebast. Nay, if thou canst be grieved, thou canst repent;
Thou couldst not be a villain, though thou wouldst:
Thou own'st too much, in owning thou hast erred;
And I too little, who provoked thy crime.
Dor. Oh, stop this headlong torrent of your goodness;
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul,
Half drowned in tears before: spare my confusion;
For pity spare; and say not first you erred;
For yet I have not dared, through guilt and shame,
To throw myself beneath your royal feet.—
[*Falls at his feet*
Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade;
'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

Sebast. Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first;
But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's noble.
[*Taking him up.*
Yes, I will raise thee up with better news.
Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;
Compelled to wed, because she was my ward,
Her soul was absent when she gave her hand;
Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
Effect the consummation of his love:
So, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
A widow, and a maid.

Dor. Have I been cursing heaven, while heaven blest me?
I shall run mad with ecstasy of joy:
What! in one moment, to be reconciled
To heaven, and to my king, and to my love!—
But pity is my friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy rival:— Poor Henriquez!

Sebast. Art thou so generous, too, to pity him?
Nay, then, I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms;
[*Embracing him.*
And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace.
Be what Henriquez was,—be my Alonzo.

Dor. What, my Alonzo, said you? my Alonzo!
Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak;
And, if I could,
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.

Sebast. Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of heaven, to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
It cannot bear the stamp, without allay.
Be kind, ye powers! and take but half away:
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign;
But let my love and friend be ever mine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I —*The Scene is a Room of State.*

Enter DORAX *and* ANTONIO.

DOR. Joy is on every face, without a cloud;
As, in the scene of opening paradise,
The whole creation danced at their new being,
Pleased to be what they were, pleased with each other.
Such joy have I, both in myself and friends;
And double joy that I have made them happy.

Ant. Pleasure has been the business of my life;
And every change of fortune easy to me,
Because I still was easy to myself.
The loss of her I loved would touch me nearest;
Yet, if I found her, I might love too much,
And that's uneasy pleasure.

Dor. If she be fated
To be your wife, your fate will find her for you:
Predestinated ills are never lost.

Ant. I had forgot
To inquire before, but long to be informed,
How, poisoned and betrayed, and round beset,
You could unwind yourself from all these dangers,
And move so speedily to our relief?

Dor. The double poisons, after a short combat,
Expelled each other in their civil war,
By nature's benefit, and roused my thoughts
To guard that life which now I found attacked.
I summoned all my officers in haste,

On whose experienced faith I might rely;
All came resolved to die in my defence,
Save that one villain who betrayed the gate.
Our diligence prevented the surprise
We justly feared: so Muley-Zeydan found us
Drawn up in battle, to receive the charge.

Ant. But how the Moors and Christian slaves were joined,
You have not yet unfolded.

Dor That remains.
We knew their interest was the same with ours:
And, though I hated more than death Sebastian,
I could not see him die by vulgar hands;
But, prompted by my angel, or by his,
Freed all the slaves, and placed him next myself,
Because I would not have his person known.
I need not tell the rest, the event declares it.

Ant. Your conquests came of course; their men were raw.
And yours were disciplined.—One doubt remains,
Why you industriously concealed the king,
Who, known, had added courage to his men?

Dor. I would not hazard civil broils betwixt
His friends and mine; which might prevent our combat.
Yet, had he fallen, I had dismissed his troops;
Or, if victorious, ordered his escape.—
But I forgot a new increase of joy
To feast him with surprise; I must about it:
Expect my swift return. [*Exit.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Here's a lady at the door, that bids me tell you, she is come to make an end of the game that was broken off betwixt you.

Ant. What manner of woman is she? Does she not want two of the four elements? has she anything about her but air and fire?

Serv. Truly, she flies about the room as if she had wings instead of legs; I believe she's just turning into a bird:—A house-bird, I warrant her:—And so hasty to fly to you, that, rather than fail of entrance, she would come tumbling down the chimney, like a swallow.

Enter MORAYMA.

Ant. [*running to her, and embracing her*]. Look, if she be not here already!—What, no denial, it seems, will serve your turn? Why, thou little dun, is thy debt so pressing?

Mor. Little devil, if you please: your lease is out, good master conjurer, and I am come to fetch you, soul and body: not an hour of lewdness longer in this world for you.

Ant. Where the devil hast thou been? and how the devil didst thou find me here?

Mor. I followed you into the castle-yard, but there was nothing but tumult and confusion: and I was bodily afraid of being picked up by some of the rabble; considering I had a double charge about me,—my jewels, and my maidenhead.

Ant. Both of them intended for my worship's sole use and property.

Mor. And what was poor little I among them all?

Ant. Not a mouthful apiece: 'twas too much odds, in conscience!

Mor. So seeking for shelter, I naturally ran to the old place of assignation, the garden-house; where for the want of instinct, you did not follow me.

Ant. Well, for thy comfort, I have secured thy father; and I hope thou hast secured his effects for us.

Mor. Yes, truly, I had the prudent foresight to consider, that, when we grow old, and weary of solacing one another, we might have, at least, wherewithal to make merry with the world; and take up with a worse

pleasure of eating and drinking, when we were disabled for a better.

Ant. Thy fortune will be even too good for thee; for thou art going into the country of serenades and gallantries, where thy street will be haunted every night with thy foolish lovers, and my rivals, who will be sighing and singing, under thy inexorable windows, lamentable ditties, and call thee cruel, and goddess, and moon, and stars, and all the poetical names of wicked rhyme; while thou and I are minding our business, and jogging on, and laughing at them, at leisure minutes, which will be very few; take that by way of threatening.

Mor. I am afraid you are not very valiant, that you huff so much beforehand. But, they say, your churches are fine places for love-devotion; many a she-saint is there worshipped.

Ant. Temples are there, as they are in all other countries, good conveniences for dumb interviews. I hear the Protestants are not much reformed in that point neither; for their sectaries call their churches by the natural name of meeting-houses. Therefore I warn thee in good time, not more of devotion than needs must, good future spouse, and always in a veil: for those eyes of thine are damned enemies to mortification.

Mor. The best thing I have heard of Christendom is, that we women are allowed the privilege of having souls; and I assure you, I shall make bold to bestow mine upon some lover, whenever you begin to go astray; and, if I find no convenience in a church, a private chamber will serve the turn.

Ant. When that day comes, I must take my revenge, and turn gardener again; for I find I am much given to planting.

Mor. But take heed, in the meantime, that some young Antonio does not spring up in your own family; as false as his father, though of another man's planting.

Re-enter DORAX *with* SEBASTIAN *and* ALMEYDA. SEBASTIAN *enters speaking to* DORAX, *while in the meantime* ANTONIO *presents* MORAYMA *to* ALMEYDA.

Sebast. How fares our royal prisoner, Muley-Zeydan?
Dor. Disposed to grant whatever I desire,
To gain a crown and freedom. Well, I know him,
Of easy temper, naturally good,
And faithful to his word.
Sebast. Yet one thing wants,
To fill the measure of my happiness;
I'm still in pain for poor Alvarez' life.
Dor. Release that fear, the good old man is safe;
I paid his ransom,
And have already ordered his attendance.
Sebast. Oh, bid him enter, for I long to see him.

Enter ALVAREZ *with a* Servant, *who departs when* ALVAREZ *is entered.*

Alv. Now by my soul, and by these hoary hairs,
[*Falling down, and embracing the* King's *knees.*
I'm so o'erwhelmed with pleasure, that I feel
A latter spring within my withering limbs,
That shoots me out again.
Sebast. Thou good old man, [*Raising him.*
Thou hast deceived me into more, more joys,
Who stood brimful before.
Alv. O my dear child,—
I love thee so I cannot call thee king,—
Whom I so oft have dandled in these arms!
What, when I gave thee lost, to find thee living!
'Tis like a father, who himself had scaped
A falling house, and, after anxious search,
Hears from afar his only son within;
And digs through rubbish, till he drags him out,
To see the friendly light.

Such is my haste, so trembling is my joy,
To draw thee forth from underneath thy fate.
Sebast. The tempest is o'erblown, the skies are clear,
And the sea charmed into a calm so still,
That not a wrinkle ruffles her smooth face.
Alv. Just such she shows before a rising storm;
And therefore am I come with timely speed,
To warn you into port.
Alm. My soul forebodes
Some dire event involved in those dark words.
And just disclosing in a birth of fate. [*Aside.*
Alv. Is there not yet an heir of this vast empire,
Who still survives, of Muley-Moluch's branch?
Dor. Yes, such a one there is a captive here,
And brother to the dead.
Alv. The powers above
Be praised for that! My prayers for my good master,
I hope, are heard.
Sebast. Thou hast a right in heaven.
But why these prayers for me?
Alv. A door is open yet for your deliverance.—
Now you, my countrymen, and you Almeyda,
Now all of us, and you, my all in one,
May yet be happy in that captive's life.
Sebast. We have him here an honourable hostage
For terms of peace; what more he can contribute
To make me blest, I know not.
Alv. Vastly more;
Almeyda may be settled in the throne,
And you review your native clime with fame.
A firm alliance and eternal peace,
The glorious crown of honourable war,
Are all included in that prince's life.
Let this fair queen be given to Muley-Zeydan,
And make her love the sanction of your league,
Sebast. No more of that; his life's in my dispose,

And prisoners are not to insist on terms;
Or, if they were, yet he demands not these.
Alv. You should exact them.
Alm. Better may be made,
These cannot: I abhor the tyrant's race,—
My parents' murderers, my throne's usurpers.
But, at one blow, to cut off all dispute,
Know this, thou busy, old, officious man,—
I am a Christian; now be wise no more;
Or, if thou wouldst be still thought wise, be silent,
Alv. Oh, I perceive you think your interest touched:
'Tis what before the battle I observed;
But I must speak, and will.
Sebast. I pr'ythee, peace;
Perhaps she thinks they are too near of blood.
Alv. I wish she may not wed to blood more near.
Sebast. What if I make her mine?
Alv. Now heaven forbid!
Sebast. Wish rather heaven may grant;
For, if I could deserve, I have deserved her:
My toils, my hazards, and my subjects' lives,
Provided she consent, may claim her love;
And, that once granted, I appeal to these,
If better I could choose a beauteous bride.
Ant. The fairest of her sex.
Mor. The pride of nature.
Dor. He only merits her, she only him;
So paired, so suited in their minds and persons,
That they were framed the tallies for each other.
If any alien love had interposed,
It must have been an eyesore to beholders,
And to themselves a curse.
Alv. And to themselves
The greatest curse that can be, were to join.
Sebast. Did not I love thee past a change to hate,
That word had been thy ruin; but no more,
I charge thee, on thy life, perverse old man!

Alv. Know, sir, I would be silent if I durst:
But if, on shipboard, I should see my friend
Grown frantic in a raging calenture,
And he, imagining vain flowery fields,
Would headlong plunge himself into the deep,—
Should I not hold him from that mad attempt,
Till his sick fancy were by reason cured?

Sebast. I pardon thee the effects of doting age,
Vain doubts and idle cares, and over caution;
The second nonage of a soul more wise,
But now decayed, and sunk into the socket,
Peeping by fits, and giving feeble light.

Alv. Have you forgot?

Sebast. Thou mean'st my father's will,
In bar of marriage to Almeyda's bed.
Thou seest my faculties are still entire,
Though thine are much impaired. I weighed that will,
And found 'twas grounded on our different faiths;
But, had he lived to see her happy change,
He would have cancelled that harsh interdict,
And joined our hands himself.

Alv. Still had he lived and seen this change,
He still had been the same.

Sebast. I have a dark remembrance of my father:
His reasonings and his actions both were just;
And, granting that, he must have changed his measures.

Alv. Yes, he was just, and therefore could not change,

Sebast. 'Tis a base wrong thou offer'st to the dead.

Alv. Now heaven forbid,
That I should blast his pious memory!
No, I am tender of his holy fame;
For, dying, he bequeathed it to my charge.
Believe, I am; and seek to know no more,
But pay a blind obedience to his will;
For, to preserve his fame, I would be silent.

Sebast. Crazed fool, who wouldst be thought an oracle,
Come down from off thy tripos, and speak plain.

My father shall be justified, he shall:
'Tis a son's part to rise in his defence,
And to confound thy malice, or thy dotage.
Alv. It does not grieve me, that you hold me crazed;
But, to be cleared at my dead master's cost,
Oh, there's the wound! but let me first adjure you,
By all you owe that dear departed soul,
No more to think of marriage with Almeyda.
Sebast. Not heaven and earth combined can hinder it.
Alv. Then witness, heaven and earth, how loath I am
To say, you mu.t not, nay, you cannot, wed:
And since not only a dead father's fame,
But more, a lady's honour, must be touched,
Which, nice as ermines, will not bear a soil,
Let all retire, that you alone may hear
What even in whispers I would tell your ear.
[*All are going out.*
Alm. Not one of you depart; I charge you, stay!
And were my voice a trumpet loud as fame,
To reach the round of heaven, and earth, and sea,
All nations should be summoned to this place,
So little do I fear that fellow's charge:
So should my honour, like a rising swan,
Brush with her wings the falling drops away,
And proudly plough the wave.s.
Sebast. This noble pride becomes thy innocence;
And I dare trust my father's memory,
To stand the charge of that foul forging tongue.
Alv. It will be soon discovered if I forge.
Have you not heard, your father in his youth,
When newly married, travelled into Spain,
And made a long abode in Philip's court?
Sebast. Why so remote a question, which thyself
Can answer to thyself? for thou wert with him,
His favourite, as I oft have heard thee boast,
And nearest to his soul.

Alv. Too near, indeed; forgive me, gracious heaven,
That ever I should boast I was so near,
The confidant of all his young amours!—
And have not you, unhappy beauty, heard,
[*To* ALMEYDA.
Have you not often heard, your exiled parents
Were refuged in that court, and at that time?

Alm. 'Tis true; and often since my mother owned
How kind that prince was to espouse her cause;
She counselled, nay, enjoined me on her blessing,
To seek the sanctuary of your court;
Which gave me first encouragement to come,
And, with my brother, beg Sebastian's aid.

Sebast. Thou help'st me well to justify my war:
[*To* ALM.] My dying father swore me, then a boy,
And made me kiss the cross upon his sword,
Never to sheathe it, till that exiled queen
Were by my arms restored.

Alv. And can you find
No mystery couched in this excess of kindness?
Were kings e'er known, in this degenerate age,
So passionately fond of noble acts,
Where interest shared not more than half with honour?

Sebast. Base, grovelling soul, who know'st not honour's worth,
But weigh'st it out in mercenary scales!
The secret pleasure of a generous act
Is the great mind's great bribe.

Alv. Show me that king, and I'll believe the Phœnix.
But knock at your own breast, and ask your soul,
If those fair fatal eyes edged not your sword
More than your father's charge, and all your vows?
If so,—and so your silence grants it is,—
Know, king, your father had, like you, a soul,
And love is your inheritance from him.
Almeyda's mother, too, had eyes, like her,

And not less charming; and were charmed no less
Than yours are now with her, and hers with you.
Alm. Thou liest, impostor! perjured fiend, thou liest!
Sebast. Was't not enough to brand my father's fame,
But thou must load a lady's memory?
Oh, infamous! oh, base, beyond repair!
And to what end this ill-concerted lie,
Which, palpable and gross, yet granted true,
It bars not my inviolable vows?
Alv. Take heed, and double not your father's crimes
To his adultery do not add your incest.
Know, she's the product of unlawful love,
And 'tis your carnal sister you would wed.
Sebast. Thou shalt not say thou wert condemned unheard;
Else, by my soul, this moment were thy last.
Alm. But think not oaths shall justify thy charge,
Nor imprecations on thy cursed head;
For who dares lie to heaven, thinks heaven a jest.
Thou hast confessed thyself the conscious pander
Of that pretended passion;
A single witness infamously known,
Against two persons of unquestioned fame.
Alv. What interest can I have, or what delight,
To blaze their shame, or to divulge my own?
If proved, you hate me; if unproved, condemn.
Not racks or tortures could have forced this secret,
But too much care to save you from a crime
Which would have sunk you both. For let me say,
Almeyda's beauty well deserves your love.
Alm. Out, base impostor! I abhor thy praise.
Dor. It looks not like imposture, but a truth,
On utmost need revealed.
Sebast. Did I expect from Dorax this return?
Is this the love renewed?
Dor. Sir, I am silent;
Pray heaven my fears prove false!

Sebast. Away! you all combine to make me wretched.

Alv. But hear the story of that fatal love,
Where every circumstance shall prove another;
And truth so shine by her own native light,
That, if a lie were mixed, it must be seen.

Sebast. No; all may still be forged, and of a piece
No; I can credit nothing thou canst say.

Alv. One proof remains, and that's your father's hand,
Firmed with his signet; both so fully known,
That plainer evidence can hardly be,
Unless his soul would want her heaven a while,
And come on earth to swear

Sebast. Produce that writing.

Alv. [*to* DOR.]. Alonzo has it in his custody;
The same, which, when his nobleness redeemed me,
And in a friendly visit owned himself
For what he is, I then deposited,
And had his faith to give it to the king.

Dor. Untouched, and sealed, as when intrusted with me, [*Giving a sealed paper to the* King.
Such I restore it with a trembling hand,
Lest aught within disturb your peace of soul.

Sebast. Draw near, Almeyda, thou art most concerned,
For I am most in thee.— [*Tearing open the seals.*
Alonzo, mark the characters;
Thou know'st my father's hand, observe it well;
And if the impostor's pen have made one slip
That shows it counterfeit, mark that, and save me.

Dor. It looks indeed too like my master's hand;
So does the signet; more I cannot say;
But wish 'twere not so like.

Sebast. Methinks it owns
The black adultery, and Almeyda's birth;
But such a mist of grief comes o'er my eyes,
I cannot, or I would not, read it plain.

Alm. Heaven cannot be more true than this is false.

Sebast. Oh, couldst thou prove it with the same assurance!
Speak, hast thou ever seen my father's hand?

Alm. No; but my mother's honour has been read
By me, and by the world, in all her acts,
In characters more plain and legible
Than this dumb evidence, this blotted lie,—
O that I were a man, as my soul's one,
To prove thee traitor, an assassinate
Of her fame! thus moved, I'd tear thee thus,—
[*Tearing the paper.*
And scatter o'er the field thy coward limbs,
Like this foul offspring of thy forging brain.
[*Scattering the paper.*

Alv. Just so shalt thou be torn from all thy hopes:
For know, proud woman, know, in thy despite,
The most authentic proof is still behind,—
Thou wear'st it on thy finger: 'Tis that ring,
Which matched with that on his, shall clear the doubt,
'Tis no dumb forgery, for that shall speak,
And sound a rattling peal to either's conscience.

Sebast. This ring, indeed, my father, with a cold
And shaking hand, just in the pangs of death,
Put on my finger, with a parting sigh:
And would have spoke, but faltered in his speech,
With undistinguished sounds.

Alv. I know it well,
For I was present.—Now, Almeyda, speak,
And truly tell us how you came by yours.

Alm. My mother, when I parted from her sight
To go to Portugal, bequeathed it to me,
Presaging she should never see me more.
She pulled it from her finger, shed some tears,
Kissed it, and told me 'twas a pledge of love,
And hid a mystery of great importance,
Relating to my fortunes.

Alv. Mark me now,
While I disclose that fatal mystery:—
Those rings, when you were born and thought another's,
Your parents, glowing yet in sinful love,
Bid me bespeak; a curious artist wrought them,
With joints so close, as not to be perceived,
Yet are they both each other's counterpart;
Her part had *Juan* inscribed, and his had *Zayda*,
(You know those names are theirs), and in the midst
A heart divided in two halves was placed.
Now, if the rivets of those rings enclosed
Fit not each other, I have forged this lie;
But, if they join, you must for ever part.

[SEBASTIAN *pulling off his ring*, ALMEYDA *does the same, and gives it to* ALVAREZ, *who unscrews both the rings, and fits one half to the other.*

Sebast. Now life, or death.

Alm. And either thine, or ours.—
I'm lost for ever.

[*Swoons. The* Women *and* MORAYMA *take her up, and carry her off.* SEBASTIAN *here stands amazed without motion, his eyes fixed upward.*

Sebast. Look to the queen, my wife; for I am past
All power of aid to her, or to myself.

Alv. His wife! said he, his wife! O fatal sound!
For, had I known it, this unwelcome news
Had never reached their ears;
So they had still been blest in ignorance,
And I alone unhappy.

Dor. I knew it, but too late, and durst not speak.

Sebast. [*starting out of his amazement*]. I will not live,
no not a moment more;
I will not add one moment more to incest;
I'll cut it off, and end a wretched being:
For, should I live, my soul's so little mine,

And so much hers, that I should still enjoy.—
Ye cruel powers,
Take me, as you have made me, miserable:
You cannot make me guilty; 'twas my fate,
And you made that, not I.

[*Draws his sword.* ANTONIO *and* ALVAREZ *lay hold on him, and* DORAX *wrests the sword out of his hand.*

Ant. For heaven's sake hold, and recollect your mind!

Alv. Consider whom you punish, and for what;
Yourself unjustly; you have charged the fault
On heaven, that best may bear it.
Though incest is indeed a deadly crime,
You are not guilty, since unknown 'twas done,
And, known, had been abhorred.

Sebast. By heaven, you're traitors all, that hold my hands.
If death be but cessation of our thought,
Then let me die, for I would think no more.
I'll boast my innocence above,
And let them see a soul they could not sully.
I shall be there before my father's ghost,
That yet must languish long in frosts and fires,
For making me unhappy by his crime.—
Stand off, and let me take my fill of death;

[*Struggling again.*

For I can hold my breath in your despite,
And swell my heaving soul out when I please.

Alv. Heaven comfort you!

Sebast. What, art thou giving comfort!
Wouldst thou give comfort, who hast given despair?
Thou seest Alonzo silent; he's a man.
He knows, that men, abandoned of their hopes,
Should ask no leave, nor stay for suing out
A tedious writ of ease from lingering heaven,
But help themselves as timely as they could,
And teach the Fates their duty.

Dor. [*to* ALV. *and* ANT]. Let him go;
He is our king, and he shall be obeyed.
Alv. What, to destroy himself? O parricide!
Dor. Be not injurious in your foolish zeal,
But leave him free; or, by my sword, I swear
To hew that arm away that stops the passage
To his eternal rest.
Ant. [*letting go his hold*]. Let him be guilty of his own death, if he pleases: for I'll not be guilty of mine, by holding him. [*The* King *shakes off* ALVAREZ.
Alv. [*to* DOR.]. Infernal fiend,
Is this a subject's part?
Dor. 'Tis a friend's office.
He has convinced me that he ought to die;
And, rather than he should not, here's my sword,
To help him on his journey.
Sebast. My last, my only friend, how kind art thou,
And how inhuman these!
Dor. To make the trifle, death, a thing of moment!
Sebast. And not to weigh the important cause I had
To rid myself of life!
Dor. True; for a crime
So horrid in the face of men and angels,
As wilful incest is!
Sebast. Not wilful, neither.
Dor. Yes, if you lived, and with repeated acts
Refreshed your sin, and loaded crimes with crimes,
To swell your scores of guilt.
Sebast True; if I lived.
Dor. I said so, if you lived.
Sebast. For hitherto was fatal ignorance,
And no intended crime.
Dor. That you best know;
But the malicious world will judge the worst.
Alv. Oh, what a sophister has hell procured,
To argue for damnation!
Dor. Peace, old dotard.

Mankind, that always judge of kings with malice,
Will think he knew this incest, and pursued it.
His only way to rectify mistakes,
And to redeem her honour, is to die.
Sebast. Thou hast it right, my dear, my best Alonzo!
And that, but petty reparation too;
But all I have to give.
Dor. Your pardon, sir;
You may do more, and ought.
Sebast. What, more than death?
Dor. Death! why, that's children's sport; a stage-play death;
We act it every night we go to bed;
Death, to a man in misery, is sleep.
Would you—who perpetrated such a crime,
As frightened nature, made the saints above
Shake heaven's eternal pavement with their trembling
To view that act,—would you but barely die?
But stretch your limbs, and turn on t'other side,
To lengthen out a black voluptuous slumber,
And dream you had your sister in your arms?
Sebast. To expiate this, can I do more than die?
Dor. O yes, you must do more, you must be damned;
You must be damned to all eternity;
And sure self-murder is the readiest way.
Sebast. How, damned?
Dor. Why, is that news?
Alv. O horror, horror!
Dor. What, thou a statesman,
And make a business of damnation
In such a world as this! Why, 'tis a trade;
The scrivener, usurer, lawyer, shopkeeper,
And soldier, cannot live but by damnation.
The politician does it by advance,
And gives all gone beforehand.
Sebast. Oh, thou hast given me such a glimpse of hell,

So pushed me forward even to the brink
Of that irremeable burning gulf,
That, looking in the abyss, I dare not leap.
And now I see what good thou mean'st my soul,
And thank thy pious fraud; thou hast indeed
Appeared a devil, but didst an angel's work.
Dor. 'Twas the last remedy, to give you leisure:
For, if you could but think, I knew you safe.
Sebast. I thank thee, my Alonzo: I will live,
But never more to Portugal return;
For, to go back and reign, that were to show
Triumphant incest, and pollute the throne.
Alv. Since ignorance——
Sebast. Oh, palliate not my wound;
When you have argued all you can, 'tis incest,
No, 'tis resolved; I charge you plead no more;
I cannot live without Almeyda's sight,
Nor can I see Almeyda, but I sin.
Heaven has inspired me with a sacred thought,
To live alone to heaven, and die to her.
Dor. Mean you to turn an anchoret?
Sebast. What else?
The world was once too narrow for my mind,
But one poor little nook will serve me now,
To hide me from the rest of humankind.
Afric has deserts wide enough to hold
Millions of monsters; and I am, sure, the greatest.
Alv. You may repent, and wish your crown too late.
Sebast. Oh, never, never; I am past a boy:
A sceptre's but a plaything, and a globe
A bigger bounding stone. He, who can leave
Almeyda, may renounce the rest with ease.
Dor. O truly great!
A soul fixed high, and capable of heaven.
Old as he is, your uncle cardinal
Is not so far enamoured of a cloister,
But he will thank you for the crown you leave him.

Sebast. To please him more, let him believe me dead,
That he may never dream I may return.
Alonzo, I am now no more thy king,
But still thy friend; and by that holy name
Adjure thee, to perform my last request;—
Make our conditions with yon captive king!
Secure me but my solitary cell;
'Tis all I ask him for a crown restored.
Dor. I will do more:
But fear not Muley-Zeydan: his soft metal
Melts down with easy warmth, runs in the mould,
And needs not further forge. [*Exit* DORAX.

Re-enter ALMEYDA *led by* MORAYMA, *and followed by her* Attendants.

Sebast. See where she comes again!
By heaven, when I behold those beauteous eyes,
Repentance lags, and sin comes hurrying on.
Alm. This is too cruel!
Sebast. Speak'st thou of love, of fortune, or of death,
Or double death? for we must part, Almeyda.
Alm. I speak of all,
For all things that belong to us are cruel;
But, what's most cruel, we must love no more.
Oh, 'tis too much that I must never see you,
But not to love you is impossible.
No, I must love you; heaven may bate me that,
And charge that sinful sympathy of souls
Upon our parents when they loved too well.
Sebast Good heaven, thou speak'st my thoughts, and I speak thine!
Nay, then, there's incest in our very souls,
For we were formed too like.
Alm. Too like indeed,
And yet not for each other.
Sure when we part, (for I resolved it too,
Though you proposed it first,) however distant,

We shall be ever thinking of each other,
And the same moment for each other pray.
Sebast. But if a wish should come athwart our prayers!
Alm. It would do well to curb it, if we could.
Sebast. We cannot look upon each other's face,
But, when we read our love, we read our guilt:
And yet, methinks, I cannot choose but love.
Alm. I would have asked you, if I durst for shame,
If still you loved? you gave it air before me.
Ah, why were we not born both of a sex?
For then we might have loved without a crime.
Why was not I your brother? though that wish
Involved our parents' guilt, we had not parted;
We had been friends, and friendship is no incest.
Sebast. Alas, I know not by what name to call thee!
Sister and wife are the two dearest names,
And I would call thee both, and both are sin.
Unhappy we! that still we must confound
The dearest names into a common curse.
Alm. To love, and be beloved, and yet be wretched!
Sebast. To have but one poor night of all our lives:
It was indeed a glorious, guilty night;
So happy, that—forgive me, heaven!—I wish
With all its guilt, it were to come again.
Why did we know so soon, or why at all,
That sin could be concealed in such a bliss?
Alm. Men have a larger privilege of words,
Else I should speak; but we must part, Sebastian,—
That's all the name that I have left to call thee,—
I must not call thee by the name I would;
But when I say Sebastian, dear Sebastian,
I kiss the name I speak.
Sebast. We must make haste, or we shall never part.
I would say something that's as dear as this;
Nay, would do more than say: one moment longer,
And I should break through laws divine and human,
And think them cobwebs spread for little man,

Which all the bulky herd of nature breaks.
The vigorous young world was ignorant
Of these restrictions ; 'tis decrepit now ;
Not more devout, but more decayed, and cold.
All this is impious, therefore we must part ;
For, gazing thus, I kindle at thy sight,
And, once burnt down to tinder, light again
Much sooner than before.

Re-enter DORAX.

Alm. Here comes the sad denouncer of my fate,
To toll the mournful knell of separation ;
While I, as on my deathbed, hear the sound,
That warns me hence for ever.

Sebast. [*to* DOR.]. Now be brief,
And I will try to listen,
And share the minute that remains betwixt
The care I owe my subjects and my love.

Dor. Your fate has gratified you all she can ;
Gives easy misery, and makes exile pleasing.
I trusted Muley-Zeydan as a friend,
But swore him first to secrecy : he wept
Your fortune, and with tears not squeezed by art,
But shed from nature, like a kindly shower :
In short, he proffered more than I demanded ;
A safe retreat, a gentle solitude,
Unvexed with noise, and undisturbed with fears.
I chose you one——

Alm. Oh, do not tell me where ;
For, if I knew the place of his abode,
I should be tempted to pursue his steps,
And then we both were lost.

Sebast. Even past redemption ;
For, if I knew thou wert on that design,
(As I must know, because our souls are one,)
I should not wander, but by sure instinct

Should meet thee just half-way in pilgrimage,
And close for ever; for I know my love
More strong than thine, and I more frail than thou.
Alm. Tell me not that; for I must boast my crime,
And cannot bear that thou shouldst better love.
Dor. I may inform you both: for you must go,
Where seas, and winds, and deserts will divide you.
Under the ledge of Atlas lies a cave,
Cut in the living rock by Nature's hands
The venerable seat of holy hermits;
Who there, secure in separated cells,
Sacred even to the Moors, enjoy devotion;
And from the purling streams, and savage fruits,
Have wholesome beverage, and unbloody feasts.
Sebast. 'Tis penance too voluptuous for my crime.
Dor. Your subjects conscious of your life are few,
But all desirous to partake your exile,
And to do office to your sacred person;
The rest, who think you dead, shall be dismissed,
Under safe convoy, till they reach your fleet.
Alm. But how am wretched I to be disposed?—
A vain inquiry, since I leave my lord;
For all the world beside is banishment.
Dor. I have a sister, abbess in Terceira,
Who lost her lover on her bridal day.
Alm. There fate provided me a fellow-turtle,
To mingle sighs with sighs, and tears with tears.
Dor. Last, for myself, if I have well fulfilled
My sad commission, let me beg the boon,
To share the sorrows of your last recess,
And mourn the common losses of our loves.
Alv. And what becomes of me? must I be left,
As age and time had worn me out of use?
These sinews are not yet so much unstrung,
To fail me when my master should be served;
And when they are, then will I steal to death
Silent and unobserved, to save his tears.

Sebast. I've heard you both;—Alvarez, have thy wish;—
But thine, Alonzo, thine is too unjust.
I charge thee with my last commands, return,
And bless thy Violante with thy vows.—
Antonio, be thou happy too in thine.
Last, let me swear you all to secrecy;
And, to conceal my shame, conceal my life.

Dor., Ant., Mor. We swear to keep it secret.

Alm. Now I would speak the last farewell, I cannot.
It would be still farewell a thousand times;
And, multiplied in echoes, still farewell.
I will not speak, but think a thousand thousand.
And be thou silent too, my last Sebastian;
So let us part in the dumb pomp of grief.
My heart's too great, or I would die this moment;
But death, I thank him, in an hour, has made
A mighty journey, and I haste to meet him.

[*She staggers, and her* Women *hold her up.*

Sebast. Help to support this feeble, drooping flower,
This tender sweet, so shaken by the storm;
For these fond arms must thus be stretched in vain,
And never, never must embrace her more.
'Tis past:——my soul goes in that word Farewell.

[ALVAREZ *goes with* SEBASTIAN *to one end of the Stage;* Women, *with* ALMEYDA, *to the other:* DORAX *coming up to* ANTONIO *and* MORAYMA, *who stand on the middle of the Stage.*

Dor. Haste to attend Almeyda: for your sake
Your father is forgiven; but to Antonio
He forfeits half his wealth. Be happy both;
And let Sebastian and Almeyda's fate
This dreadful sentence to the world relate,
That unrepented crimes of parents dead,
Are justly punished on their children's head.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BETWIXT ANTONIO AND MORAYMA

MOR. I quaked at heart, for fear the royal fashion
Should have seduced us two to separation :
To be drawn in, against our own desire,
Poor I to be a nun, poor you, a friar.
Ant. I trembled, when the old man's hand was in,
He would have proved we were too near of kin .
Discovering old intrigues of love, like t'other,
Betwixt my father and thy sinful mother ;
To make us sister Turk and Christian brother.
Mor. Excuse me there ; that league should have been rather
Betwixt your mother and my Mufti father ;
'Tis for my own and my relations' credit,
Your friends should bear the bastard, mine should get it.
Ant. Suppose us two Almeyda and Sebastian,
With incest proved upon us——
Mor. Without question,
Their conscience was too queasy of digestion.
Ant. Thou wouldst have kept the counsel of thy brother,
And sinned, till we repented of each other.
Mor. Beast as you are, on Nature's laws to trample !
'Twere fitter that we followed their example.
And, since all marriage in repentance ends,
'Tis good for us to part when we are friends.
To save a maid's remorses and confusions,
E'en leave me now before we try conclusions.
Ant. To copy their example, first make certain
Of one good hour, like theirs, before our parting ;
Make a debauch, o'ernight, of love and madness ;
And marry, when we wake, in sober sadness.
Mor. I'll follow no new sects of your inventing.
One night might cost me nine long months' repenting ;

First wed, and, if you find that life a fetter,
Die when you please ; the sooner, sir, the better.
My wealth would get me love ere I could ask it :
Oh ! there's a strange temptation in the casket.
All these young sharpers would my grace importune,
And make me thundering votes of lives and fortune.

THE END

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